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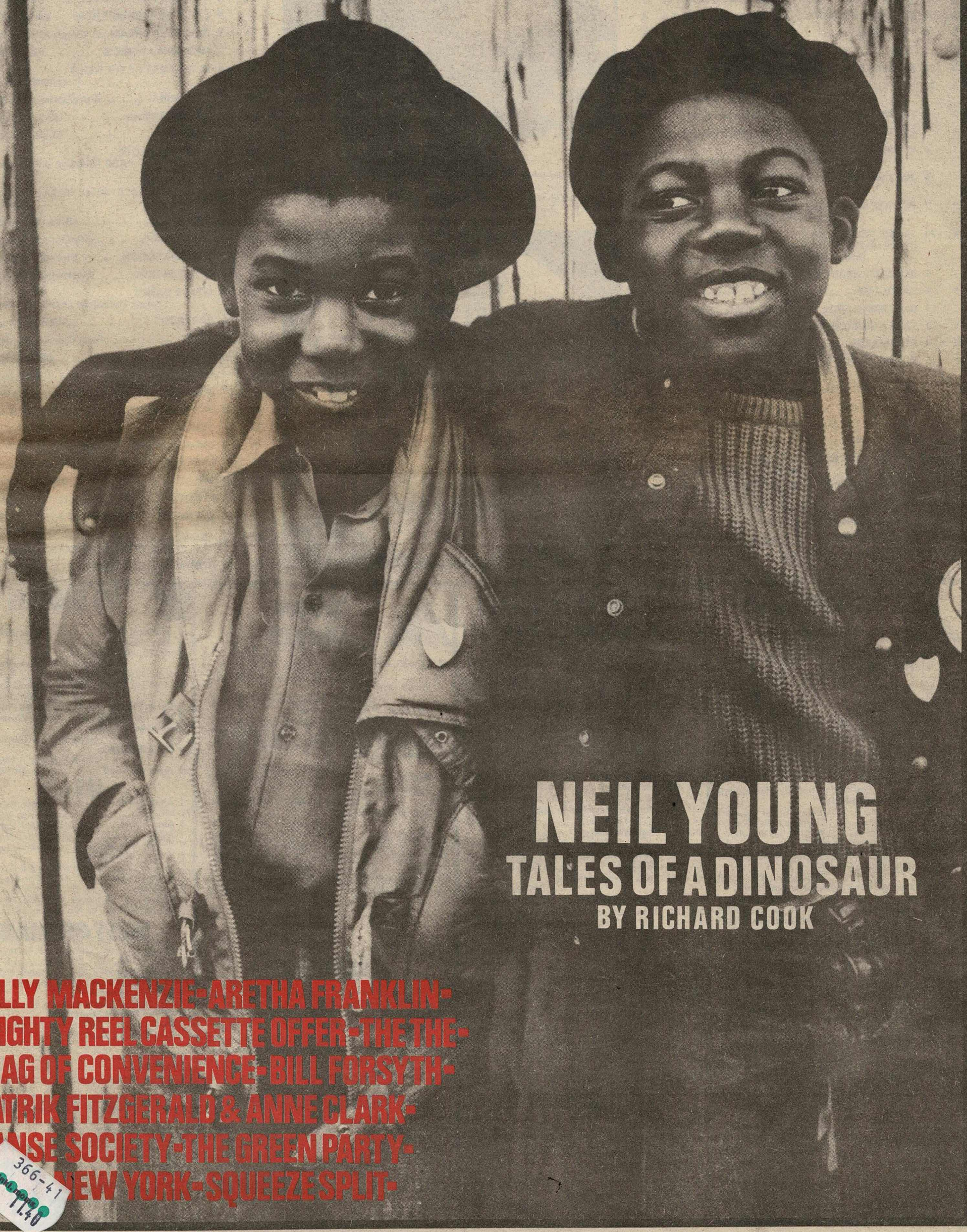
NME
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Goes dutchie

MUSICAL YOUTH
SUNSHINE SUPER YOUTH
BY ADRIAN THRILLS



Michael (left) and Kelvin Grant of Musical Youth smile for a real Dutchie — Anton Corbijn.

NEIL YOUNG
TALES OF A DINOSAUR
BY RICHARD COOK

- BILLY MACKENZIE - ARETHA FRANKLIN -
- MIGHTY REEL CASSETTE OFFER - THE THE -
- FLAG OF CONVENIENCE - BILL FORSYTH -
- PATRIK FITZGERALD & ANNE CLARK -
- DANSE SOCIETY - THE GREEN PARTY -
- [illegible] NEW YORK - SQUEEZE SPLIT -

366-41
11.40

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
	14	**PASS THE DUTCHIE**	**Musical Youth (MCA)**	2	1
2	9	ZOOM	Fat Larry's Band (Virgin)	4	9
3	1	THE BITTEREST PILL	The Jam (Polydor)	4	3
4	12	LOVE COME DOWN	Evelyn King (RCA)	4	4
5	8	THERE IT IS	Shalamar (Solar)	5	5
6	11	WHY	Carly Simon (WEA)	4	6
7	21	HARD TO SAY I'M SORRY	Chicago (Full Moon)	3	7
8	23	DO YOU REALLY WANT TO HURT ME	Culture Club (Virgin)	2	8
9	6	FRIEND OR FOE	Adam Ant (CBS)	3	6
10	3	EYE OF THE TIGER	Survivor (Scotti Bros)	10	1
11	4	WALKING ON SUNSHINE	Rockers Revenge (London)	6	4
12	16	JUST WHAT I ALWAYS WANTED	Mari Wilson (Compact)	3	12
13	2	PRIVATE INVESTIGATIONS	Dire Straits (Vertigo/ Phonogram)	5	1
14	24	JACKIE WILSON SAID (I'M IN HEAVEN WHEN YOU SMILE)	Dexys Midnight Runners (Mercury)	2	14
15	5	ALL OF MY HEART	ABC (Neutron/Phonogram)	5	5
16	7	SADDLE UP	David Christie (KR)	5	11
17	19	GLITTERING PRIZE	Simple Minds (Virgin)	3	17
18	20	TAKE A CHANCE ON ME	Roxy Music (Polydor)	2	18
19	(—)	STARMAKER	Kids From Fame (RCA)	1	19
20	26	IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT	Imagination (R & B)	2	20
21	13	THE MESSAGE	Grand Master Flash (Sugarhill)	6	7
22	(—)	REAP THE WILD WIND	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	1	22
23	(—)	HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN	Animals (RAK)	1	23
24	27	INVITATIONS	Shakatak (Polydor)	4	17
25	15	GIVE ME YOUR HEART TONIGHT	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	6	7
26	22	LEAVE IN SILENCE	Depeche Mode (Mute)	4	21
27	(—)	CHANCES	Hot Chocolate (RAK)	1	27
28	(—)	DO YA WANNA FUNK	Sylvester (London)	1	28
29	10	SAVE A PRAYER	Duran Duran (EMI)	7	2
30	17	HI FIDELITY	The Kids From Fame (RCA)	9	5

"Can't I have some more sales?" Kelvin Grant of Musical Youth does his Oliver Twist number with a "dutchie" — a cooking bowl. Pic: Anton Corbijn.

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
	5	**LOVE OVER GOLD**	**Dire Straits (Vertigo/Phonogram)**	2	1
2	1	THE KIDS FROM FAME	Various (BBC)	11	1
3	4	CHART BEAT/CHART HEAT	Various (K-Tel)	3	3
4	9	NEW GOLD DREAM	Simple Minds (Virgin)	3	4
5	3	UPSTAIRS AT ERIC'S	Yazoo (Mute)	5	1
6	6	IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT	Imagination (R & B)	4	6
7	22	NEBRASKA	Bruce Springsteen (CBS)	2	7
8	7	THE DREAMING	Kate Bush (EMI)	3	7
9	20	FRIENDS	Shalamar (Solar)	9	9
10	2	LEXICON OF LOVE	ABC (Neutron / Phonogram)	15	1
11	10	TOO-RYE-AY	Kevin Rowland & Dexys Midnight Runners (Mercury)	10	1
12	8	RIO	Duran Duran (EMI)	20	2
13	16	LOVE SONGS	Commodores (K-Tel)	8	8
14	11	THE COLLECTION	Stranglers (Liberty)	3	11
15	(—)	FOREVER NOW	Psychedelic Furs (CBS)	1	15
16	18	LOVE & DANCE	League Unlimited Orchestra (Virgin)	13	3
17	12	BREAKOUT	Various (Ronco)	4	8
18	14	FOUR	Peter Gabriel (Charisma)	4	4
19	(—)	UB44	UB40 (Dep Int)	1	19
20	(—)	MAGIC	Gillan (Virgin)	1	20
21	17	MYSTERY	Hot Chocolate (RAK)	3	17
22	19	NOW YOU SEE ME	Cliff Richard (EMI)	6	5
23	15	SIGNALS	Rush (Mercury)	4	9
24	(—)	BROKEN FRAME	Depeche Mode (Mute)	1	24
25	(—)	NOW THEN	Stiff Little Fingers (Chrysalis)	1	25
26	(—)	GREATEST HITS	Shalamar (Solar)	1	26
27	(—)	EYE OF THE TIGER	Survivor (Scotti Bros)	1	27
28	21	LIFE IN THE JUNGLE/LIVE AT ABBEY ROAD	Shadows (Polydor)	2	21
29	(—)	AS ONE	Kool & The Gang (Delite / Phonogram)	1	28
30	24	SOMETHING'S GOING ON	Frida (Epic)	2	24

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(2)	**Leave In Silence**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
2	(6)	**From Pillar To Post**	Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)
3	(2)	**So Here I Am**	UB40 (Dept Int)
4	(1)	**Don't Go**	Yazoo (Mute)
5	(4)	**Mutant Rock**	Meteors (WXYZ)
6	(7)	**Knife Slits Water**	A Certain Ratio (Factory)
7	(14)	**Suicide Bag (EP)**	Action Pact (Fallout)
8	(5)	**Warriors**	Blitz (No Future)
9	(12)	**Shipbuilding**	Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)
10	(9)	**The Stranger**	Dead Or Alive (Black Eye)
11	(29)	**Beasts 12"**	Sex Gang Children (Illuminated)
12	(16)	**Bela Lugosi's Dead**	Bauhaus (Small Wonder)
13	(12)	**Ballet Dance**	Rubella Ballet (Xntrix)
14	(—)	**Bullshit Crass**	Special Duties (Rondolet)
15	(20)	**Something On My Mind**	Pale Fountains (Operation Twilight)
16	(11)	**Have You Got 10p EP**	The Ejected (Riot City)
17	(22)	**Murder In The Subway/Future Dream**	Attack (No Future)
18	(13)	**Life On The Line**	Fad Gadget (Mute)
19	(8)	**Bleed For Me**	Dead Kennedys (Statik)
20	(18)	**Run Like Hell**	Peter & The Test Tube Babies (No Future)
21	(10)	**Asylums In Jerusalem**	Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
22	(—)	**Convicted**	Dead Wretched (Tempest)
23	(—)	**My Face Is On Fire**	Felt (Cherry Red)
24	(24)	**Procession**	Nico (1-2)
25	(—)	**Why Guy?**	Insane (Insane)
26	(—)	**Situation (Re-Mix)**	Yaz (Sire)
27	(28)	**Secret Story**	Minny Pops (Factory)
28	(30)	**Reach Out**	Wasted Youth (Bridgehouse)
29	(—)	**Look Into My Eyes**	52nd Street (Factory)
30	(17)	**Whatever Is He Like**	Farmers Boys (Back)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(1)	**Upstairs At Eric's**	Yazoo (Mute)
2	(2)	**Songs To Remember**	Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
3	(—)	**Broken Frame**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
4	(—)	**UB44**	UB40 (Dep International)
5	(9)	**Carmel**	Carmel (Red Flame)
6	(3)	**Christ — The Album**	Crass (Crass)
7	(5)	**Sense And Sensuality**	Au Pairs (Kamera)
8	(7)	**Distant Shore**	Tracey Thorn (Cherry Red)
9	(—)	**Room To Live**	The Fall (Kamera)
10	(4)	**Singles Album**	UB40 (Graduate)
11	(6)	**Garlands**	Cocteau Twins (4AD)
12	(8)	**Junkyard**	Birthday Party (4AD)
13	(10)	**City Baby Attacked by Rats**	GBH (Clay)
14	(12)	**In The Flat Field**	Bauhaus (4AD)
15	(11)	**Eligible Bachelors**	Monochrome Set (Cherry Red)
16	(15)	**We Are The League**	A N League (WXYZ)
17	(—)	**Seduction**	Danse Society (Society)
18	(17)	**Punk'n'Disorderly Vol 2**	Various (Abstract)
19	(—)	**Bullshit Detector 2**	Various (Crass)
20	(19)	**77 in 82**	Special Duties (Rondolet)
21	(—)	**Live**	Wasted Youth (Bridge House)
22	(—)	**Hai**	Cabaret Voltaire (Rough Trade)
23	(20)	**Movement**	New Order (Factory)
24	(24)	**Closer**	Joy Division (Factory)
25	(18)	**Lords of the New Church**	Lords of The New Church (Illegal)
26	(16)	**Speak And Spell**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
27	(—)	**Billy Super Duper**	Marc Bolan and T.Rex (Marc)
28	(14)	**Soweto**	Various (Rough Trade)
29	(13)	**The Wild Ones**	Cockney Rejects (Arena)
30	(22)	**Drumming The Beating Heart**	Eyeless In Gaza (Cherry Red)

REGGAE SINGLES

1 **Trouble Is On The Road Again** — Bunny Wailer (Solomonic)
2 **Yard Music** — Soul Power & Sound (56 Hope Rd)
3 **Jah Mek Us For A Purpose** — Nancy & Yellowman (Volcano)
4 **Fi We Country** — Lui Lepki (E & J)
5 **Lion Rock** — Culture (Sonic Sounds)
6 **Diana The Farmer** — Sharpknife (J G Ultra Sound)
7 **Real Love** — Tamlins (Taxi)
8 **Brand New Love** — Hopeton Crawford (High Music)
9 **Pay Up You Taxes** — Papa Capleton (Roots Man)
10 **All Rounder** — Dennis Reid (56 Hope Road)
11 **Hog And Goat** — Don McCarlos (Observer)
12 **Mr Right** — Big Youth (Negusa Negast)
13 **Ruby** — Junior Murvin (Blue Mountain)
14 **Revelation Time** — Augustus Pablo (Message)
15 **Didn't I Do It** — Judy Mowatt (Ashandan)

ALBUMS

1 **Commandments Of Dub** — Jah Shaka (Shaka)
2 **Love At First Sight** — Freddy McGregor (CSL)
3 **One Two** — Sister Nancy (Techniques)
4 **Earth's Rightful Ruler** — Augustus Pablo (Message)
5 **Live At Aces** — Yellowman (Jah Guidance)

Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, London W1

US SINGLES

1 **Jack And Diane** — John Cougar (Riva/Mercury)
2 **Abracadabra** — Steve Miller Band (Capitol)
3 **Hard To Say I'm Sorry** — Chicago (Full Moon/Warner Bros)
4 **Eye Of The Tiger** — Survivor (Epic)
5 **You Should Hear How She Talks About You** — Melissa Manchester (Arista)
6 **Eye In The Sky** — The Alan Parsons Project (Arista)
7 **Who Can It Be Now?** — Men At Work (Columbia)
8 **Somebody's Baby** — Jackson Browne (Asylum/Elektra)
9 **I Keep Forgettin'** — Michael McDonald (Warner Bros)
10 **Hurts So Good** — John Cougar (Riva)

US LPs

1 **American Fool** — John Cougar (Riva/Mercury)
2 **Mirage** — Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)
3 **Abracadbra** — Steve Miller Band (Capitol)
4 **Asia** — Asia (Geffen/Warner Bros)
5 **Emotions In Motion** — Billy Squier (Capitol)
6 **If That's What It Takes** — Michael McDonald (Warner Bros)
7 **Good Trouble** — REO Speedwagon (Epic)
8 **Vacation** — The Go Go's (A&M)
9 **Chicago 16** — Chicago (Full Moon/Warner Bros)
10 **Eye In The Sky** — The Alan Parsons Project (Arista)

WEST GERMANY

1 **Words** — F. R. David (Carrere)
2 **Adios Amor** — Andy Borg (EMI)
3 **Sternenhimmel** — Hubert Kah (Polydor)
4 **Abracadabra** — Steve Miller Band (Mercury)
5 **Maid Of Orleans** — Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)
6 **I Know There Is Something** — Frida (Polydor)
7 **Wo Bust Du** — Spider Murphy Gang (EMI)
8 **Give Me Your Heart Tonight** — Shakin' Stevens (CBS)
9 **Ich Will Spass** — Markus (CBS)
10 **Nur Getraeumt** — Nena (CBS)

FIVE YEARS AGO

1 **Silver Lady** — David Soul (Private Stock)
2 **Black Is Black** — La Belle Epoque (Harvest)
3 **I Remember Elvis Presley** — Danny Mirror (Sonet)
4 **Way Down** — Elvis Presley (RCA)
5 **Yes Sir I Can Boogie** — Baccara (RCA)
6 **No More Heroes** — Stranglers (United Artists)
7 **Best Of My Love** — Emotions (CBS)
8 **Wondrous Stories** — Yes (Atlantic)
9 **Magic Fly** — Space (Pye)
10 **From New York To LA** — Patsy Gallant (EMI)

TEN YEARS AGO

1 **Mouldy Old Dough** — Lieutenant Pigeon (Decca)
2 **How Can I Be Sure** — David Cassidy (Bell)
3 **I Didn't Know I Loved You** — Gary Glitter (Bell)
4 **You're A Lady** — Peter Skellern (Decca)
5 **Wig Wam Bam** — Sweet (RCA)
6 **Children Of The Revolution** — T.Rex (EMI)
7 **Too Young** — Donny Osmond (MGM)
8 **Burning Love** — Elvis Presley (RCA)
9 **Donna** — 10CC (UK)
10 **In A Broken Dream** — Python Lee Jackson (Youngblood)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

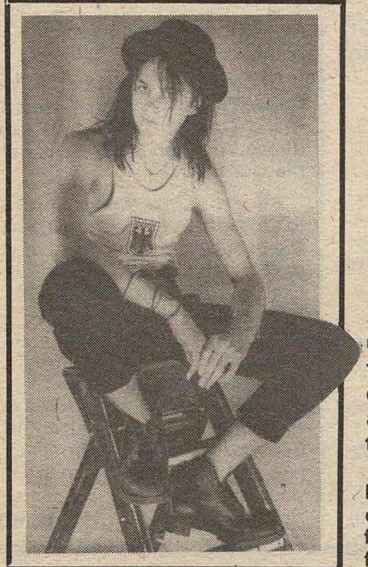
1 **The Last Waltz** — Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
2 **Massachusetts** — Bee Gees (Polydor)
3 **Hole In My Shoe** — Traffic (Island)
4 **Flowers In The Rain** — Move (Regal Zonophone)
5 **Reflections** — Diana Ross & The Supremes (Tamla Motown)
6 **There Must Be A Way** — Frankie Vaughan (Columbia)
7 **The Letter** — Box Tops (Stateside)
8 **Excerpt From A Teenage Opera** — Keith West (Parlophone)
9 **Itchycoo Park** — Small Faces (Immediate)
10 **From The Underworld** — Herd (Fontana)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1 **Telstar** — Tornados (Decca)
2 **Sheila** — Tommy Roe (HMV)
3 **Rain Until September** — Carole King (London)
4 **The Locomotion** — Little Eva (London)
5 **She's Not You** — Elvis Presley (RCA)
6 **It'll Be Me** — Cliff Richard (Columbia)
7 **You Don't Know Me** — Ray Charles (HMV)
8 **Ramblin' Rose** — Nat Cole (Capitol)
9 **What Now My Love** — Shirley Bassey (Columbia)
10 **I Remember You** — Frank Ifield (Columbia)

NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

INSIDE INFORMATION



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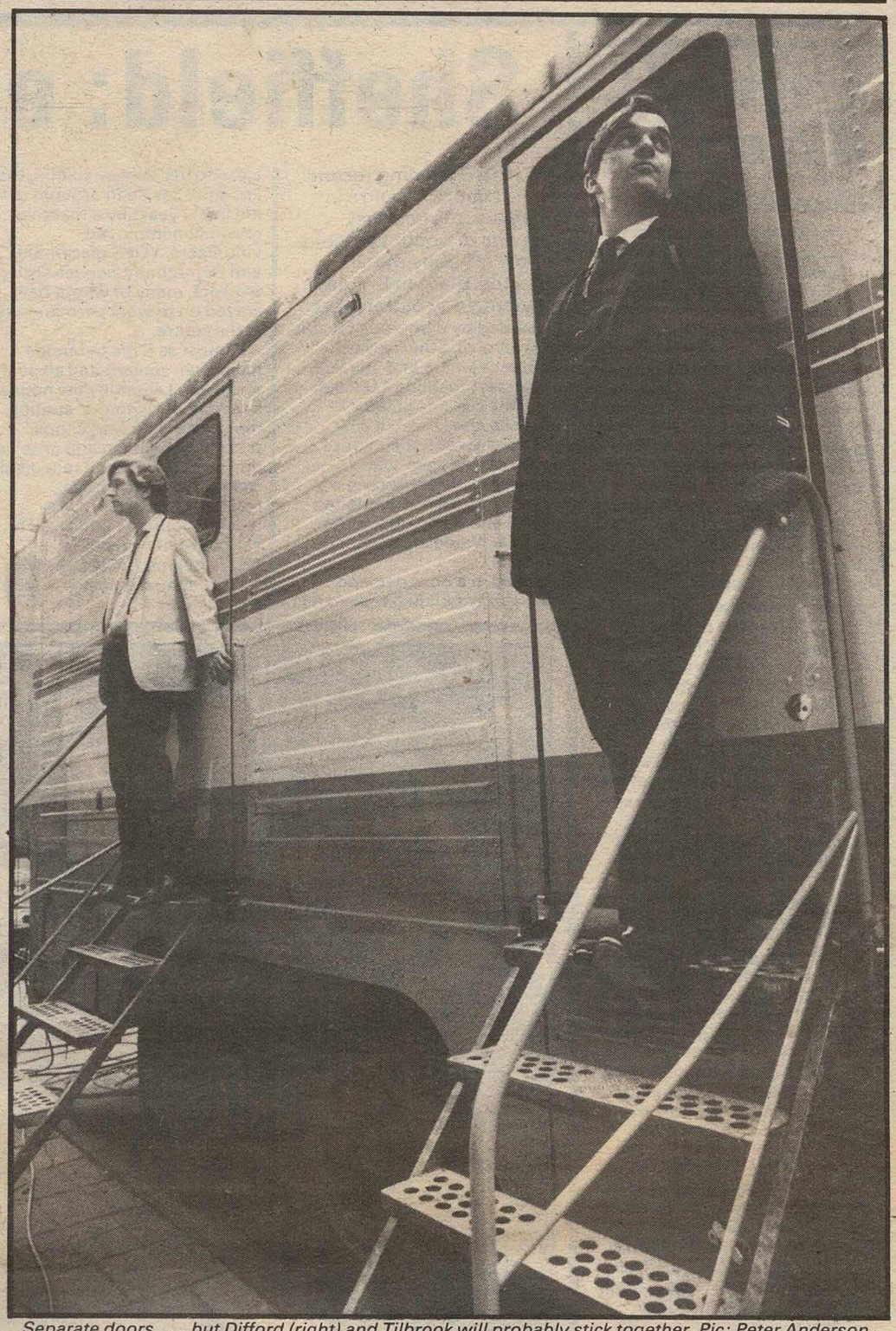
Tilbrook & Co up the junction

SEPARATE BEDS FOR SQUEEZE

SQUEEZE HAVE decided to disband immediately after their upcoming gig series — surprisingly, in view of the fact that the past year has been one of the most successful in their eight-year career. Nevertheless, they feel they have achieved all they can within their present format, and that the time is ripe to follow new avenues.

In an enigmatic statement issued on Monday, Squeeze say: "The band as a horse has run its course, and the jockeys are now considering new mounts". Attempts to delve deeper have proved fruitless, mainly because the group themselves haven't yet formulated future plans — though it seems likely that the two principals, Glenn Tilbrook and Chris Difford, will continue their partnership in some form or another.

The outfit was launched in South London in 1974, and graduated from the local Deptford Fun City label to the powerful A&M company, with whom they enjoyed a string of hits. Details of their autumn dates were reported last month — opening in Sheffield on October 23 and climaxing in two London shows, at Hammersmith Odeon (November 8) and the Lyceum Ballroom (9) — and, of course, this now becomes their farewell tour.



Separate doors . . . but Difford (right) and Tilbrook will probably stick together. Pic: Peter Anderson.

... and where are The TV Personalities now?

☐ **TELEVISION PERSONALITIES have also announced their break-up, so maintaining the sequence of disbandments over the past few weeks. They were one of the original punk groups, whose influence was always greater than their record sales.**

They say they've decided to call it a day due to "frustration with the limitations of being ludicrously type-cast as a cult band". Main songwriter and guitarist Dan Treacy is now planning to concentrate on running the independent Whaam! Records label, though the future intentions of their third album "They Could Have Been Bigger Than The Beatles', with the first 2500 copies coming in a limited edition individually hand-painted sleeve. It's on the Whaam! label, as is their recently issued single 'Three Wishes.'

Shalamar set tour — and Jacksons due in New Year

18 nights to remember

SHALAMAR, whose London and Croydon concerts on November 21 and 22 were announced three weeks ago, have now expanded their visit into a full-scale tour taking in 18 dates — including another London show at the end of their schedule. The group will be featuring material from their chart album 'Friends', which has so far yielded three hit singles — 'I Can Make You Feel Good', 'A Night To Remember' and the current 'There It is'.

Their full date sheet comprises St Austell Cornwall Coliseum (November 11), Birmingham Odeon (12), Glasgow Apollo (13), Edinburgh Playhouse (14), Oxford Apollo (16), Poole Arts Centre (17), Brighton Dome (18), Chippenham Golddiggers (19), Warrington Spectrum Arena (20), London Tottenham Court Road Dominion (21, two shows), Croydon Fairfield Hall (22, two shows), Nottingham Rock City (24), Hanley Victoria Hall (27), Batley Frontier Club (29 and 30), Southport Theatre (December 1), Bristol Colston Hall (3) and a return to London Dominion (4).

Tickets for the London shows are £6, £5 and £4, but prices vary elsewhere, and readers are advised to consult the local press or individual box-offices. Shalamar are Jeffrey Daniel, Jody Watley and Howard Hewett, and this will be their first major British tour.

☐ **THE JACKSONS** are set to visit Britain early in the New Year. And Jermaine Jackson, who's been working as a solo artist for the past few years, will definitely be with them — though it's not yet clear if he has actually re-joined the group, or is simply guesting with them on this trip.

It's understood they were keen to play Wembley Arena, where they performed last time they were here — but with the annual ice show running there until the end of February, and their arrival planned to precede that, it's likely they will settle for a string of London concerts at Hammersmith Odeon or the Dominion. Provincial dates are also in the pipeline, and full details are expected within a few weeks.

Meanwhile, Michael Jackson has a new solo album released by Epic on November 5, titled 'Thriller'. It was produced by Quincey Jones, and includes a duet with Paul McCartney.

Michael Jackson

Troy joins Fashion

TROY TATE has been named as the new vocalist and guitarist with Fashion, replacing De Harris. Originally a member of Shake along with Human League writer Jo Callis, Tate subsequently joined The Teardrop Explodes, leaving that group in June this year.

When he quit the Teardrops, it was ostensibly to pursue a solo career — and in fact, he has already recorded two solo singles for Why-Fi Records. It's not yet known if he will continue to follow a parallel solo career.

With new guitarist Al Darby also in the line-up, the band will have expanded to a five-piece for their major British tour, opening in Liverpool on October 20.

PHIL COLLINS, YAZOO DATES, FREE BAUHAUS LP — NEWS P.39—41

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SHORT SHARP SHOTS

Bluebells ring

☐ **The Bluebells,** those five aspiring Scottish popstars, have released their first single — as a free flexidisc with *Stand And Deliver* fanzine.

"The fact that none of the major labels, despite their strenuous efforts, have been successful in providing the proper enticement or insight to capture The Bluebells has to be an indication of failure to the highest degree," comments *Stand And Deliver*.

The two tracks — melodious post-Postcard pop for which the word winsome might have been invented — come stuck to an interview with the group.

☐ **Vini Reilly, The Durutti Column**'s guitarist, is suffering from the illness anorexia nervosa. Because of this he has withdrawn from the support slot on **John Martyn**'s tour, which has recently been expanded to 32 dates. A Factory spokesperson said he'd had the condition, which can cause very serious weight loss, for years and that he'd pulled out of the tour because he found it too tiring.

Gillingham rocks

☐ **The Stranglers, Mari Wilson** and **Talk Talk** are among acts booked for the second TVS series of in-concert rock shows *Off The Record*. Filming takes place later this month at the TVS Television Theatre in Gillingham, with an audience of 400 for each show, and they'll be screened in the order of recording.

The full line-up, with filming dates, is **The Fixx** (October 14), **Fashion** with their new lead singer **Troy Tate** (15), **The Stranglers** (18), **Mari Wilson & The Wilsations** (19), **Talk Talk** (20), **Shakatak** (21) and **Thomas Dolby** (22). The first of the weekly transmissions on TVS will be on Monday, November 8 at 6.30pm — and, although they are expected eventually to be seen in most ITV areas, screening dates will vary from one region to another.

☐ There's a rare opportunity this week to catch barnstorming American improvisers **The ROVA Saxophone Quartet** on a brief nationwide tour.

Alongside this amazing ensemble is the delirious furore of **Alterations — Steve Beresford, Terry Day, Peter Cusack** and **David Toop** playing at least 94 instruments, maybe all at once. Provincial dates are Liverpool (8), Southampton (9), Brighton (10), Derby (12) and Newcastle (13), and the big London gig is at the Almeida Theatre in Islington on the 11th.

Laurie load

☐ American performance artist **Laurie Anderson** will be performing the full eight-hour version of her 'United States' project at London's Dominion Theatre in February. Meanwhile, an exhibition of her artwork forms part of the ICA's 'New York' season in October. Also on show will be videos of **Patti Smith** and **Television**.

☐ The new **PiL** LP will be called 'Commercial Zone' and one of its six tracks, 'Blue Water' will soon be released as a single. And the film *Cop Killer*, starring **John Lydon** and **Harvey Keitel**, should be out in time for Xmas.

Gold Coasting

☐ The weekly African music meeting place Gold Coast Club at Gossips in Soho is set to extend its activities with a further rendezvous along the silver shores of Brighton, though no definite venue has been confirmed. Meanwhile, upcoming live attractions at the club include **The Ivory Coasters, Gaspar Lawal** and a highlife trio from Nigeria.

Sheffield: earthly pop paradise

WITH THE opening recently of the Leadmill Centre in Sheffield, the socialist republic of South Yorkshire is now officially the cheapest place in Britain to be young and out-of-work.

Funded by numerous benefit gigs involving the likes of Cabaret Voltaire and The Fall, and grants totalling £150,000 from the city and county councils, the Leadmill will provide live entertainment seven days a week with admission prices starting at around 50p for The Exploited (Oct 7) and rising up to £1 for Clint Eastwood and General Saint (9).

Based in a once decrepit four-storey building that stands close to the railway station, the Leadmill has been brought to life in 2½ years by a massive crew of unemployed volunteers, YOPS placements and Community Service Order workers, many of whom have stayed on to work permanently at the centre.

Almost as if the pyramids have been constructed all over again, the Leadmill now houses a myriad of sculptors' studios, theatre / dance workshops, pottery, silk screen and graphic design studios, band rehearsal rooms, car spray shops, mechanical workshops, a record shop, cafe and bar. The various studios have been sub-let to unemployed artists and craftsmen on a peppercorn rent (around a fiver a week) under the condition that, for at least one day a week, they either open their premises to the public or teach their skills in the hall.

Councillor Bill Micky, a member of the Labour council supporting the project, told *NME*: "The Leadmill is a unique experience in that the council were approached by younger members of the public who knew what they were doing and knew exactly what they wanted. It's those people who deserve the credit for this, although it's a fair reflection on the conscience and awareness of the Sheffield council in that we do realise the requirements of younger people."

With the financial support and trust of the council behind them, the Leadmill looks set to make deep inroads into the ideal of cheap, popular entertainment. Although the venue has a bar, there are no age limits on entrance.

To the tune of Kid Strange and Cabaret Futura, one of the opening attractions, I spoke to the two principal co-ordinators, Adrian Vinken and Chris Andrews.

Chris: "The ideal behind the Leadmill was that the people who wanted to use the place would build it. For example, the craftsmen would build the workshops and so on. It hasn't worked out quite like that, we've had to compromise, but we're here now. This place still belongs to the people who come in.

"There's a stage out there, a house PA, a ridiculously cheap real ale bar, and lots of room to dance. Any band that wants to play here can."

Adrian: "Once we've started to pick up some revenue from the bar and cafe and discos, we'll be absolutely committed to showcasing smaller bands from all over the country . . . and losing money just to do it."

Combining the thrift and intimacy of a working men's club with the leisure process of a Hacienda, the Leadmill could become a notable landmark in pop culture. Have you witten to your council yet?

— **AMRIK RAI**

Scarlet Party L–R: John, Paul, George and Drongo. Pic: Peter Anderson.

PAUL DU NOYER meets EMI's new 'Fab Four', Scarlet Party

US, SOUND LIKE THE BEATLES? AW SHUCKS... REALLY? WELL I NEVER...

TWENTY LONG years since 'Love Me Do' and EMI are making sure we don't forget. All about the company's HQ are posters proclaiming the anniversary. Meanwhile EMI's newest signings — another mop-topped young quartet, as it happens — ponder their own publicity and wonder if EMI have "Got the two promotion campaigns mixed up".

But it's hardly EMI's fault that Scarlet Party conjure up some Beatley ghosts. Listen to their single '101 Dam-Nations' (and its uncannily 'Revolver'-ish B-side) and cop the visuals too: spectral Lennonesque vocals, harmonies and hooks, Chelsea boots, '66 revisited all the way. Then you read their biog: straight from school to do Hamburg's Star Club and strip joints, signed to Parlophone, an LP in the can at Abbey Road studios . . .

"Coincidences, really," shrug these East End boys — brothers Graham and Steven Dye on lead vocals/guitar and vocals/bass respectively, plus Sean Heaphy on drums and Mark Gilmour on lead guitar. They will admit to massive '60s influences — but, Graham, what about the way you sing? Surely more than coincidence?

"Er, I've decided it's cos I've got the same shape head as Lennon, the same 'ooter. It acts like a sound box." Besides, they only opted for Parlophone, they say, because they liked the colour of the label. And EMI wouldn't let them set up their own (to be called "Scarlophone").

Hmm. Still, much as they've walked into them, these Fab Four comparisons are starting to get on Scarlet Party's wick. So let's add that the songwriting Dye brothers *are* a potential hit-machine of catchy originals. EMI are certainly hoping so — new signings are a rarity there in these recession-scared stingy days. And a documentary spot on the band on *Nationwide* the other week helped get the publicity ball rolling.

After Hamburg, the SPs made for the London pub circuit, playing Beatles covers ("we had to, to get the gigs") and even did a stint at Cabaret Futura. By and large, they kept outside of the new psychedelic fuss. Just how original Scarlet Party's pop vision is remains to be seen — the first album should get released early next year. If all else fails, at least they'll be in time to play the odd 21st anniversary party . . .

— **PAUL DU NOYER**

Stick it on the wall, y'all

21 POSTERS From Joe is a new publishing venture which, says its founder Owain Barton, is all set to take over from Athena in a fortnight.

A cheque for £1.50 to Owain's address will buy you a pack of 21 photostated black and white posters by various young poets and artists, some of which were taken from the exhibition of illustrated poems by unemployed people that Owain organised at a London gallery earlier this year.

"Most commercial posters just illustrate one mood — a blue Picasso for being lonely, a silhouette of a boy and a girl against a setting sun of love. The posters in Joe won't match your curtains and will argue with the sofa. They don't take your life for granted."

The posters from Joe are a simple, subversive mix of imagery and words such as Owain's own juxtaposition of photographs and line drawings with wry, cryptic captions.

"There is no manifesto," he says, "merely a few poets and artists who don't know each other and would almost certainly disagree. Pop into Athena, buy Kim or Clint, Snoopy, Snoopy, Snoopy, soft focus pigs, Lowry, Lowry, Lowry and white horses racing to the sun in limitless horizons. And Vince our friendly tortured artist.

"I'd sooner sit and find faces in the wallpaper. I'd sooner sneak faces into the wallpaper."

21 Posters From Joe are available from 149 Charles Barry Crescent, Hulme, Manchester. Offers of cheap photostating would also be gratefully received at the same address.

Another great NMExclusive! The pic 'Sods' couldn't afford — ex-Kiss character Peter Criss with wife Deborah and daughter Jenni Lee. Mascara runs in the family . . .

portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

HANK WANGFORD

PERFORMERS
Ray Charles
George Jones
Conway Twitty
Prince Far I
Madness
Joe Ely

BOOKS
Candy & The Magic Christian..... Terry Southern
The Dice Man..... Luke Rhinehart
When The Wind Blows ..... Raymond Briggs
The Right Stuff.....Tom Wolfe

FILMS
An American Werewolf In London (1981)
It's A Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World (1963)
Shivers (1976)

TUNES
Hearts On Fire ..... Gram Parsons
10 Commandments Of Love . Harvey & The Moonglows
Farmyard Dub ..... Prince Far I & The Arabs
Imperial Bedroom ..... Elvis Costello
Take Me .....George Jones & Tammy Wynette

CONCERT
James Brown's midnight gig at East Ham Granada

TV
No time
No video
Only Barney Miller

COMEDIANS
Lenny Bruce
Groucho Marx
Mel Brooks

LIKES
Answer phones
The Twilight World of the Hetero sexual
Street sincerity
Getting married
Texas

DISLIKES
Hysterical men
Bill Anderson
Heroin
Alimony
People who don't like our music

FOODS
Organic black pudding
Macrobiotic doner kebabs
Jalapeno peppers

RULES OF LIFE
"It's better to have bad taste than to taste bad"
"It's in the post"

Underdog day afternoon

A MASSIVE annual Battle Of The Bands competition gets underway this week with the first batch of 21 regional heats at colleges and universities throughout the country.

The tournament, sponsored by TDK tapes, culminates in a six-band final that will be broadcast live from a London theatre next April. Last year's winners The Crack have hardly set the rock world alight since their triumph, despite being featured in *Sods*, but sponsors are hoping for a better outcome this term.

The winners of each heat go through to one of three semi-finals with the top two in each then going through to the final, the eventual winners being given an RCA recording contract. Among some of the slightly better-known bands in this year's heats are Belfast's Dogmatic Element, Birmingham reggae rockers Iganda and Sunderland's Citizen Kane.

"Whereas there seemed to be a lot of hard and heavy rock bands in last year's heats, the bias this time seems to be towards synthesisers, jazz and dance music," says TDK's George Matheson.

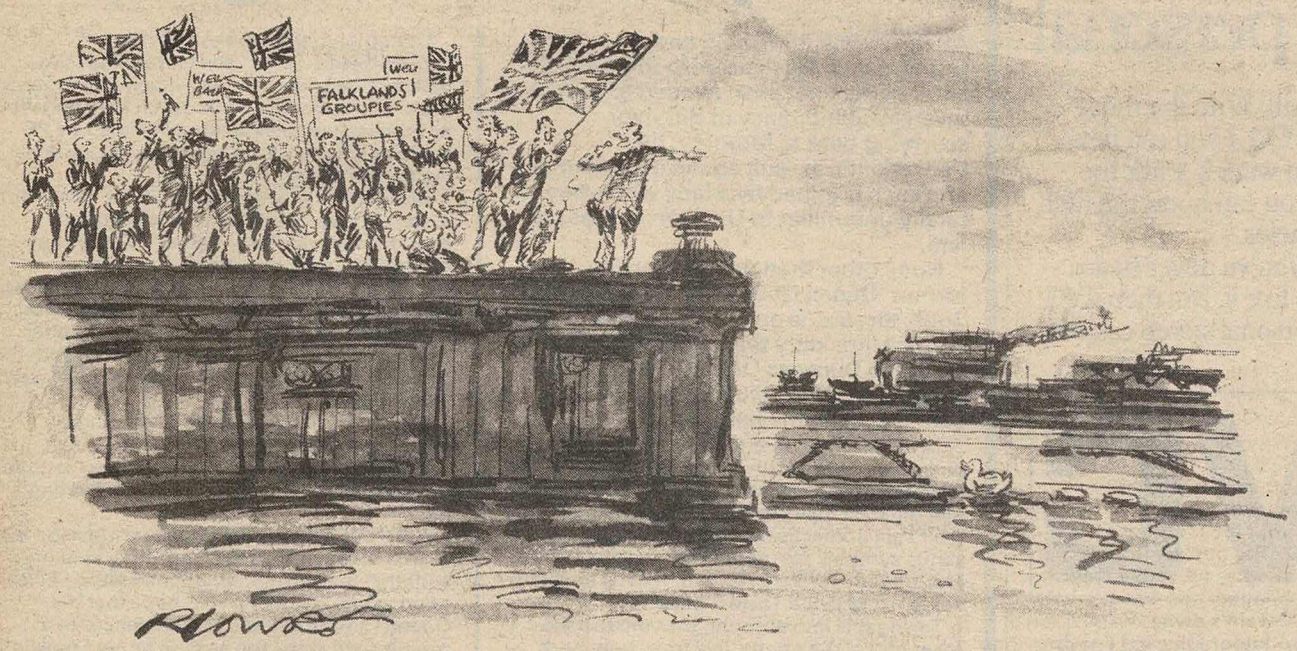
"We've got hold of the bands through press and radio adverts and there have been literally hundreds of applications, most of them from the northern cities, possibly because the recession is hitting hardest there."

Bands at the heats will all play through a 10-kilowatt sound system with a full professional light show and backing video screen. The admission price of £2 includes a free TDK C60 tape.

The six-band heats commence at Birmingham University (October 6) and proceed to Glasgow Uni (7), Aberdeen Uni (8), Belfast Uni (11), Sunderland Poly (13), Liverpool Uni (15), Manchester Uni (16), Hull Uni (18), Sheffield Uni (19), Nottingham Uni (20), Bristol Uni (21), Cardiff Uni (22), Plymouth Poly (23), Warwick Uni (25), Southampton Uni (27), Brighton Uni (28), London Queen Mary College (29), Norwich Uni (30), Reading Uni (November 2), Hatfield Poly (3), and Canterbury Uni (4).

— **HACKER T. HACK JNR.**

lowry



"And now, let's welcome back a rubber duck, two bars of soap and a bath towel from the Falklands . . ."

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The JVC guide to the first personal stereo with Dolby

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DAVID DORRELL gets initiated into The Danse Society — Barnsley's beautiful billy boys

DANSE MASTERS

"We respect what Sex Gang Children and Danse Society and those other groups we are being attached to are doing for what it is, but we're not a part of it, we don't feel that it's the same." — ***Barry, The Southern Death Cult.***

"I don't think they feel that they're part of anything either." — ***Ian, The Southern Death Cult.***

THE DANSE SOCIETY are a band from Barnsley; a town famous for Arthur Scargill and Saxon; strong, righteous, loud and proud. Barnsley is a strongman's town. A weekend in this industrial Dodge City would industrial Dodge City would 'hard' cases permanent white hair.

And yet Barnsley is blissfully innocent — seemingly untainted by the usual corporeal decay and corruption that comes as a death kiss to the northern town that lets the recession embrace its workforce and industry.

Steve Rawlings sings with The Danse Society. His cherubic face is a glow of infancy, his youthful looks belie his age (20) and offer a sharp contrast to the worn, moustached faces of the pint-swilling pit workers. The beauty of Barnsley has the innocence of an English Damian, a star for *Omen 4*.

The Danse itself is a deft routine that hangs between the gliding atmospherics of New Order and the jerky tribalism of Killing Joke. Live, Danse Society bring forward the energy that is subdued on recordings; the rhythm section of Tim (bass) and Paul (drums) creeps over the edge and dominates the PA. Openings vary from the eerie, latinate whispers of Steve to the throbbing melodies of Lyndon's synth and Paul Nash's doom-laden guitar riffs. The set looms from the shadows and smothers the audience with a heavy elation; the Joy Division spirit lives on.

The Danse Society offer a hybrid, bastard son that denies influence yet offers familiarity. Bauhaus never scared as much with their gothic hamming as The Danse do with their open handed display of mystery.

"It's funny," says Steve, "because of all the bands, Sex Gang, Death Cult, you know, I thought we were the odd ones out."

Danse are well aware of the groupings, the links, the parallels between pseudo religious symbolism and tribal longings. As any of the bands so grouped would point out, the tagging is ridiculous, the appearances superficial and secondary.

Tim is Dodge City's rowdy rockabilly, never cool, always in a blue funk. "Symbolism? No — about a year ago we sprayed our gear with red crosses for identification; we don't use it now because people think you're like Sex Gang — hanging around graveyards and stuff. We haven't got religion, we've got union, we've grown together, that's why we're so strong. Nobody makes us do anything — we're not Toto Coelo."

The strength is in the music. Dress, innuendo, theme, title, are just the trappings; the message is in the music, not the lyrics.

Tim in his funk continues: "It's sad to see punk degenerated, people like Wattie are just a sad mockery. The 'message' bands like Crass are the same. The 14-15-year-old kids that listen to them don't care, 'Anarchy' is something they sing about, nothing more."

Steve sees the same game: "They're still discovering punk up north. They're all young, and they run around saying things like, Have you heard this new band called Eater? Their mums sit around the TV and watch Wattie and say, Our young'un's just the same. It's a farce."

Why don't the band offer alternative politics then? An enlightened statement for the kids.

Jim, shocked, says: "We couldn't do messages. Crass? We're not geared to that type of sloganeering. What could we change? All they have to do is put Margaret Thatcher in a supermarket before the general election and there you have it. All the mothers thinking, Oh, she's only a housewife in reality. The Conservatives win again. We can't change it, we'll just mellow like the hippies did."

Steve adds sadly: "We don't offer any moral/political code because we're no authorities on those subjects. We can't say.

"'Continents' is our personal sentiment on nuclear war. It may be important to put forward a view — but not to impose one."

The words seem loathsome — 'impose', 'war'. Their despair may be grim but the band make up for this by indulging in all manner of fun and frolics. Typical northeners, they "know how to enjoy themselves." Escapism via drink, drugs and sex is always an open door; it just happens to be harder to escape with no money.

Lyndon: "Some songs just

Aretha Franklin keeps LLOYD BRADLEY hanging on the transatlantic telephone — the new Duchess of Disco fails to 'Jump To It'. . .

Telephone hang-ups

AS ROCKERS REVENGE and Grandmaster Flash screech to a halt just short of the final push needed to send the juvenile delinquency of Survivor scurrying back to Mommy, the transatlantic assault squad of Shalamar and such is joined by a lady who's been totally unfamiliar to UK chart success of late.

None other than Aretha Franklin, former 'Queen Of Soul', 'First Lady Of Soul', etc, etc, is on the scene with a bouncy little ditty that should've got her renamed Duchess Of Disco, as it hit the top spot on every club DJ's playlist before scaling the nationals.

Cool runnings, as British acclaim — either on tour or on record — is seen by most American artists as some kind of magical grail that must be theirs in order to consolidate their vast domestic earnings into a serious status symbol. Yes, apparently in spite of both Motorhead *and* Gary Numan, we still lead the world in the Good Taste Stakes!

Taking this into account, the voice on the other end of the phone, live from New York City, should've sounded well pleased, if not right royal. What I got instead sounded like it had a bigger hump than a mutated camel.

Underneath the Southern Belle "ah-do-deecla-yer" drawl (surprising for a native of Detroit) there was much more than a trace of irritation, as if talking on the phone for 20 minutes was a particularly loathsome PR exercise that had to be endured, but certainly not encouraged.

Ms Franklin though 'Jump To It's' reception in the UK was "wonderful" and, naturally enough, she was "very happy". The album (travelling under the same name) which blends the 'old' Aretha with up-to-date pieces, was not the result of months and months of dreams and schemes, it seems that "Luther (Vandross, her producer) jes' came up with the material, an' it was approved, an' we jes' wen' in an' did it!"

How, in her mind, did the two moods compare to each other?

"Waaaal, they're all good songs, an' a good song will always be a good song." Riveting, eh?

After this dazzling repartee, we move on in search of the nitty-gritty, hard-hitty kind of stuff that makes intercontinental phone bills good value, and in the wild hope that the Queen Of Soul will say two sentences in a row! A spell at the top as long as Ms Franklin's (15 years) would've provided a grand view of the runnings down below, so who better to ask about the ever-changing face of soul

Coming out . . . The Danse Society. L-R: Tim Wright, Paul Nash, Paul Gilmartin, Lyndon Scarfe, Steve Rawlings. Pic: Kim Yeale.

help you through the day. 'Ghost Town' — things like that are the only records that are important. Everything else is superficial. Our last manager wanted us to become Haircut 300.

"Up north people are more honest, more normal, conservative. If you do anything different you get noticed — alienated."

The 'mallets' (Barnsley Bittermen) make it difficult for everyone. The only different club in town is Tuesday night at Rebeccas. The bouncers play it tough so the 'mallet' don't decide to declare open season on the 'weirds'. People in Barnsley like heavy metal. It's hard to see how The Danse Society flourish, grow, survive in the barren conditions. But survive they do. Survive enough to release three singles — 'Clock', 'Woman's Own' and 'No Shame In Death'. Survive and grow enough to form their own label, Society Records, and release a remarkable debut LP 'Seduction.'

Theatre Of Hate have broken up. Into the breach will come two or maybe three bands. They will have 'billies' in the audience, they will get the tags, the jibes. Insult will follow compliment, fame will couple with infamy.

Steve: "It is personal now — the bands are personally connected with the audience and vice versa. There's a strong tie. There's no image like Death Cult or Theatre — it's just in the music."

Lyndon: "We're not holding an image — that drops the barriers immediately. People can't relate to bands because of the image . . . they can't even get to the music."

If there is a 'new wave', an uprising of the last gangs in town, then it should be treated with more loving care and respect; too much hype, and the delicate bud of the music will only flower as a weed.

Plastic People leader loses appeal

DEMONSTRATIONS were held all over Western Europe and in Canada in support of the imprisoned Czech Ivan Jirous, former artistic director with the underground band The Plastic People Of The Universe, on his 38th birthday, September 23.

From Blackpool, Labour Party members, including the leader Michael Foot, sent a telegram of protest to President Husak, expressing their concern over the case of Jirous and the three other men sentenced at the same time as him.

Four days later all men had their sentences confirmed at a court of appeal in the Northern Bohemian town of Usti nad Labem. Jirous did not only have the longest sentence (3½ years) imposed in July, he alone is required to serve his sentence in the Czech penal system's notoriously harsh third category. For the whole of his sentence he will be in virtual solitary confinement, while he is restricted to one hourly visit a year to be made by a single family member.

According to Czech dissident news service the Palach Press, the evidence suggests that Jirous was jailed for crimes he did not commit. He was found guilty of publishing anti-state material in the underground magazine *Vokno (Window)*, but his articles were printed without his permission. He was also found guilty of possessing cannabis — despite consistently speaking out against the use of drugs. There is a strong suspicion that the drugs were planted in his flat.

The sentence against Jirous is part of a wider campaign of intimidation carried out by the STB (the Czech Secret Police) aimed at wiping out any criticism, organised or otherwise, in Czechoslovakia.

Czechoslovak leaders are sensitive to Western public opinion. Letters of protest, which may be sent to President Husak, 11908 Praha Hrad, Czechslovakia, do have an effect.

— ANDREW CSEPEL

The Duchess. Pic: Peter Anderson

music past, present and future?

"Waaal, there certainly have been some changes, there's different styles of course — there's harder soul music an' there's softer soul music, an' then there's somethin' in between. But it's all soul music."

I knew that.

"As for the future, I believe that soul music's firmly established in American music now. Without a doubt, it's become a valid form of American music."

A panel that I've never noticed before has just lit up on my CIA style 'Telephone Answer And Monitor System'. It says "TILT" in big red letters, and offers three choices — 'abort', 'self-destruct' or 'continue at the risk of certain brain damage'.

I opt for the first one, and let Lady Soul get back to whatever interesting activity she was engaged in before she was dragged to the phone.

"Erm, well thank you Aretha, I think that's just about covered everything."

There's a very faint click at the other end. It's the Good Ol' Southern Charm being turned on, so that I'll go away with a good impression. It's actually about 15 minutes too late for any sort of cheapo stunt like that.

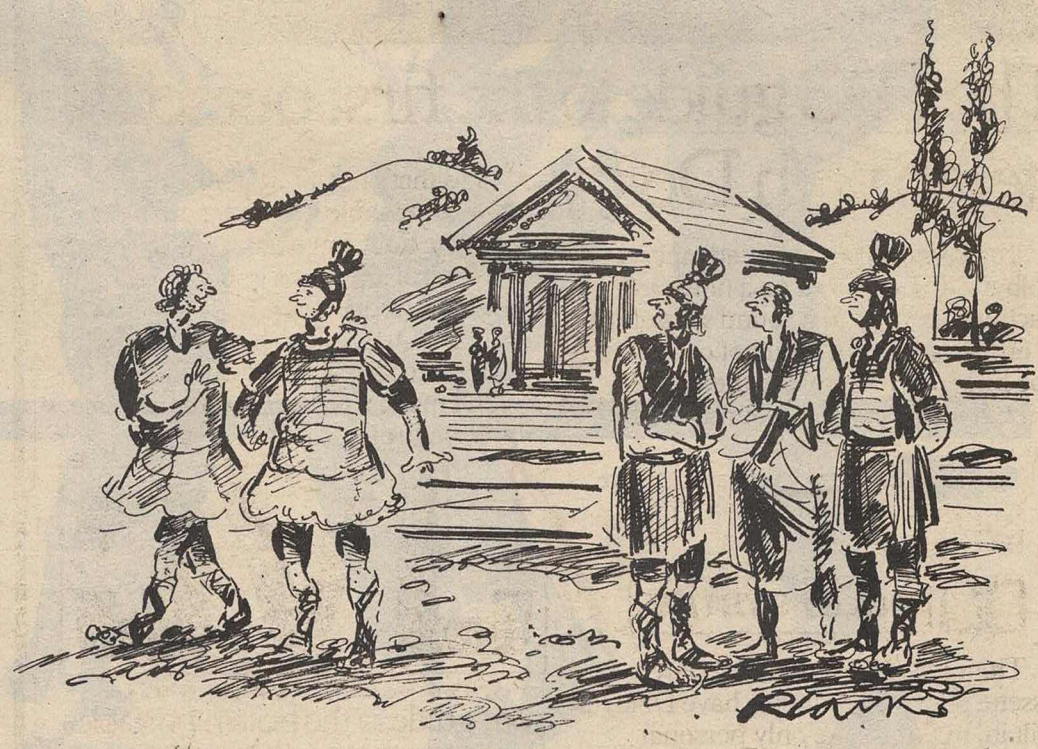
"Whay thank *you*, it's been mos' in'erestin'."

Ms Franklin's manner came, frankly, as a bit of a surprise. As a rule The 'Old Firm' have usually got a good story to tell, and if they're enjoying an up-to-the-minute hit will rabbit for hours about how they did it — mostly bullshit but, as Perry White would say, good copy.

Still, it turns out the reason for Aretha's was not — as one wistful old-timer suggested — that she was "so overcome by shame and embarrassment at the banality of 'Jump To It', she couldn't speak" (it's actually a good single, for what it is, off a better than average album) but merely that she hates talking on the telephone. 'Sources close to Ms Franklin' have revealed that this hatred, second only to her dislike of meeting people, is so intense that she blew out the calls scheduled before mine.

Presumably mine was a prize in some sort of raffle — maybe next time I'll be lucky, and someone else will win!

lowry



"Ra-ra skirts! Don't try and tell me that this society isn't going to the dogs."

ANDREW TYLER on the anti-nuke, pro-ecology, anti-party party that could hold the balance of power in the next German parliament

THE GREENING OF GERMANY

"... And when we come to power you'll get free Grateful Dead albums and Furry Freak Brothers comix on the rates!" Green Party leaders meet the press after trashing the Liberals in Hesse state elections; Petra Kelly at rear. Pic: UPI

SOME OLD MEN go to their graves with an almost gleeful prognosis of doom for the world. But Fenner Brockway, who at nearly 94 can't be too far removed himself, retains an 11 year old's idealism. He got shakily onto the Labour conference stage last week to declare that the anti nuclear argument *would* be won; that he would see it in his lifetime.

Such sentiments weren't out of place in a momentous week. At Blackpool, Brockway finally got his two-thirds majority to put unilateralism on the next party manifesto, and though Michael Foot sat granite-faced while the assembly roared he later committed the party under his leadership to disposing of nuclear weapons "as soon as we possibly can".

Simultaneous to Blackpool came a statement from NATO's supreme allied commander, General Rogers, declaring that a strategy had been developed to defeat the Russians by "conventional" means. There could now be less reliance on the nuclear option, said the general. He fell short of announcing a no-first-strike policy but did say, incredibly, "the anti-nuclear groups want the same thing as I do."

Maybe not quite — but the statement demonstrates how much the top brass are beginning to wriggle in their bunkers. The source of the itch is not hard to find.

Ever since the Americans announced Pershings and cruise missiles were to be deployed in the European theatre, there's been a kicking and stamping in the stalls that has knocked holes in the old political status quo.

This is most startlingly true of West Germany — epicentre of an anticipated exchange — where a new third political force called die Grunen has arrived. After the next general election the party could hold the balance of power.

DIE GRUNEN — the Greens — is a maverick political party as well as an amalgam of extra-parliamentary action groups that combat the German state's hollow consumerism and the heavy-fisted security measures that have developed as part of the package.

They fight nuclear power plants. They say they are working for 'basis' (grass roots) democracy, for ecological 'soft' alternatives to big business and address themselves to such questions as *the meaning of life* and what alternative is there to the German economic miracle now that the loaves and fishes are turning back to stone.

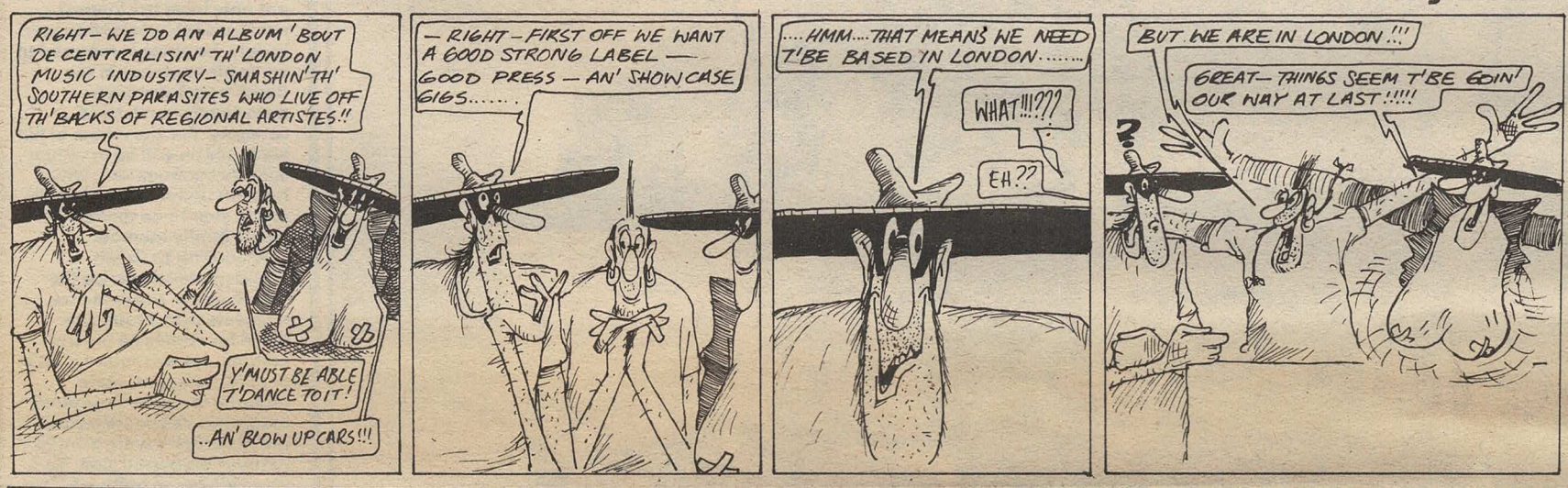
In Hesse last week die Grunen continued their forward march by sweeping up nine seats (8 per cent) in the state elections and totally eliminating the FPD liberals.

And if the trend of liberal wipe-out versus rapid Green expansion were to continue into the next general election, it could then be the anti-nuclear Greens calling the shots.

IT WAS AS die Grunen were gaining the Hesse success that the party's most impressive figure, Petra Kelly, fell semi-conscious in a Munich street from what was at first believed to have been a heart attack.

■ Continues page 10

the lone groover — benyon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Y'MUST BE ABLE T'DANCE TO IT!
..AN' BLOW UP CARS!!!
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....HMM....THAT MEANS WE NEED T'BE BASED IN LONDON.....
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EH??
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Green Party

■ From page 8

The collapse, it transpired, was from exhaustion — and she intends to be back on the 18-hour a day glory trail within a week.

Kelly, aged 34, is one of three 'co chairs' of die Grunen and like all senior figures must give up the job after two years. Her own time expires in November, which is the month the party, along with ex-chancellor Schmidt, had hoped to force a Federal election. March now looks the more likely date.

Schmidt realises he must recover some of the many votes lost to the Greens. Either that or come to an understanding with the new party itself.

Die Grunen for their part say they are prepared to come to an arrangement with the SPD should both show well after the next election.

"But we have to be clear," says board member Roland Vogt, "that certain projects are given up." He points to the proposed Kalkar fast breeder plant which over the weekend was scene of a violent protest. Kalkar and projects like it have resulted in state security measures Vogt calls "industrial fascism — very different from the old kind, very subtle but very effective".

In Germany the atmosphere is particularly dark because of the *insecurity* of the state itself. The modern Germany, whith its tame unions and narrow political spectrum, was invented by the Allies in contention with the Soviet Union after the war. Ever since, it has suffered pangs of self-doubt: What are we? Are we legitimate? Where, and why, are our enemies?

But Vogt warns: "This is not just a danger in Germany. It is everywhere there is an atomic industry and everywhere the state is a major employer" (and presumably feels it can pacify a job hungry workforce).

Die Grunen's vision is of a 'soft republic'. Through persuasion in and out of the legislature, it hopes to find this path. The broad plan is to entice people to reconstruct their lives and institutions from the local level up. And it's on this small level they are strongest. At Federal level they have a muddled leadership and no seats. At state and parish, 1,000.

And so die Grunen soon have to make up their minds what to do with the power that might accumulate for them at the centre.

Petra Kelly calls her Greens "the anti-party party". She says she wouldn't care for them to send a minister to Bonn; her preferred stance being one of "pure opposition".

Other members take a harder line — grab what you can get.

Die Grunen, in a sense, sums up the ambivalance of a couple of generations of young and youngish Europeans repulsed by the old style politics but uncertain, now that power is upon them, whether to drop in or out of the political mainstream. An incredible prospect nonetheless.

THE DEFINITIVE ARTICLE

THE THE? An agitated stutter? No, the definitive article, boasts The one and only The Matt Johnson with a cheeky, if none too convincing grin.

Though The The — founded as a duo, expanded into a four-piece and finally shrunk to its present singular state — is Matt alone, the group still suffers from internal conflict. Indeed, it — he — is wracked by self-doubts, even now, when things couldn't be better. But then, if he had any more confidence in himself he would have settled for just Matt Johnson, the signature he put to one of last year's more neglected LPs 'Burning Blue Soul'.

"The reason I re-adopted the name The The," clarifies Matt, "was so I'd be able to put a barrier between people and myself. I dunno why, but I just like to have it there. Partly because people tend to be put off when they see the name of a solo artist, I suppose. It kind of weakens the impression. Also by calling me The The, it allows me more flexibility, styles will constantly change, anything can actually happen. The The — the ultimate thing. The definitive . . ."

Which isn't to say he's trying to hide anything. On the contrary, his songs are almost intimately confessional — without being excessively self-indulgent or particularly purgative. Instead, they register his naive capacity to be amazed by the world and his struggle to make sense of it. The music is correspondingly inquisitive, thirsty for new — at least to him — textures, which he discovers through fresh, brash fusions of acoustic and electronic instruments.

If at first they sound familiar, they are not quite what they seem. His forthcoming 12-inch 'Uncertain Smile', released by Stevo's Some Bizzare via CBS, exemplifies his approach. A disconsolate, unrequited love song, Matt's brittle blue tenor describes his melancholy condition, unashamedly inviting the listener to dwell in it while luxuriating in the music's lazy flow; yet the listener leaves it at the other end perversely bright and refreshed.

Matt Johnson's presence is similarly invigorating. Despite the introspective nature of his songs, Johnson is a cheerfully garrulous talker, whose nervous, non-stop banter begins from the moment we enter his few North London rooms and spin dizzily through countless anecdotes, quips and ideas, converting fret into self-effacing comic monologue. Should I have expected anything different?

"Well, years ago I used to bore meself an' everyone else worrying about things," he confides, "but people don't really wanna know. They go off to the toilet and never come back! So I got to thinking people don't wanna put on music and think, oh no, this is terrible. But on the other hand you get some reassurances through recognition. Like I used to get some from reading Sylvia Plath, whose stuff is a lot more extreme than me. Like *The Bell Jar*, even though it had a happy ending — excepting she killed herself after that — well, I thought it was great. Because I could really relate to that, I felt more comfortable . . .

"I had this really terrible flu once," he continues, "thought, fucking hell, I got consumption. I was in bed sweating, my head moving so fast, and for some reason I picked up *Nausea* by Jean Paul Sartre, and again because I could relate to its agitated state, I felt consoled."

The point being?

"I would like to do music

not only rock and roll — lowry

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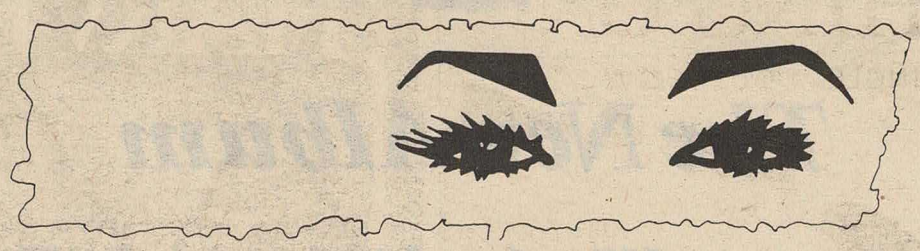

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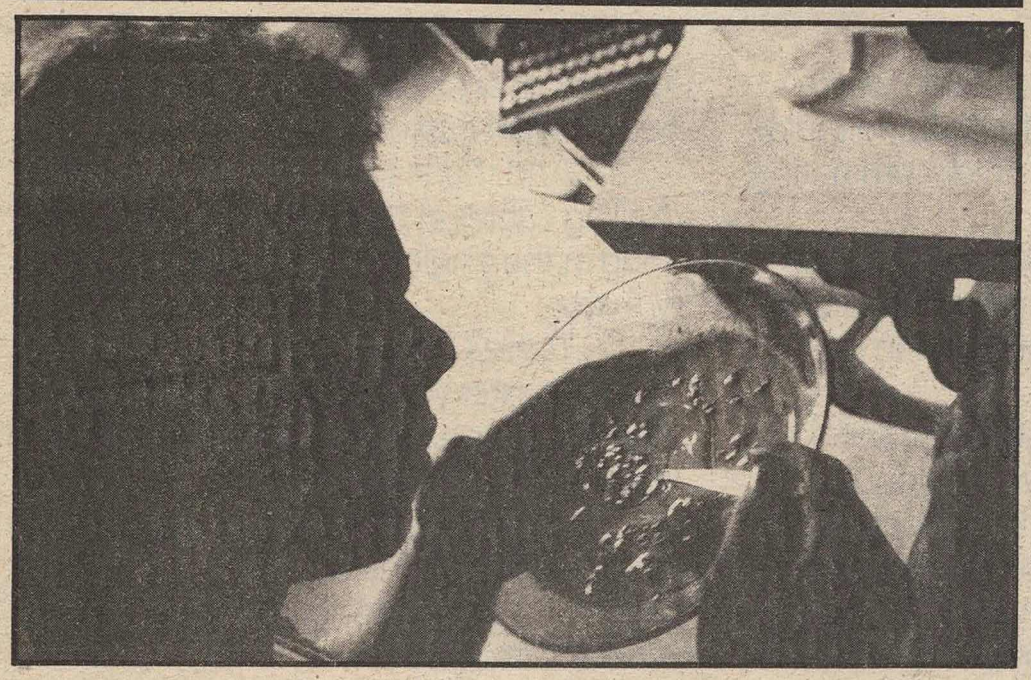

CHRIS BOHN Talk Talks Toto The The
PETER ANDERSON thinks it's a stupid joke

which has that uplifting effect, but which at the same time people can be drawn into and think 'Oh this is great!' "

Though the LP he's currently recording continues the self-explorations of 'Burning Blue Soul' — "it's probably more introverted in a way, because it's analysing the things I did on the first one and slagging them off!" — its buoyancy indicates that morbid introspection isn't Matt's natural condition.

"It'll probably be the conclusion of that phase," he assures. "Basically, once you've found out about yourself you start looking around at everything else. It's a natural development. You can only harp on about a theme so long — you can't *keep* singing *'Well, I woke up this morning. . .'*, which is what I've been doing in a way. I see myself changing a lot, becoming a lot more cynical."

Is 'Uncertain Smile' and the whole CBS/Some Bizzare episode a first step? Not really. Confused and intimidated by big money matters, Matt simply left Bizzaro Stevo to handle the business side, which he did with his customary baffling logic. Through some inexplicable dealing he landed Decca with 'Uncertain Smile's' £8000 recording costs and after a midnight rendezvous involving CBS' Maurice Oberstein and a pair of policewomen atop a lion in Trafalgar Square he clinched a contract worth £40,000 to The The.

"Stevo's a genius, in his own way," marvels Matt. "He can turn record companies upside down. His appearance immediately unsettles them! And he's not blase. He could have made a fortune signing up reproductions of Soft Cell, but instead he's always pushing forward looking for new things."

After three years on the dole and another three spent releasing records into obscurity — three LPs with The Gadgets, 'Burning Blue Soul', three singles and various compilation contributions, all before his 21st birthday — he's ready to accept the breaks Stevo's giving him. Predictably, his conscience hasn't let his tormented soul enjoy the anticipatory thrill of a hit for free.

"I've been having weird dreams, almost nightmares lately," he whispers, "now that everything's started going really well and all. The other night I was in me bedroom, which is like a little coffin anyway, and I started dreaming I'd sold myself to the devil! I was thinking I was going to die, like all these other people who'd died young and they'd sold themselves to the devil, too! Then the ceiling was coming down and I didn't know what to do!"

Matt is neither Catholic, nor is he a drug user. "I don't believe in them," he asserts. "I was thinking 'God, is this what I want?' Then I remembered this line on the new album, which goes *'I'm becoming trapped in a tomb of my own making'*. So even at this preliminary stage I can see things getting out of control, decisions being made without you . . ."

If the industry is the devil, who might be his conscience?

"I don't know whether you've heard him actually, but his name's Foetus."

Foetus! You mean You've Got Foetus On Your Breath! Philip And His Foetus Vibrations? Foetus Over Frisco? Foetus the self-appointed scourge of the music business, that extraordinary masked avenger behind the underground hits 'Tell Me, What Is The Bane Of Your Life?' and 'Custom Built For Capitalism'? — I don't listen to anything else!

"Yeah? Innee great! I told Foetus once: fucking hell, you really put me to shame, you're saying all the things I wish I could say, but I'm not . . . He's a ten times more extreme version of how I feel. And he's got the guts to do it, whereas me, I'm one foot in one camp one in the other, afraid to jeopardise things."

No need to worry, Matt. The The might not be a fully formed Foetus, but it's more than the germ of a great idea.

Yum yum . . .

11.50-12.20 **VIDEO SOUNDS:** Siouxie and the Banshees. Rock 'n' Roll with an all-girl group.

The Daily Mail gets sarky.

Spotted by Dave Fletcher of Wellington.

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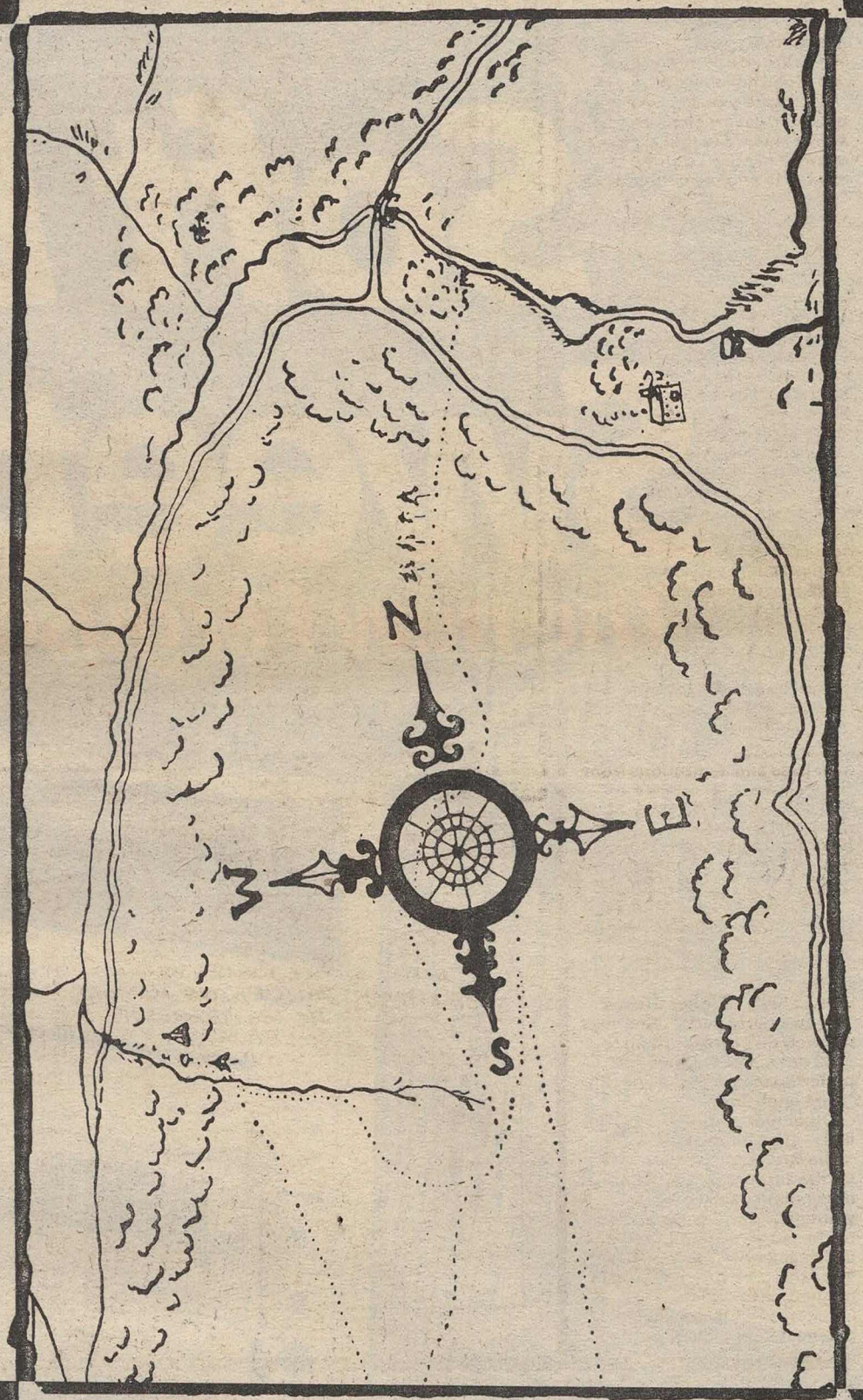

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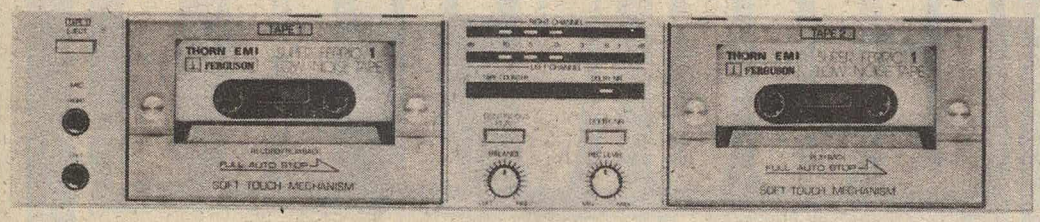

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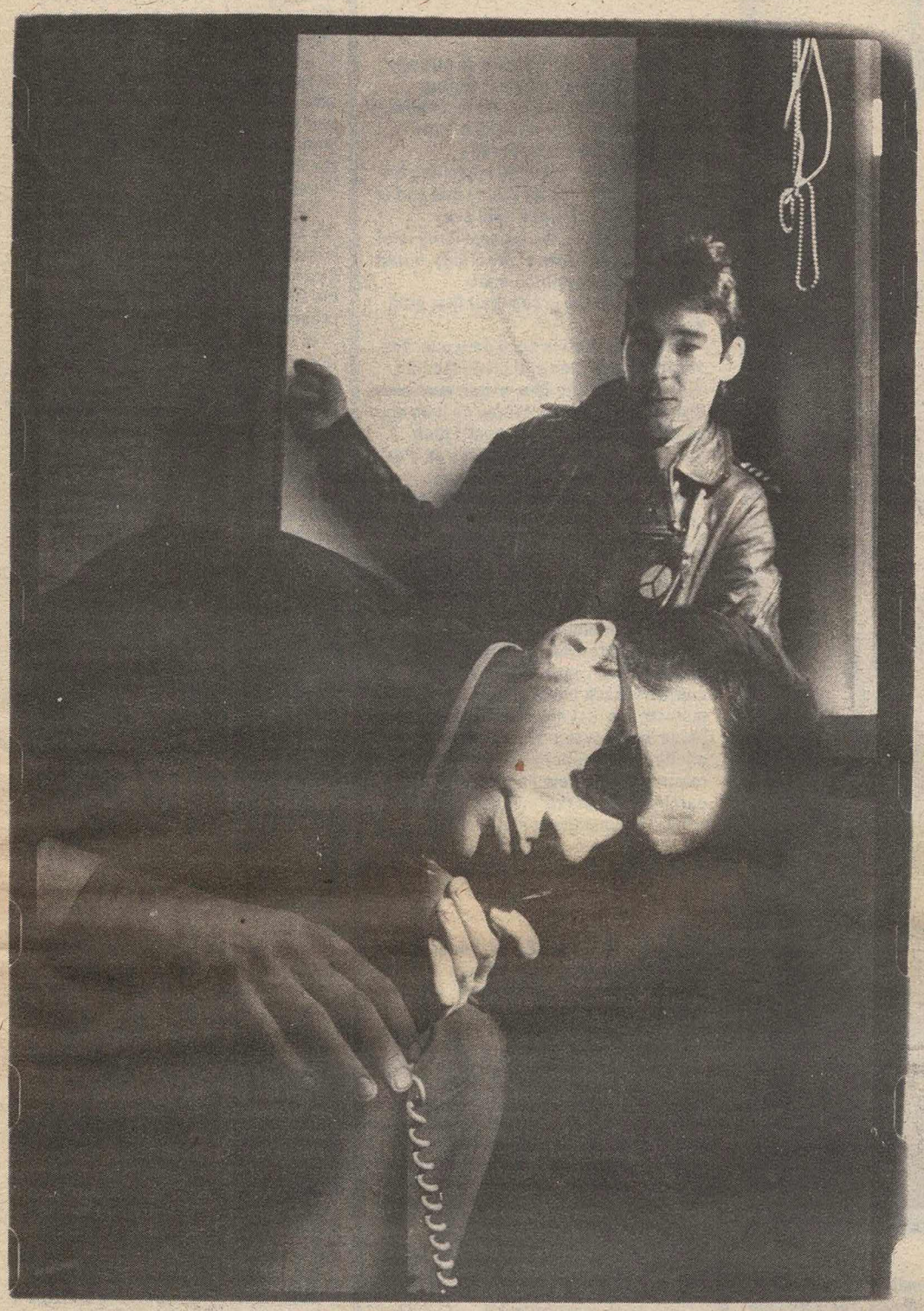


Diggle and Maher

Is there life after Buzzcocks? Steve Diggle and John Maher think so, and are flushed with the initial success of their new group, Flag Of Convenience.

REPORT: RICHARD COOK

PHOTO: CLARE MULLER

IT'S NOT AS IF the Flag Of Convenience is rippling with money. I even have to buy them a drink.

Steve Diggle and John Maher are trying again. After the passive distintegration of Buzzcocks in the spring of 1981, the two industrious workers from the hardest pop group we ever knew have been quieter and less conspicuous than their romantic colleague Peter Shelley.

Tales of contractual tangles and a probably genuine bewilderment seemed to cloud any proper direction for substantial talents that looked overgrown in a movement first suckled on minimalism.

More than that, the onset of pop's fixation with cosmetic mimicry and video glitz has stranded Steve Diggle's surly imagination: his mood resembles a man cheated of the meat in his sandwich. But the first step towards retaliation is participation — where've you been, Steve? Diggle shakes away the fatigue of his journey south and talks it out.

"It was our policy not to get back on stage the week after Buzzcocks split. We had to steady our systems," he drily states. "It just turned out that the wilderness lasted a lot longer than 40 days and 40 nights."

Much longer. Diggle and Maher were in fact under contract to EMI until this August, when the birth of their group Flag Of Convenience resulted in a Sire contract, a handful of early gigs and a terse and provocative set of demos from which the current 'Life On The Telephone' single was culled. John Maher, whose gangling frame and large, ageless features give him the air of an amiable giant out of Steinbeck, gives his own lowdown.

"When Pete sent this letter to say Buzzcocks had finished I was rehearsing for a tour with Pauline Murray. After that I just did bits and pieces of work, hoping to stumble into a band I could feel interested in. I didn't like the idea of a Buzzcocks revival. Then Steve asked me to do some demos and I thought they were great."

"The group was going to be a marriage of convenience," picks up Diggle, well rehearsed. "I made the 'Fifty Years Of Comparative Wealth' EP (a fine solo effort from 'Cocks days) partly out of frustration with the inactivity of Buzzcocks, all that loafing around."

Maher expands on the demise. "We'd started on the fourth album, put down backing tracks for two of Steve's songs — and then Pete didn't have anything ready. He and Rushent went off to their country studio to work the songs out and he never came back. That was it."

And their paths haven't crossed since. Subject closed.

THE WAY DIGGLE tells it, FOC fell together almost by accident. He met the bassist Dave Farrow on a trip to a Picasso exhibition at the Hayward Gallery — Farrow told him off for touching an exhibit and was promptly signed up for his trouble. Keyboardist D.P. was simply "encountered in a music shop in Manchester".

Does Diggle see the group as being a regional enterprise in the same way Buzzcocks were?

"No — I never feel like that. I feel as if I'm moving about all the time. Buzzcocks got stuck with this regional tag and it collected a lot of wrong ideas. We don't really deal with the Manchester atmosphere at all. I suppose the Hacienda might be a breath of fresh air."

"Four or five years ago there were a lot of clubs and a real scene, if you like," remembers Maher. "Now it's like there's just the one place."

Diggle: "It's this thing about the dickie-bow generation that seems really empty to me. There's nothing to grip or get hold of, the same old drum machine beat and everyone having a good time. People have just got switched off.

"It's turned into a disco thing rather than bands playing. A circus without substance. Bands that have sussed out quick instant formulas are relying on admiration for their ability to score on that level."

Then how will Flag Of Convenience differ?

"There's more shadows over the music — a greater depth — a lot of mistakes, too. There'll be no perfectionist approach. It'll have a lot of tattered edges."

The first evidence is, ironically, a rather polished extract from the manifesto. 'Life On The Telephone' — which they claim as an atypical slice — is a record that speaks of great skill and experience in mining the raw matter of rock. Diggle doesn't have a great voice but has applied its slurred, prowling qualities to curiously effective use in the alluring harmony at the song's ashen centrepoint: a beautifully simple, marvellously evolving design of guitars whirls around it, with Maher's stern propulsion steadying the velocity.

On the reverse, 'The Other Man's Sin' is the ravening mate to the topside — pangs of unrequited fury translated to a dense bag of noise that looms in and out of focus.

Memories of their Dingwalls appearance in May confirm the impression — it's one of those brief episodes, like the earliest Magazine and Wire outings, where a group of great capability and imagination is in the throes of taking valid shape, the coagulation just out of reach but definitely impending, D.P.'s brittle sheets of noise in flux with Maher's unflinching beat and the parched sweetness of Diggle's melodies is promising much ... if they can sort it out.

"The single's done and it's OK," states Diggle. "The rest of our set (already up to 25 songs) is a lot different. I think it's always a bit corny to spell things out. There's ways of presenting things with a few lines that are a bit magic, y'know, but that's difficult for me. I prefer ambiguous things, ideas that can be dug out or grown into slowly. Like 'The Accused' or 'The Other Man's Sin' have all sorts of ideas inside them."

To what extent will this be Steve Diggle's group — as Buzzcocks appeared so often to be Peter Shelley's?

"It'll take time to graft a complete unit together. I have a lot of ideas at the moment and the other two are just getting into the swing of it. We'll approach an album as a complete thing, something dark — maybe there'll be a sort of concept to it."

Who's producing?

"I dunno yet. We might have a go ourselves and, um, make some valid mistakes."

"Picking a producer is difficult," is Maher's observation. "All the producers I've worked with have said, No, you can't do that — you've got to do it this way. It's like there's a set book of rules. We've been in studios six years and we know how they work. If a group thinks automatically we'll get so-and-so and we'll have a hit — they're just fools to themselves. Formulas take over again."

It might be said that pop has to be a kind of formula — and if you have a successful one ...

"There's still an aesthetic gap when they're aimed at a certain audience and are leaving a lot of people out," replies Diggle. "Or they're turning people into something else."

ONE OF THE most appealing aspects of Flag Of Convenience is an almost virtuoso level of playing that doesn't drift into the arid professionalism which seems to be the growing norm among the current pop crop. Don't look now (listen instead) but we're quietly putting together our own mainstream of tepid ON/OFF counterparts to the LA session supremos.

FOC suggest a far rougher application of a similar expertise. Diggle's great ace is his brilliant drummer. As I put it to John Maher, he could probably take his sticks to any group that took his fancy — so why settle with an unformed and uncertain unit like this? He crinkles his chaste face up in a bashful smile.

"It must be partly down to our Buzzcocks days. We always had similar ideas and always wanted to make Buzzcocks interesting live. I try to make it look interesting, even when I'm sat there on a stool. So we had the same ideas about projecting a group. And then the demos sounded so good — rough, but good. Before that I'd had to slave away for hours because somebody always wanted absolute perfection.

"It's really difficult finding people you agree with on ideas in a group. I could probably find another group but I'd just be sat at the back, playing drums to somebody's songs, not having a lot of say in it. I can make a good contribution to this."

Are they worried about being caught up again in the debilitating circuit routines of gig / record / gig / record?

Diggle: "It's a question of pacing it right. We learned the hard way on that with Buzzcocks. I think it's important to do a fair amount of live work, though. Not just do an album and stay put."

Because playing live is good fun?

Maher: "Yeah! We think we've got something different to offer compared with a lot of the 'live' things now, which is often just people doing public appearances and miming to records. It's supposed to be *exciting* playing live and seeing a group playing."

Both have tasted the apple of success before, of course. Will it bother them if Flag Of Convenience never scale the same heights as Buzzcocks did? Diggle shrugs it off.

"It's a matter of living and breathing, not just being successful. Success gives you a better lever. But it's time to keep in contact with what's going on outside, but just in a studio or a record producer's mind. There are a lot of people who're pissed off with just buying records — they're the ones we're aiming at."

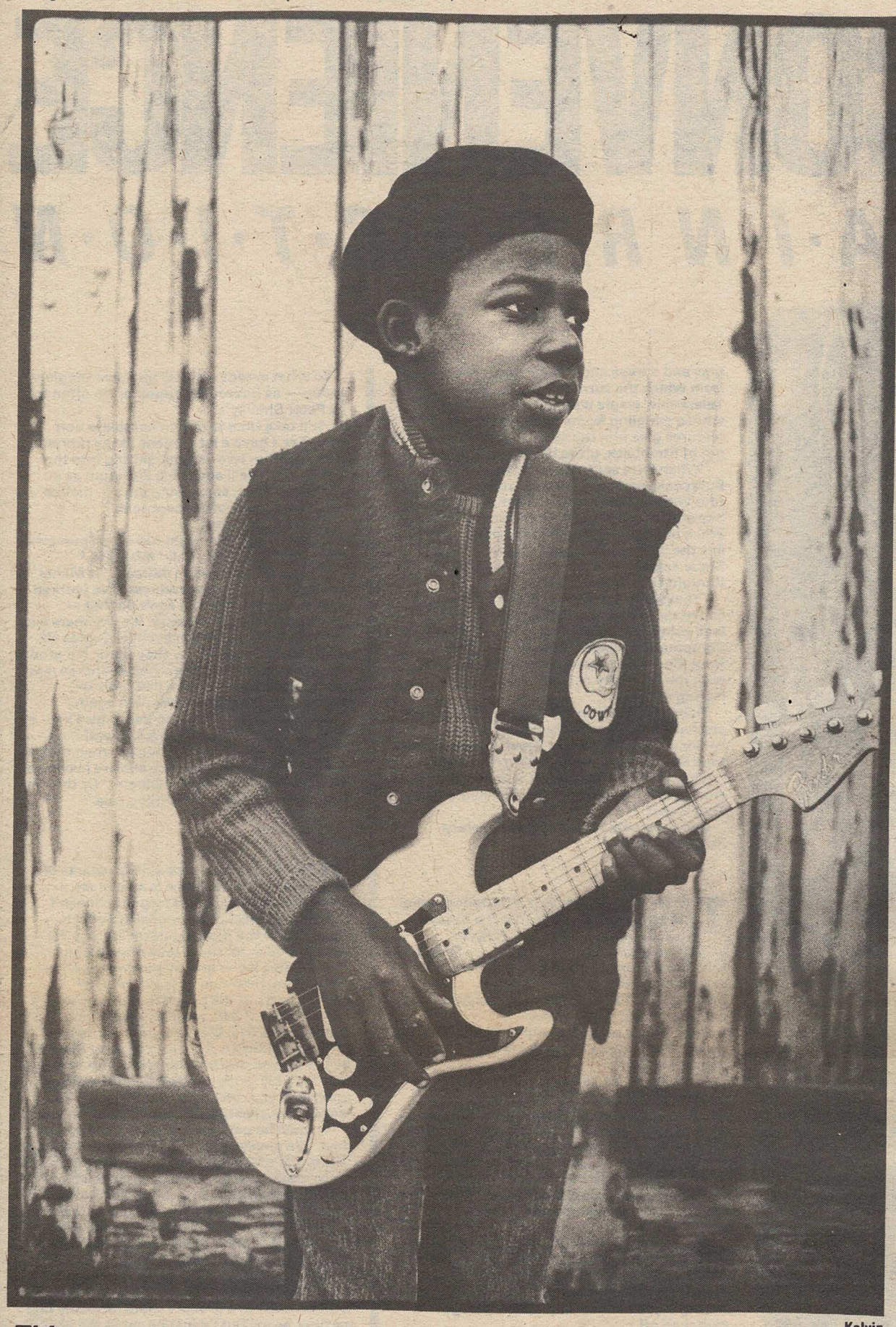
"I thought I'd miss the heady days of Buzzcocks," admits Maher, "but the small dates have been really good — you settle down into a different level. I know what I'm doing this time round."

Steve Diggle smiles at history as it has been written.

"People have said to me, why don't you go out and write some pop hits, like Pete did in Buzzcocks? But out of the four biggest hits Buzzcocks had I wrote two of them. It kind of goes against the grain in a way."

John Maher takes up the cudgels.

"Every time I watch *Top Of The Pops* I think, Christ, I wish we were playing a gig tonight. We've had enough. Something's brewing, someone's going to break through. I think we're providing what they're after."



Kelvin

This generation rules the nation! Yes, it's official — Musical Youth are now bigger than the Beatles! We spend a day with the boys from Brum and hear how a song about a Dutch stewing pot became the fastest-selling number one single for years.

Talkover: *ADRIAN THRILLS*
Token Dutchie: *ANTON CORBIJN*

"I'm not fussy about where our next single gets to. It might get to the top and it might not, but we're not fussy about it. we've got to number one and that's every musician's dream, so we're glad about it."

— Michael Grant, Musical Youth.

"When we first saw the group we were just stunned by their looks and capabilities. But there was never any rush to put out the single. I was prepared to wait. If necessary, we'd have waited two years for them to come up with the right song."

— Stuart Watson, MCA Records.

"Teeny-toppers set for a fortune!"

— The Daily Mirror.

THE FIVE COOL and breezy Birmingham boys currently at the top of the nation's singles chart had already been up for four hours by the time Anton Corbijn and I arrive outside their West London television studio at ten in the morning.

Any sudden success story brings its own peculiar pressures and ever since 'Pass The Dutchie' leapfrogged over 25 other records to reach pole position in the BMRB Top 75, Musical Youth's working days have been hard and demanding.

They should have been spending the time recording their debut album. Instead they have been entertaining the media moguls; when a band with an average age of 13 bullets to the top of the chart, everyone suddenly wants to know about it.

In the space of four days last week, Musical Youth became a phenomenon. They appeared on *Top Of The Pops, Blue Peter, Razzamataz, News At Ten, The Nine O'Clock News, The Late Late Breakfast Show* and Radio One's *Roundtable.* They made the front page of the *Daily Star* and the inside news pages of the *Mirror, Sun, Express* and *Mail* and spent a day with the *NME,* one of the few dates pencilled in their diary *before* the single soared to the number one spot.

"It's hard to get used to this all of a sudden," reflects drummer Frederick 'Junior' Waite, at 15 the second oldest member of the band. "Since we got to number one, we've been really busy . . . television like dirt!

"The day after the chart came out, we went to Newcastle to do *Razzamataz* and there were just photographers everywhere, even at the airport! Everything's happening all of a sudden. It can be really tiring, man, but we've just got to keep on at it.

"We asked for it and now we've got it!"

'PASS THE Dutchie' is already the year's fastest selling British single, not to mention MCA's first number one since Julie Covington's 'Don't Cry For Me Argentina'. It is currently outselling its nearest rival by about two to one and in a single day last week sold over 100,000 copies — the highest daily total since 'Mull Of Kintyre'. By Friday, it had passed the half-million mark, guaranteeing the group their first gold disc.

The song itself is not a new one. The music was written and given the title 'Full Up' by Studio One writer, musician and arranger Jackie Mittoo as long ago as 1968. The Mighty Diamonds then took the tune and gave it lyrics as 'Pass The Kutchie', a kutchie being the chalice in which ganga is kept. The change to 'dutchie', JA slang for a Dutch stewing pot, was made by Musical Youth themselves who felt it inappropriate for young teenagers to be singing about marijuana.

With their stunning chart achievements, Musical Youth have also injected some character and charisma back into a singles mainstream that has been looking more jaded by the week. Their artless, unaffected simplicity is a glorious retort to all the new bands trying so earnestly to put the 'm' back into pop.

It's not what they play — crisp, competent, commercial British reggae — but the way that they play it.

WE MEET MUSICAL Youth on Thursday morning in a cavernous BBC studio where they are recording their *Blue Peter* slot. The early start stems from a law which forbids 'minors' from filming television appearances after a certain time in the afternoon. The same regulations have prevented the band from promoting their single live on *Top Of The Pops,* their excellent video sufficing for the past two weeks.

Looking clean and cool in an array of colourful sweaters, straight jeans turned up above the ankle, white socks and *Nike* trainers, the band run through a mime of 'Dutchie' and patiently answer the questions fired at them by the show's presenter.

The programme itself remains as staid and conservative as it always was, but Musical Youth cut confidently through all the stuffiness. Despite their understandable camera nerves, they cope keenly and honestly with the presenter's inane probings, their answers tainted with unintentional humour and a sense of mild bemusement.

The group line up on their white podium as singer Dennis Seaton and drummer Junior Waite, both 15, Junior's younger bass-bossing brother Patrick, 14, and the two Grant brothers, 13-year-old Michael on keyboards and 11-year-old Kelvin on guitar and talkover.

The bubbling, bright-eyed enthusiasm of the band comes mostly from the two tiny Grant brothers, the older Waite duo balancing their naive childlike charm with a slightly more serious, watchful approach. The gangly, bespectacled Seaton, on the other hand, is different again, his warm and soulful manner almost perfect for a young vocalist modelling himself on the likes of Isaacs, Brown, Minott and Wonder.

Their television duties completed, the band lunch in a BBC canteen before heading across London in a hired van to the Workhouse Studio in the Old Kent Road, where they are recording with producer Peter Collins.

In transit, they get their first chance to pore over the morning's national press cuttings, most of which concentrate on the financial aspects of their chart success with headlines screaming about the fortunes supposedly awaiting them.

The group are happy enough at the exposure, though they are already wary of Fleet Street's tendency to distort, trivialise and sensationalise.

"Dem twist t'ings, man," protests young Michael from the back seat of the van. "They just write anything that they want and sometimes they make us look stupid. In one paper they say that we are music-mad kids and they make it sound as if we are actually *mad!* And then they put a quote in one interview saying that we had loads of girlfriends, but we never said anything like that.

"They should just say what we are and not bend t'ings. Sometimes they give people the wrong idea about us, make them think that we're running around in BMWs all the time. At the moment, they're making us sound stupid!"

We drive on down through Waterloo towards South London, Michael retiring with Junior to snatch 40 winks on the back seat while Kelvin amuses himself with a copy of *Smash Hits,* painstakingly reciting the printed lyrics of 'Dutchie' into my tape recorder to check their correctness.

On arriving at the studio, the band head straight for the video room. With their favourite film *Rocky III* unavailable, they settle down to a session of vintage Bruce Lee clips until Anton intervenes and suggests some outdoor photographs.

We move into a backstreet just off the Old Kent Road and within minutes a crowd of at least a dozen local workers have gathered to watch the session. The young quintet are initially unnerved by the unexpected attention, but they relax again as Anton starts shooting. They are simply too young for the trappings of success to cause them any great psychological problems.

Patrick, Dennis and Junior

BACK IN THE Workhouse, they talk in more depth about their achievement. In contrast with the Fleet Street accounts of their fairytale overnight flight to fame, their own story is more down to earth. Displaying remarkably clear reasoning powers for a 13-year-old, Michael takes up the tale.

"To some people it might just seem that we've come out of nowhere, but we've been going a long time. We started at the bottom of the stairs and we're walking to the top. People might think that we've suddenly run up the stairs in the last two weeks, but if you run, you're going to fall down and break your bones and not get up again!

"We've been walking up the stairs gradually and now we've reached the stage where we can open the door and walk in. You have to take things gradually. A group has got to learn to crawl before they can walk."

Musical Youth dislike being thought of as an overnight sensation, so a quick history class seems in order here. The lesson begins in the Saltley Music Workshop, a community arts centre in Nechells, Birmingham. It was here that the band — all pupils at the nearby Duddeston Manor School — were encouraged to take up their musical instruments over two years ago.

The workshop was run by expatriate Jamaican musician Toney Owens — now the band's manager — and Freddie Waite, father of Junior and Patrick and formerly the singer in a Kingston group called The Techniques, who collected 12 JA number ones in the '60s. Freddie originally saw Brum as the new Motown and the workshop as a kind of hit factory. Toney's aims were more modest — he simply wanted to give young bands some decent rehearsal space.

In their early days, Musical Youth — or Cultural Music Workshop Youth as they then called themselves — were just a quartet. They had difficulty in locating a decent young vocalist and when they played their first gig at The Pack Horse, a Birmingham pub, it was Freddie Waite himself who sang, as he was to do until someone younger was found.

People soon began taking notice of such precocious talent. Sheryl Garratt wrote the first piece on the band in *NME* in February 1981, John Peel broadcast a session on his radio show and a remarkable mature debut single 'Political'/'Generals' appeared on Birmingham's 021 Records, the label behind the early Au Pairs singles.

That hard, haunting independent 45 was to be the last thing they recorded with Freddie Waite. Last October they finally found a permanent singer in Dennis Seaton and they haven't look back since. In January they signed to MCA and, after some abortive demos with The Fun Boy Three, went into the studio with Peter Collins . . . the rest you should already know.

THERE ARE those who have made comparisons between Musical Youth and American teen acts like The Osmonds and Jacksons circa 1972, but the real analogy should be with some of the exceptionally young JA ska outfits of the '60s; groups like the early Skatalites with whom the young band share a spiritual as well as musical affinity.

The likes of The Osmonds — and to a lesser extent The Jacksons — were basically bands manufactured by the music business to fill a gap in the teen market, while Musical Youth are nothing of the sort, having come in completely from the outside. Neither are they a novelty act and it is to MCA's credit that they have not been marketed as such, the whole 'Dutchie' campaign being remarkably straightforward.

But how do the group themselves feel about accusations that they are no more than a novelty?

"I couldn't blame people for thinking that we were a novelty at first," says Michael. "But we don't like them thinking that now. Now we just try and play our music on the radio so that people hear it and think that we are a nice professional band *before* they see that it's Musical Youth."

"I think a lot of people still think we're a novelty," adds Junior. "Some of them probably don't even care about the music. They see us on *Top Of The Pops* and go, Aaaah, the lickle kids are doing so well. And then they go out and buy the record.

"But I'd rather be seen as a musician than as a novelty. When I practice on the drums I *sweat* because I want to do it right. I don't want anybody coming up saying that I *look* good on the drums. I want them to say that I'm a good drummer.

"I don't think that it's unusual for people to start out this young. Jackie Mittoo was really young when he started out, so it shouldn't make any difference. If you start too late, then you'll have too much ground to make up."

THE MEMBERS of Musical Youth are all still pupils at Duddeston Manor, the Nechells secondary school where they first met one another. They have been given leave of absence to promote their single on condition that they return to the classroom next month. In the meantime, a private tutor, paid for by MCA, accompanies them on their travels.

"I don't know about the others, but I'm keen to continue my school studies," says Dennis. "If we keep on with our studies then the teachers won't be able to pin nothing on us for being in the group. And it's good to have something behind us to fall back on if the band fails. Sometimes I think that I'd just like to do music all day, but it's important that we devote some time to school as well."

Had the attitudes of any of their classmates changed since the band began to sample success?

"When we first started to get a bit successful, some of the girls did start to treat me a bit different," says Kelvin. "They would buy me drinks 'cause they think that I'm famous, but I don't want to be famous. They say that I'll soon be driving around in a big Rolls Royce, but I just tell them no."

"Some of our friends think that we're getting big-headed because we're away from school and on the tele so much," adds Patrick. "But we're just the same as we always were. I don't want to change just 'cause we've got a hit.

"Sometimes in school, the teachers call us things like superstar and I hate it 'cause I'm not. I hate people to think that I'm rich and famous. We don't dress up like models or deal in suits and bow ties. We just wear the sort of clothes that anyone else would wear."

"We don't want to look too flashy in what we wear," agrees Dennis. "When we go onstage we don't look any different from our audience. Once we had these suits with stars on the back for our live gigs to make us stand out. But we always used to think we looked like clowns and we'd always be teasing each other about the clown suits, so we don't wear them anymore."

Their level-headed, almost humble approach to sudden 'stardom' should stand Musical Youth in good stead. At home in Nechells, they are still far too close to the roots and realities of black British urban life for success to spoil them. And their firm resolve is to stay exactly that way, as Dennis continues.

"We've always said that even if we become big, we'll still go back and practice the same way every day. When we heard we were number one, we were so happy we started jumping up and down around the room, but after a while it just wore off and in a couple of minutes, we were downstairs again, working in the rehearsal room.

"Even if we became stars and had roadies like UB40, I'd still be willing to carry the instruments because it's something to do. When we first started out, we used to have to travel in the same van as the instruments and sleep on the cases. Now they have to travel separately and sometimes we feel kind of lonely 'cause there's nothing there for us to protect!"

Though he is the singer and frontman, there is no question of Dennis assuming any more importance than any other member of the band.

"There are five of us in the band and they are all as important. If they didn't supply the music then I couldn't supply the words. Did you ever see that film *Stardust* with David Essex? There was a band in it called The Stray Cats which had five people in it and as soon as the singer started getting too big-headed, they just knocked him off! I always remember that and make sure it's the group that people watch and not just me."

Michael

WHILE MUSICAL Youth could certainly teach some of the more senior rock and reggae musicians a thing or two about modesty, they themselves have a lot to learn in terms of songwriting skill and instrumental technique, as Michael is the first to admit.

"We've still got a long way to go," he grins. "We met Jackie Mittoo a couple of weeks ago and things he does are really difficult even if they might look easy. Try and do what Sly and Robbie do and you'll see that it's really hard. We've still got to learn what they already know."

It would be wrong to make any great claims about the true worth of Musical Youth just yet. They are a tantalising young talent and 'Pass The Dutchie' is a marvellous single — one of the brightest, warmest sounds I've heard all year — but that's no reason to get carried away. They need to be given time to grow. That forthcoming album and the Kid Creole tour, on which they are the main support act, should give us some idea of how they are doing.

One thing seems almost certain. Musical Youth are going to be around for a long time. And when the sparkle of their initial success has faded away we should be able to see a slightly different group coming through: there is already a latent toughness lurking behind the sugary skank of 'Dutchie' and a hard, knowing glint in the eyes of Kelvin, Michael, Patrick, Junior and Dennis that will be there long after the toothy smiles they flash on *Top Of The Pops* have been forgotten. The prospects for the future are fascinating.

For the time being, the last word goes to Patrick.

"As we get older, the style of our music will probably get harder with more dubs and heavier rhythms," he predicts. "But I wouldn't put a dub tune out as a single 'cause it wouldn't get anywhere near the charts.

"When you write a song to lick the charts, you have to make it so any other person in the street can sing it. What we play at the moment is commercial, but we still enjoy it. It is still good reggae."

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SINGLES

UP TO SCRATCH JULIE BURCHILL

Winston Henry — Explainer.

Grace, on school report.

SINGLES OF THE WEEK, YEAR, EPOQUE!

EXPLAINER: Lorraine (Sunburst)

The Hipness Of The Home Counties Loner; I was playing this gem for one week solid before the review copy turned up — and when I read the press release and discovered that this is soca — soul-calypso — the music of Trinidad which has high hopes of being the next big kick I dropped it like a hunk of Taiwanese Cheddar and began rifling through the remaining singles in search of something white and square. I will go to extreme lengths to avoid trend-bopping, because it always ends in tears and post-sellout *triste*.

A sensitive like myself cannot stand to see white tourists of the soul wear foreign cultures to flabby clubs like a barrette in the hair, a bloom in the buttonhole. I find it very hard to believe that every last kind of black music is worth holding the front page for, because every kind of white music sure ain't. Do they swoon for synthesizers in Swaziland? For Oi in Onitsha? For Power Pop in Pago Pago?

But I can't help myself. *"TAXI, TAXI! AIRPORT KENNEDY!"* Fashion speaks with forked tongue but genius talks Esperanto. If you're really interested in keeping up with the Joneses then be warned that this is closer to the cleavage of Carmen than the gloom of Grace. But if you really want to hear something that elevates the invention of the gramophone record up there beside the wheel and the Man of Steel, buy 'Lorraine' and wear it OUT, not on your sleeve. TAXI TAXI! RECORD SHOP CHOP CHOP!

TOYAH: Be Proud, Be Loud (Be Heard) (Safari).
NEIL DIAMOND: Heartlight (CBS)
Wilcox and La Diamante have lots and lots in common — both are flashy and empty, both shout loud and say nothing, both have mistaken emoting for emotion. It'h really *thickening* to thee tho many plaudith being lavithed on thomeone whoth whole claim for fame ith the thaggering exthent of their mediocrity. It really makth me *thpit* with fruthtration.

And Toyah's just as bad.

T. REX: Telegram Sam/Soul Of My Suit/Laser Love/Metal Guru (EMI)
HAWKWIND: Silver Machine (RCA)
BAUHAUS: Ziggy Stardust (Beggars Banquet)
10CC: We've Heard It All Before (Mercury)
Open Sesame! And let's go back to those days of platform shoes, shoplifting, school yard seances, slamming doors so loud it gave the hamster a heart attack and suicide ever gentle on one's mind — ADOLESCENCE!

When I was a kiddy Marc Bolan really was our Messiah — we would have killed our best friends to gain access to one corkscrew curl. By the time I was 17 he was approaching us youngsters down the Big R, grinning ingratiatingly and trying to start conversations; I couldn't have been less interested. Everything about him seemed pathetic, right down to that precious little C on the end of that once-hallowed name. When I was told he was dead I remembered I sneered "So what?" — really compassionate. We are very cruel to our heroes, using them as pungent placebos until it is time for real love and then tossing them on the compost heap of Rock's Rich T. This record reveals the awful truth; that Bolan was a really terrible writer (when I imitated his "poetry" in English classes teachers would scrawl ominous red SEE ME's across my masterworks) but that he was a *trouper* — and showbusiness, being not really "cut-throat" at all but on the contrary very sentimental, can tolerate terribleness if a crooner is a trouper too. Marc will be up there until the twelfth of never with Bassey, Dottie, Gracie and Janis Joplin, God bless them.

Hawkwind's finest moment (with finest moments like this, who needs failures?) has been released for the eighth time this month — my mum, bless her, used to reckon they were singing *"I've got a SEWING MACHINE!"* and thought it was a good thing that young people were being encouraged to make their own clothes. Hawkwind's only hope of making more money out of their wretched effort would be to sell it as a jingle to Singer a la Stink's famous 'Don't Sniff So Close To Me'.

Bauhaus have the same stardust memories as me, but badly mangled by that star of stage, screen and Maxell adverts who performs a note for note, simper for simper duplication of a little something darling David tossed off on a bad day. Bauhaus — strains the credibility barrier!

I loved 10CC when I was a smartassed second year and when EMI released their old long-player 'Sheet Music' awhile ago I put a tick on the list quite gleefully. When I received the thing I gushed to hubby "You must hear this, it's sooo funny". After two minutes I started to blush and after five I actually had to physically leave the room in sheer embarrassment — for THEM, the wretches, not for myself. 10CC are like a big drunk yattering on thinking he's being really funny and profound when in fact he's just being a big boring drunk. This is as flesh-crawling fey as ever — a record about making records, which could only appeal to a germ with a horrible roadie/rockist mentality to whom the burning question is "Gee, man's what's it like *making a record?*" Not even the Rocking Russian graphics and the Cossack shouts can sway my soft Stalinist heart — with this records 10CC are digging their own grave and with this title they are writing their own review.

I mean, can you believe the brass-faced brain-boggling stupidity of laying into all those little synthesizer bands when 10 CC's recent catalogue includes:

1. The umpteenth re-release of 'I'm Not In Love'.
2. A Smokey Robinson pastiche.
3. A twelve inch disco mix of 'I'm Not In Love'.
4. A pastiche of Smokey Robinson singing 'I'm Not In Love'.
5. Yet another re-release of 'I'm Not A Re-Release'.

Let he who is without synth cast the first stone!

Anyhow, their 'An Englishman In New York' must surely be the greatest video ever made . . . oh, wait a mo, that was Godley and Creme! Oh, sod you, then!

ABBA: The Day Before You Came (Epic)
Now that Bjorn and Benny have made their packet they seem more than content to eke a living humiliating their ex-spouses Anathema and Manana with a constant stream of staggeringly weak wares.

'The Day Before You Came' is a slapdash whirl around the smorgasbord of your mind, a lacklustre litany of everyday events (Chinese food, *Dallas*, fags, rubbish bags) that sounds like the end copy of the *Sunday Times* supplement on a poor week — 'A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A VALIUM PILL. I mean, who really cares how many snouts old Anathema coughed her way through before nipping down to some Stockholm post office to cash her latest monster alimony cheque?

Musically, *man*, it's a feeble attempt to ape the trembling abandoned abandonment of le grand Charles Aznovoice, quavering melodrama after 90 days in solitary confinement, you know the sort of thing. Abba probably intend the final effect to be Garboesque, Greta being dragged by the march of time into seclusion though the thing is in fact closer to being Britt Ekland dragged in by the cat. Smorgasboring.

BRIGIT NOVIK: The Wedding Dance (Stiff)
HOLLY VINCENT: For What It's Worth (What's That Sound?) (Virgin)
Two faces of radical cheek; ladies and gentlemen, Brigit is modelling a sickle on her sleeve (shown in close up on the back just to rub it in) while Holly is showing a National Guard.

Backs To The Land Revisited; to the swirling sounds of an effortlessly ethnic violin, a sturdy-legged wench in a low-cut peasant blouse strides, hands on ample hips. into a circle of rustic revellers and begins to sing — but let's leave Kevin Rowland out of this!

The Stiff Sickle Massacre; "Brigit" "Novik" (note the clever blend of Irish-Polish names — her real handle is probably Charlene Drain — to conjure up two nations fighting for their freedom (if you call rule from the Vatican "freedom") is a pallid piece, obviously meant to be Stiff's new Lene Lovich or senior Leah Seresin. No chance! Stiff's trouble (as seen in their recent attack of Belitus Starraticus) is that they take the photographs first and make the records second — oh God, that sounds awful, like a broadcast by the Rockist Party! What I meant, of course, is that girls like Miss Drain should be seen and not heard; they should devote their lives to having their pictures taken and NEVER make records.

Bitter Irony Department; Holly Vincent sings Steven Stills' catchy rationalisation of civil unrest in a vocal full of fire in the belly and minty mouthwash in the gob — you guessed it, a shameless travesty of Chrissie Hynde's customised croak and five will get you ten that Holly Vincent DOESN'T KNOW that the young Pretender was a student at Kent State University on the sunny '60s day when the National Guard shot four dead on the campus and hatched the heart and soul of the song. *(Actually the song was written four years before Kent State about some other riot, but we take your point — Ed)* But once one has towelled the cosmic sweat of coincidence from one's temples, fingers are soon a-tapping testily; stop, hey, what's that sound? — oh, it's just another duff old Holly "Beth" Vincent record . . .

STEVE MILLER BAND: Give It Up (Mercury)
PETER HAMMILL: Paradox Drive (Naive)
JOHN MARTYN: Hiss On The Tape (WEA)
AMERICA: You Can Do Magic (Capitol)
GLEN CAMPBELL: A Woman's Touch (Atlantic)
PHIL COLLINS: Thru' These Walls (Virgin)
"People ask me if Maybelline was a real girl. Well, the only Maybelline I ever knew was a *cow*" — Chuck Berry.

The feisty insouciance with which Steve Miller approaches the recording industry strikes paydirt yet again. After 11 months down on the farm — a real farm, with stock and smells and seasons, not a Radio One deejay's farm with a chicken, a rubber duck and a Landseer print in the patio — Mr Miller spends one month in the studio to record two album's worth of material.

Mr Miller sings without a worry in the world — the brown-eyed bovine beauty love object of 'Give It Up' *could* be a girl but is probably a cow; the love of a cow is the easiest thing in the world to win, you just warm your hands before you milk it and it is your friend for life. As for the record — it will sell ok, but I wouldn't want to step in it.

Peter Hammill is ANGRY! One of the first practitioners of the 'I'm A Little Catholic Boy Lock Me In The Cupboard' schtick, his sales pitch is a charmless muse-biz version of sad sweet Spike Milligan — loopy brilliance dunked in Dante's Inferno. He should be writing pamphlets or letters to Claire Rayner.

How can anyone put a line like *"How life should be measured by the unconscious soul!"* in a pop song?

Like David Bowie bleating in the wilderness before he puts his first dress on, like another hippie pressurised into cutting his hair by changing times and embarrassed blood relatives. The trouble with intellectuals is that they're not very bright.

If you thought John Martyn was just another notch on Sid Vicious' knuckles — after asking Fancy Nancy if she liked "it" "doggy style" — if you thought he cooked up aural monosodium glutamate in a melting pot mind fit for jingles — funny, I was just thinking the same thing . . .

Ah, America! — who could ever forget those close-knit harmonies "redolent" of Sue, Grabbit and Runne? Really, calling yourself "America" is about as likely to get you a chart smash these days as calling yourself "Argentina". The Band With No Hits strike (out) again!

Glen Campbell reminds me of Cliff Richard and Julie Andrews — discuss. Like Sister Julie and Brother Cliff he is destined to spend a lifetime trying to shrug off the shaven head, the vows of chastity, all those symptoms of an image which kills 100 per cent of all known germs DEAD! Glen goes topless, Cliff warbles of offers coming over the phone, Julie has a whirlwind affair with Sue Barker . . . no, no, that can't be right! Anyhow, Glen Campbell is a eunuch — sorry, *unique* — talent . . . Headache? Tense, nervous headache? Phil Collins — the ugliest man since George Orwell — weighs in with an uplifting little toe-tapper that sounds like a pet rock in analysis. What happened to the good old days when drummers knew their place? WHERE IS BEATLES BAND?

OLIVIA NEWTON JOHN: Heart Attack (EMI)
Ollie gets metaphysical. Olivia is animal-loving, amorous and autonomous, and I like that in a girl — I *know* I coined this gorgeous epigram before, but then Olivia sang this song before, too.

JOSE FELICIANO: Samba Pa Ti (Motown Latino)
The bandwagon now atrophying at Platform One . . . Motown *Latino?* Is there a Hispanic in the house? Hey kid, spikka da Eeenglesh? *Samba?*

Jose Feliciano's career sadly misdirected here by the cynical mediocrity of Beri-Beri Gordy Junior's firm, parroting Carlos Santana — the Godfather of Crud Creole and the Gingernuts — in the hope of gleaning a few crumbs from Carmen Miranda's (old) hat to swell Beri-Beri's Swiss bank account. Feliciano was never so white.

SHAKIN' STEVENS: I'll Be Satisfied (Epic)
One day you're drinking the wine and the next you're picking the grapes. If Mr Stevens wants to be more than the thinking greaser's Showaddywaddy he must caste his net wide, capturing the tinies and the aunties; he must have a song people heard 25 years ago or a box of Milk Tray at the ready. This here flexing of a middle-aged raunch will appeal to no one except possibly Showaddywaddy themselves. On the other hand, there's probably enough of those fraudulent, feather-cut Little Teds to make it go platinum.

GRACE JONES: The Apple Stretching (Island)
G. Jones. Upper Sixth. End Of Term Report.
HEADMASTER: My staff and I have tried very hard with Grace this term. Apart from some acrimonious run-ins with our French master, M. Jean-Paul Goude, she has been given every encouragement. Unfortunately all the copious ecstatic copy in the world will mean little to Grace if the gold stars and housemarks of the masters are not translated into gold albums and hit singles by the spotty little blighters in the First Form who, if she is one day to succeed, must pay her way into the big wide world.

I fear dropping Gym for Music could prove to be a mistake. Though she has a pleasant disposition and the build of a chap you'd like behind you in a scrum, frankly I fear for her Finals. Due to the cutbacks the material that Grace has had to work with has been alarmingly second rate; she must remember that nothing succeeds like a good tune.

***The Maths master, M. T.A.X Mann, tells me that one Playboy* centrefold and the wonder of one hit is no reason for Grace to slink about the school thinking rich. I know there's inflation, but it still doesn't add up.**

Conclusion: the Silent Songwriters must try harder if Grace is to achieve the results she deserves . . .

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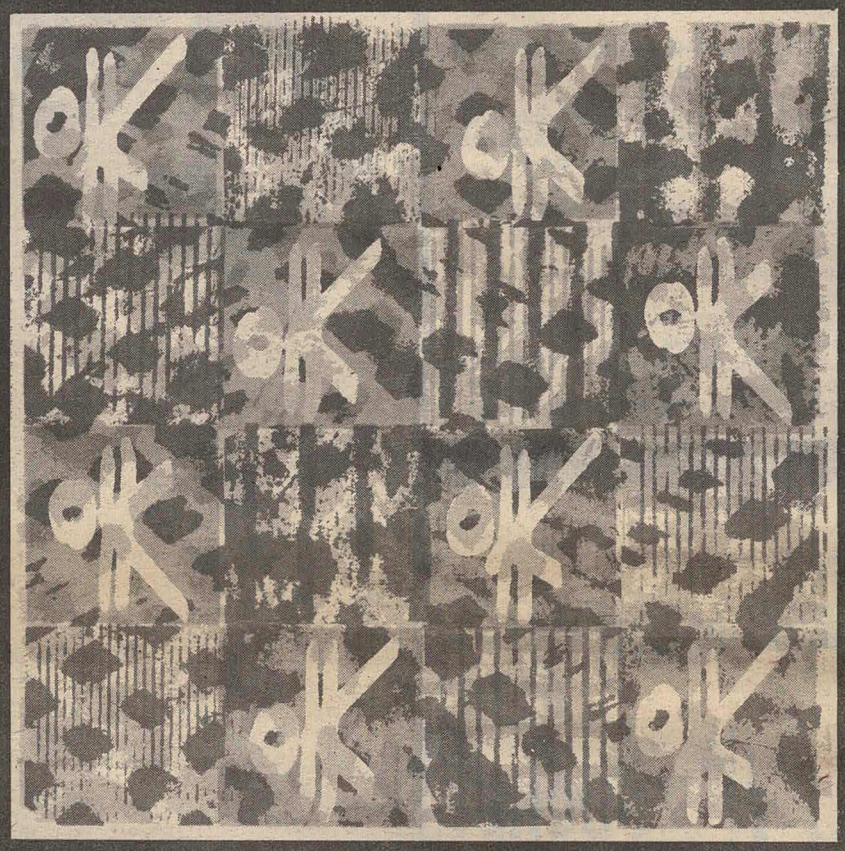

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POETIC POLTERGEISTS

Hollingworth Clark, Hewick and Fitzgerald

The solo poets fight back under the collective GHOSTS OF INDIVIDUALS The solo poets fight back under the collective Ghosts of Individuals

BY KEV MC
PIC CHRIS BATES

YOU MIGHT have seen one of the four poets/ singers that this article concerns, if not you've probably seen someone like them.

They're the lonely figures on a big stage usually at the receiving end of abuse and cans flung by unthinking drunks whose only concern is to get cheap laughs from an easy target.

I can remember one such incident particularly: Patrik Fitzgerald was supporting the Jam a few years ago and he had to leave the stage, as the crowd was so violent. Yet a few minutes later the same audience willingly applauded the appalling Dickies who appeared next; but of course they were a *real* group and they were *loud*.

Sentimental fool that I am, I've always sympathised with the solo entertainer; maybe it's just because I admire their nerve. They're often hideously mismatched with some rock dinosaur, and apparently only there because they don't affect the sound balance, it's cheaper than paying a band, and they don't take up much room on the tour bus.

Ghosts of Individuals are made up of four such performers: Patrik Fitzgerald, Kevin Hewick, Anne Clark and John Hollingsworth. Evolving over the last year, after meeting each other at gigs and through mutual friends, they came together as a reaction against the abuse and the cans, and because as Patrik comments, "We were pissed off with getting stuck between rock bands".

The Ghosts set up is moving slowly into action, and they aim to present themselves at venues all over the country in the next few months. I talk to the four of them in Patrik's flat and see their show on a rainy Sunday evening in Croydon. They stress that they're still four individuals, only working under a collective name.

INDIVIDUAL GHOST ONE: Patrik Fitzgerald is remembered by most for his acoustic punk classic 'Safety Pin Stuck In My Heart', back in 1977, when I was a mere slip of a lad and was inspired to write the only letters I ever wrote to a real live pop star.

Since then he's had a brief and unhappy relationship with Polydor, formed and disbanded a group, and seen his numerous records and live performances criminally ignored. 18 months ago he released perhaps the best of his recorded works so far — the excellent 'Tonight' EP on Final Solution. A new LP 'Gifts And Telegrams' is just about to surface on Dave Kitson's Red Flame label. It's very impressive, moody record, with Fitzgerald's usual biting lyrics cutting across an eerie background of sparse electronic music. Although he's recently been playing with tapes onstage, he's now back to the acoustic because he finds it more "intimidating".

He's understandably perplexed that punks still come up and ask why he didn't play 'Safety Pin', as he's obviously moved on from that phase.

"I don't know why those sort of people bother coming, they always go away disappointed." One bright spark even suggested he should change his name because, he claimed Fitzgerald isn't the same artist he used to be!

Patrik is the most interesting of the four, and live he can be stunning — a tiny figure battering hell out of his guitar, the untutored harsh voice gnawingly effective. Perhaps now with the Ghosts setup he'll get some of the success he deserves, as he's free to concentrate on his writing, and doesn't have to worry about the business side of things which he says has weighed heavily on him in the past.

"I just want to be free to do what I want without it being tampered with by people who know nothing about my music, and don't care about it."

SINGLE GHOST TWO: Kevin Hewick is a charming, sensitive loony from Leicester who works in a dole office. He seems to be the odd man out at the wonderful wacky world of Factory Records. His side of the Factory Quartet LP is entertaining without catching him at his inspiring best and his excellent single, 'Ophelia's Drinking Song' recently met with unqualified apathy.

He's a bit of a dreamer, older than is usually considered acceptable, doesn't look at all trendy and so has met with unadulterated ridicule. And Chris Bohn, he reveals, called him *a clown!* But on stage his wonderfully emotive and often wild voice counterpoints his gentle, rhythmic electric guitar playing. He also writes rambling, tender love songs and is justifiably angry that he's ignored.

"Martin Fry can write, *I love you, the sky is blue,* and *he's* got a *new pop sensibility,* yet I get crucified".

Of the four, he seems to have suffered the most, while freely admitting an "amateurism" about his talent, he sadly relates stories of people jumping onstage to expose themselves while he was playing, and of the time a girl stopped him just to tell him she thought he was crap.

"I do feel unloved," he confesses.

SOLO GHOST THREE: Anne Clark is a nervous young poet who also runs Paul Weller's Riot Squad Publishing previously done by the late David Waller.

She appeared at the Poetry Olympics, showed up on TV's *Something Else,* played regularly at Cabaret Futura and is now working on a programme for Youth Broadcasting. She is about to release her debut mini-LP 'The Sitting Room' on Red Flame. It's a perceptive piece of work, her stark poems recited over slabs of neo-Gothic music. Perhaps a little gloomy for her own good, live she is moving away from this, with some colourfully vivid slides provided by David Harrow.

She is also sensitive to criticism. "People accuse me of being too self-indulgent, but if you don't care about yourself how are you going to care about anyone else?"

ONE GHOST FOUR: John Hollingworth is an earnest young poet, originally from Liverpool, who's just put out the single 'Closer' on his own C-Groove label with the help of David Motion. He also uses backing tapes, and whereas the single is a haunting few minutes, live he's an entertaining, lighthearted gossip whose work doesn't amount to much as of yet.

Still he does offer some relief from the grim intensity of Patrik and Anne, and he does most of the donkey-work behind Ghosts, leaving the others free to forget about the routine business side.

THE GHOSTLY GATHERING: Are they just four insecure loners grouping together for collective strength?

I think not, though the cynics may disagree. Patrik explains Ghosts Of Individuals.

"We're basically working together because we vaguely fit together and we can provide an interesting and varied evening, whereas if we played with rock bands permanently it'd be pointless . . . People don't listen, but that doesn't put us in the wrong. It just makes the idea of concerts redundant — cos why do people come just to talk?"

They say that ideally they'd like one person to do a few songs/poems and then if one of the others felt they had something related they'd come on and do it; although in practise this doesn't always achieve a favourable response — for example their show at the Rock Garden. "Half the people left, and the other half stayed to have a go at us afterwards".

As a result the management refused to book them again because — it was explained — people don't want that sort of thing.

Patrik, who seems to be the Ghosts, "ideological" leader expands: "I've always tried to write about things that other people haven't written about, or *wouldn't* want to write about. The four of us don't pander to the accepted ideal that all songs should be about love. We're getting into areas that people aren't used to, and they have to make more effort to get into it, and that can be difficult.

"What we do combines quite well, and it's all different. It's a bit exhausting for the audience but quite challenging."

WITH THAT, I can only agree. If they avoid the bullshit that's normally associated with anything unusual then it could develop into something radical and influential. Right now what they do is promising and, at the very least, stimulating. There are also plans to expand the Ghosts organisation — more performers, perhaps a TV documentary and the vague possibility of establishing their own record label. For now, they'll play a lot of gigs.

They'll probably be appearing near you, so get yourself along. It's not a comfortable night; as one of them suggested, presenting a whole bag of painful home truths is like crying in public. People don't like to see it.

If you fancy an evening of *variety,* if not necessarily your regular fun, then these are the ghosts for you.

VIDEO SYNCRASY

CHRIS BOHN on Eddie and Sunshine's kitchen sink video

True life obsessions

Corny but not flaky . . . the Eddie and Sunshine breakfast show. Pic: Peter Anderson

YOU'LL RECALL Eddie Maelov and Sunshine Patteson as the versatile performance pair whose living tableaux of universally recognizable front room mini dramas tickle life's sadder moments.

More than once I have extolled their descriptions of the small planet most of us inhabit, which spins precariously on a garden fence axis of petty gossip about bedrooms, boys, girls, collapsed Saturday nights; but the evidence of their 12" singles, poignant, accurate and neat though they may be, obviously hasn't convinced you.

But then, their songs are but one facet of what they do — and as such a straight record is apt to miss the irony. How can you capture the worry and / or wonder etched in Eddie's mask, or the baleful look, consolatory stare or scornful glare in Sunshine's eyes? Their nature can only be properly recorded on video, if the broad span of their performance is not to be lost.

Like other performance artists, though, Eddie and Sunshine suffer financially for the difficulty they represent in pigeonholing their popular art, and it's only through diligence and extraordinary resourcefulness — not to mention the advice and expertise of V Studio's Peter Shelton, the one surviving British credit on Grace Jones' forthcoming video spectacular — that the nine song 34-minute cassette 'Home Entertainment' (VC/U Entertainments, £14.99) has been completed.

Through force of circumstance they've developed a rich and playful invention, while avoiding the sick gimmickry that litters crass pop videomaking, making this one of the few contemporary videos that justifies its presence.

For one, it breaks the rigid pop promo / live concert format and instead explores the possibilities of the studio (V Studios, Shaftesbury Avenue, actually), finding virtue in an artificial situation. Tricks of lighting bathe the couple in eerie greens and blues; slides from their live shows are expertly folded into the narrative of songs like 'Echoes', where their respective childhoods are dredged for touchstones to the collective British memory.

Elsewhere they divide themselves into physical and backscreen projected presences with an effectiveness reminiscent of German director Hans Jurgan Syberberg's studio-created masterpieces *Ludwig* and *Hitler A Film From Germany*.

'Another Teardrop', the pair's most touching song, features Eddie, draped in Coward-ly sophistication, relieving the emotional strain through a deliriously funny dance sequence while the newest — 'Somewhere In Europe' — has Eddie and Sunshine (he looking like William Burroughs, she like Louise Brooks) going on holiday in a studio mock-up of a train carriage, through the window of which spliced postcards and holiday snaps are trailed. The camera wittily dodges to duplicated tape reels — the featured functional sculpture of their live show — simulating shunting train wheels for the instrumental bridge.

Such visual puns, combined with the couple's ambiguously normal appearance, lend 'Home Entertainment' a surreal aura. Really it could be run before *Coronation Street* or cut into Kenneth Anger's kaleidoscopic *Magick Lantern Cycle* and wouldn't be out of place in either context — it is that good.

(Available from VC/U Entertainments, Suite 1001, 11 Kelross Road, London N5 2QS for £14.99, or through their 'Bring And Buy' system: send your own VHS cassette to the above address together with £7.99 inc P&P, and it'll be returned with 'Home Entertainment'.)

Hell in an N.Y. Kitchen

AS PART of the ICA's New York season, there are two video exhibitions featuring the nightlife, hotspots and soundtrack of the Big Apple. The city's premier rock video producers **Emily Armstrong** and **Pat Ivers** are presenting a programme shot at clubs like Hurrahs, Danceteria and the Mudd Club and featuring **Blondie, Lounge Lizards, Richard Hell, Public Image, Talking Heads** and **Bush Tetras.**

'Video/Music From The Kitchen', the second programme, comes from the famous centre for performance art in downtown Manhattan and includes work by **Laurie Anderson, Brian Eno** and a rapping session with **The Funky Four Plus One.** There will also be a video jukebox in the ICA for the duration of the exhibition.

□ Rock films available on video for the first time, coming next month, are **Neil Young's** *Rust Never Sleeps* (Videotape Centre) — a relatively straight concert film touched up with Young's idea of rock fantasy — and **Julian Temple's** *The Great Rock And Roll Swindle* — or **Malcolm McLaren's** revision of the **Sex Pistols** story, casting himself in the lead role as **God.**

— THE VIDIOT

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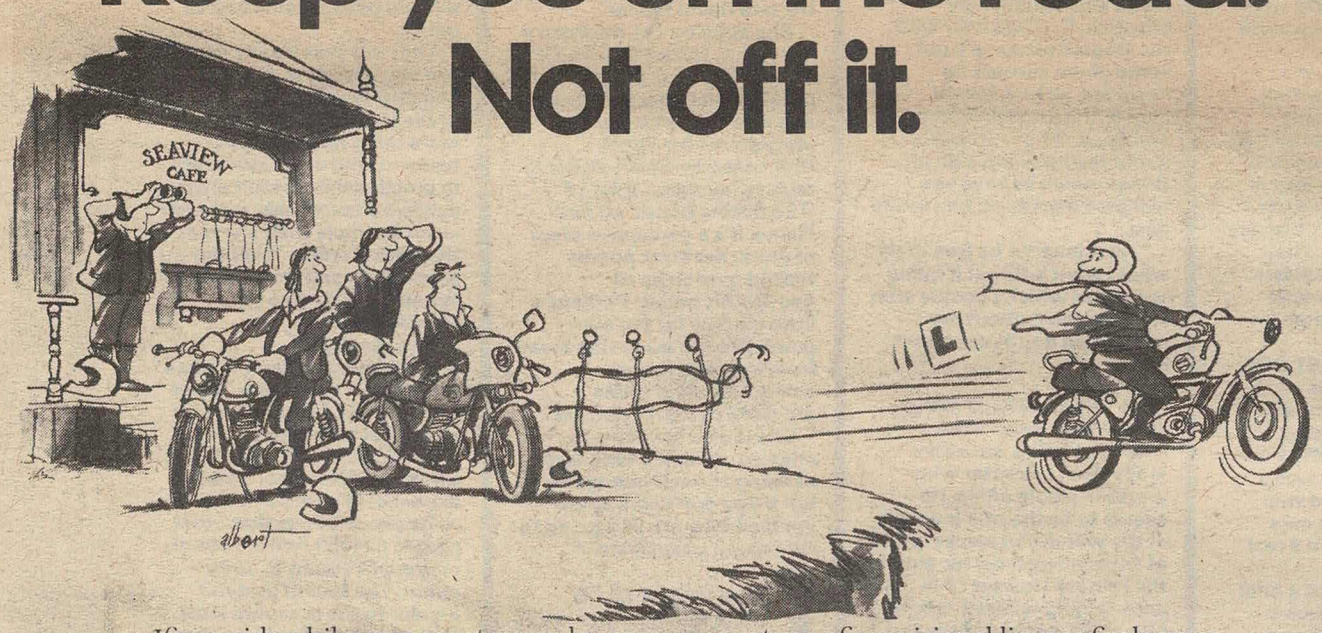

If you ride a bike or a scooter you know how it feels to have a close call.

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125cc maximum from February 1st 1983.

If you're a learner, from February 1st of next year, you will no longer be allowed to ride a solo machine over 125cc. And if registered after December 31st 1981 it must not have a power/weight ratio over 100 kw/tonne or a power output of more than 9kw (12 BHP). (If that sounds complicated, don't worry, your dealer can explain.)

To give learners with larger bikes more time to pass their tests this law now comes in next February and not this October as originally advertised.

A 2 year provisional licence from October 1st 1982.

On October 1st this year we introduced a new type of provisional licence for learner riders which will last for two years.

If you haven't passed both parts of the two part test in that time you will have to wait 12 months before applying for another bike licence.

The 2 part test.

As you probably know the 2 part test came in on March 29th this year.

Part I tests your ability to handle and manoeuvre a bike.

Part II is much the same as the old 'L' test and can only be taken when you've passed Part I. You'll stand a much better chance of passing both parts if you take a training course with one of the organisations appointed by the Department of Transport.

The road safety officer at your local council offices (in Scotland regional council offices or police stations) can put you in touch with them.

All in all, you may find the new 2 part test rather more demanding than the old one.

But then staying alive on today's roads isn't easy either.

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Next week in NME

THE DAMNED

Paul Morley hears some happy talk

BOY GEORGE

Lynn Hanna gets her Culture

BILL BURROUGHS

Chris Bohn meets a non-European

THE GUN CLUB

Paul Du Noyer pulls the trigger

SURVIVOR
EYE OF THE TIGER
-THE ALBUM-

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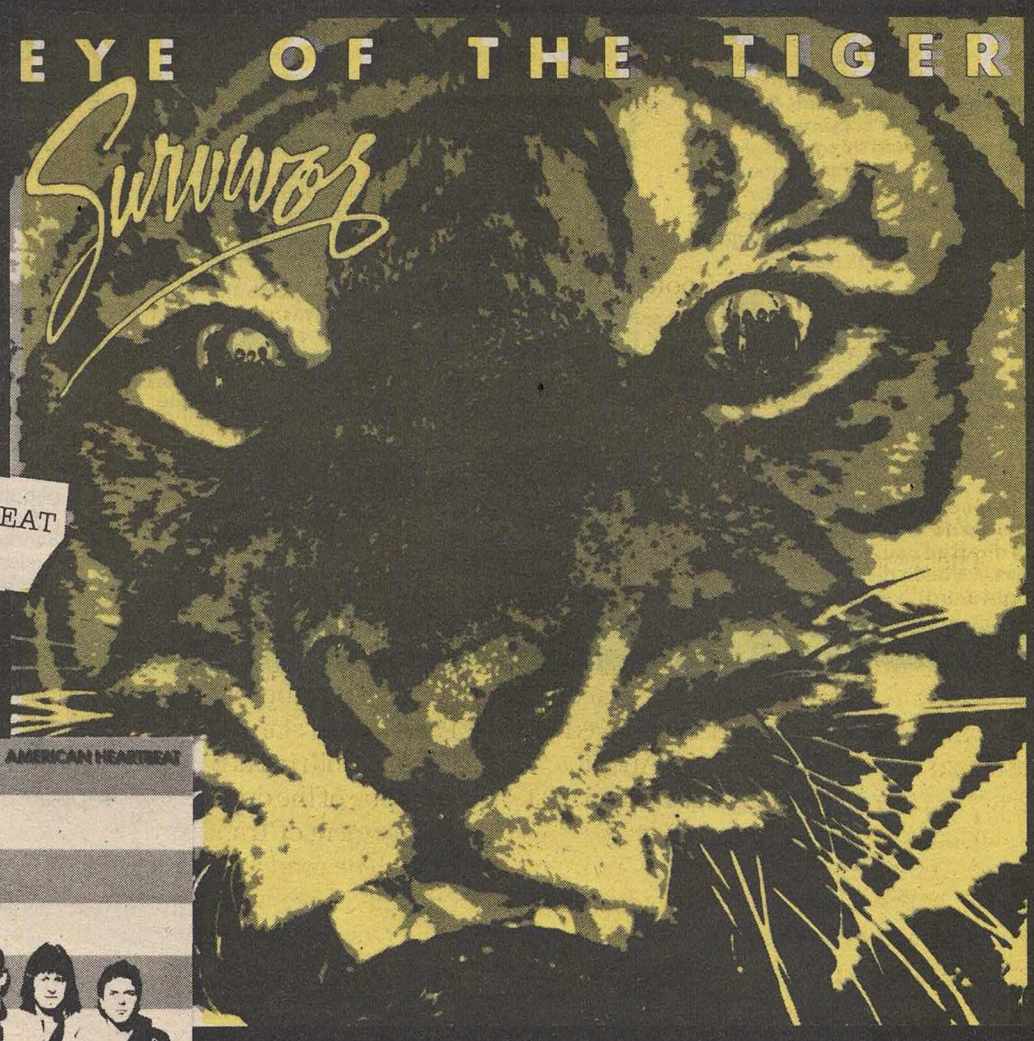

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disassociate!

THE WHIPPETS have pissed on the carpet of Chris Parry's office. Billy Mackenzie grins, a little wickedly. There's a nice little stain that should be there forever. Billy adores whippets. Good looks, he says, good personality, lively and friendly ... he wouldn't mind being a whippet.

"THE AFFECTIONATE Punch is now a lot more powerful than 'Sulk', which was meant to be quite a powerful album. It needed it's right setting, before it was candy floss.

There was always some good songs and now that the spirit has been captured because of the re-mix I really like it. We always knew that given a chance we would re-do it. And here it is. *A cruel to be kind album,* cruel towards all the indifferent people.

What are you thinking about, Billy?

I'm thinking about all other kind of things other than Billy Mackenzie, *someone who looks quite good in a magazine or sometimes quite awful.*

LIKE I'VE been through the mangle, and I'm no' gonna go through my past, but I was *pretty wild and roughed up.* From when I was born. *Scots-Irish-fucking gypsy family,* d'ye ken what I mean? That's some fucking pollination.

Did you physically hurt people?

Eh, no' really, but I've got that capacity. *I was always called Billy Whizz.* I was always dashing off here or dashing off there. It was my energy that always got me into trouble.

There was one teacher at primary school, she really turned me onto things, helped me wi' music, and when I left I was overcome by leaving her. All the other kids going to secondary school, I don't think they could've given an f about her — but she was magic in my eyes ... *and there was ol' toughie Mackenzie crying.*

In some ways physically attacking people doesn't mean that you havenae got a good heart. Being indifferent to everything and everyone, that's what I wouldn't have wanted to be like. *Indifference is the real nightmare.* Sometimes I'll punch someone's face when they're real indifferent. *If you punch somebody's face they don't feel numb anymore.*

It seems that you've had to learn for yourself what to do with all that energy. No one's really directed you.

Aye. Mines like been dissipated, I think that's the right word. I've got to have my energy working for me rather than against me. That's what I'm slowly learning to do. *It's hard coping wi' the energy that charges around inside your whole being.* But I'm beginning to like it. And people that I work with can have as much energy as me and sometimes more, and I like to help channel their energy. It gives me a relly good feeling, *to see other prople going along wi' youself going YES!!!*

DO YOU still relate to that isolated dedication of athletes, the pursuit for more within your own particular context?

Aye. I'm getting much more into that. I'm getting it all back again. You really need that strength. If I had this really good melody but I smoked 80 cigarettes a day, the smoking would stop me capturing the mood. *When you are relatively fit things are that much easier.* It's very pleasing. It's like no' being handicapped.

The dedication of a Wells escapes all the piddly analysis you get inside this context.

The zoo complicates it, the environment. When you get the 'click' with something or someone or youself, it's just there. It's like going to a hundred of your favourite parties in a night. *It's that wow.* It's like people heard a little bit of Elvis Presley for the first time and they felt as though they could move continents. Imagine if that feel was always there wi' people!

For me the first thing that did that was 'Virginia Plain', I was an apprentice electrician or something and it came on the radio and I went, What's that?! *It was as if I was able to grab it and meet it.* It was that fantastic the feeling I got off it.

Do you think that your songs throw that feeling out?

I know that they do. I've been told. It makes me feel real good. Cos you feel as if someone's along beside you, sharing things. *You could do everything for yourself, but ultimately that's no good.*

Going back to the athletics thing, which I can relate strongly to: your could do the 100 metres like I used to do, and then run wi' the relay team, and you could get even more pleasure from that. Cos *you helped and elated four people instead of one.*

Teamwork: this is The Associates. Is it the more that are involved the more it delights you?

Aye. Cos you build friendships. That's dead important. *Friendship is like another high.*

FAME TO ME can be like Woolworths, and I cannae go near the place without getting some kind of headtwist. *Nae joke* ... But you have to splice that kind of thing in wi' your work. *I don't think it's a big deal anyway, what I am.* If I was a scientist or something it would be different ... an astronaut.

Before the fame some of us celebrated The Associates for their intensity, abstractedness, madness, and then you arrived in the popsie context and it looked like you were pissing about, taking it light and easy. The surprise was going.

It was the only way I could get through that period. If I was to have taken that seriously and acted in such a way that I thought I was important I would have been a real fucking dumb-dumb. I wasn't faking or anything. It would have been a proper fake to have done the songs live on TV. There has to be soul there all the time, when that soul isnae there, well, it's like Woolworths. And there is a lot of soul in those songs but ... *I just couldnae help laughing.*

We got the smiley cocker, not the difficult bugger.

I'm just like everybody else. *Sometimes you cry and sometimes you smile.* My crying period's over and my smiling period's over, and this is just another period now.

Y'know, between the ages of 21 and 25 males go through the wierdest phase. I seen it wi' all my pals. Like at 22 I had that serious young man thing, no posy thing, it was just the way I felt. But now I'm 25 *I just feel quite comfortable wi' myself.* And it's good. Sometimes, as long as I stay straight.

DO YOU want to rise above all the crap?

I want to part of the crap as well in a way. *Cos I just really like the potential of people. I'll always be for the underdog.* Cos there's always going to be good things coming out of people. There's none of this I'm so wonderful and there are only two people in the world who can write like me, cos that's a load of rubbish, as I'm finding out all the time.

Do you find it difficult to express things about yourself and your songs?

Depends what day of the week it is. With songs, they're no' about one topic, they're no' political or religious or supercilious, so I like talk around them. I'll tell you the way I'd like it to be ... My ideal situation would be for all Billy Mackenzie songs to be thrilling in the way early James Bond films were when I was like seven. That's what I would like to be captured. I'd like to thrill people. *I'd like to go THRILL! THRILL!* ... so there's nothing more straightforward than that, Paul.

MESELF, RIGHT, out of all the songs in the world, *I didnae ken the lyrics to half of them.* I'll pick wee things up like a couple of lines, but I don't go into it that much. If I like a song, I don't pick at it. It's left to turn me on. That's what I go for, the pure high of the song. To pick me up, that's what it's about, a tonic, a medicine. *I write songs that hopefully give people the porcupines.*

HAVE YOU got your bearings, Billy?

When I was up in Scotland, say from 16, I was always traveling about. Before I came down to London all the time I was never trapped in a horrible fucking grey city. *I was like an animal trapped in a zoo.* It felt horrible in the cage. I was always used to open spaces. Loads of time *I felt as though I was able to jump mountains wi' the energy that I had then.* Then I came down here and I got twisted this way and I got twisted that way by other people. *I learnt quick to bite back.*

Now I'm in a position like when I was up in Scotland. I feel more secure. I'm back to basics, no' in a Dexys manner, cos I'll go around the house in my best clothes, prancing about and feeling brilliant. I'm no' fish out of water anymore. I know I've got it in my ability to give people something and that's a real topper. You're not sitting around like a big fat pig wallowing in your fame and all those supposed rewards, cos I really don't need that much. Just the basics. The sharing things surpasses it all.

I didnae need anything to make me feel good other than the porridge of it all. *I don't need any fancy food.* I don't want to be ignorant anymore, I want to be aware of other people's feelings. It's really good to know that other people can feel as good or as bad as you. I mean, if success had happened back in 1980 after 'Punch' it would have been awful. I couldnae have stood it. *I was a pure weakling back then.* It was all new and exciting, but I didnae have the experience that I have now. I wouldn't have been able to take the pressure that now just goes over my back. It's experience and age. *I'm getting old and hard.*

But feeling groovy?

Oh aye, this is just a way to feel quite groovy. *Pop music to me was always a groovy thing,* and the people were always groovy. Even something like Vanity Fare, I can remember that song and I was about eight and I thought it was dead groovy. And when I was about eleven I threatened my mum that I'd tell my dad that she'd thrown me down the stairs if she didnae buy me some mod clothes. I didnae know what the fuck mod clothes were, but I had to have them. So that's always been a strong — *the groovy groovy.*

WAS THERE pressure on The Associates to be an orthodox group with usual organisation?

No pressure that we took any notice of really. Nobody could organise us. *I'd have to be in jail before somebody could organise me.*

The hits introduced peripheral challenges that haven't profoundly affected your personality.

Aye. Somtimes *I wish I could feel the wondrousness of being famous and wow-ish.* But I don't get like that. I could go back to how it was last year quite easy. I can get amazed by other things, like *The Deerhunter,* but no' by meself. You can look in the mirror too much and go off your head.

You enjoy showing off though.

I love it. It's a great thing to do. I can be quite proud of all that business and when I was on *Top Of The Pops* I was definitely showing off. *I was being dead Tom Jones-ish.*

THE NAME has always implied ... *that The Associates are associates,* that was always the course to take, work with mates. It was getting to be that there was just two Associates, and now we're getting like eight or nine, all doing different things, which is fantastic. Me and Alan have been working together seven years. It's a long time. We're having like a breather.

So there can never be such thing as a split.

It all just fragments off into other associates. It doesn't matter who The Associates might be. One dentist, ten dentists, you're doing the same job. Same teeth. The Associates/associates are friends that work together. For now we're probably making

three times as much music not being together.

Wi' me and Alan, *it's always had it's ups and down*, it's just that people see it more now cos we're a hit group. You just need to do different things to make you feel good. We reached a point where we could have taken The Associates up to Jupiter, *but we can see too many other planets.*

How do you and Rankine fix together?

It always came from the music. We always got a 'clicking thing' going dead easy. We know that much about each other that we could get each other locked away if we let it out. He's probably writing something brilliant right now...

Does that make you jealous?

No! That'll make me very happy. It'll make me go, Yes! Alan is a wee bit more business orientated than me. He's got to develop in lots of ways as well. He's not the greatest but he is really good ... He's no' the be all and end all, so he's developing, and I'm developing cos I'm no' the be all and end all. So we're both working with other people.

When we come back together again we'll have learnt that much more and we'll write some brilliant stuff. To separate after seven years for some people would have been like suicide but for us it's just another avenue to take.

What makes an associate?

Clean finger nails ... no, somebody's got to be able to give a little bit of magic. They've got to be in tune on most levels and *they've got to be your pal.* Your mate. I think first of all they've got to be your pal.

Y'KNOW, I get quite a lot of flak from people. That bit of fame thing, I've been the object of four physical attacks. Four weeks ago I got a tumbler in my face just cos it was me. It got me right over the nose. And then I had a fight with these gamekeeper lads, pointing their guns at me and everything. I was out exercising and one of them clocked me, there's that fucking little pop star. A week before that I got spat on. *I get a lot of stick.*

People are always wanting to impress themselves. A bit like me, but I don't want to decieve myself.

What do you feel about Billy Mackenzie?

Sometimes he's OK and sometimes he's horrible. But he has a lot of manners.

Has he grown up?

I don't know! But I do feel a wee bit different.

Is he a lucky bastard?

Always has been. *Jammy.* Like even — this'll probably be a cue for other people to try and stuff a tumbler in me face — but that tumber in my face a few weeks ago by rights should have cut my face open but it just left a little mark. I'm always falling over things and I've been run over four times but I get through it. So there's definitely a jammy element there. I just hope it continues. And the songs, they just come. They just happen. Any time. Any place. *And I'm really good at it basically.*

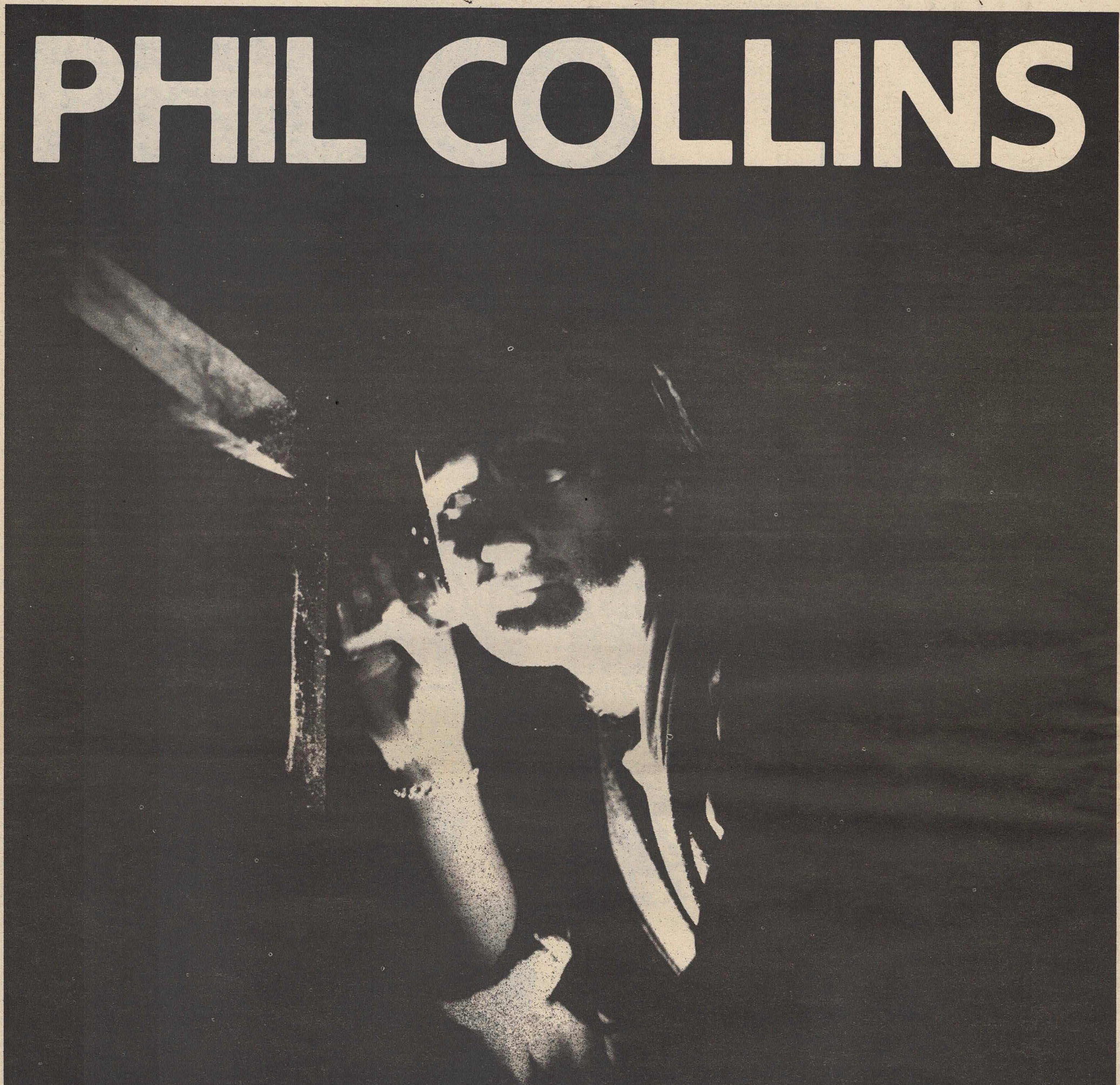
BILLY MACKENZIE is waiting to see Sparks. He's been waiting since 1974.

Billy Mackenzie and that mischievous glint.

How affectionate are Billy Mackenzie and Alan Rankine, and what is the state of The Associates? In this exclusive interview Mackenzie talks about the rumoured split and how he has now grown up.

INTERVIEW: PAUL MORLEY
PHOTOS: PETER ANDERSON

PHIL COLLINS



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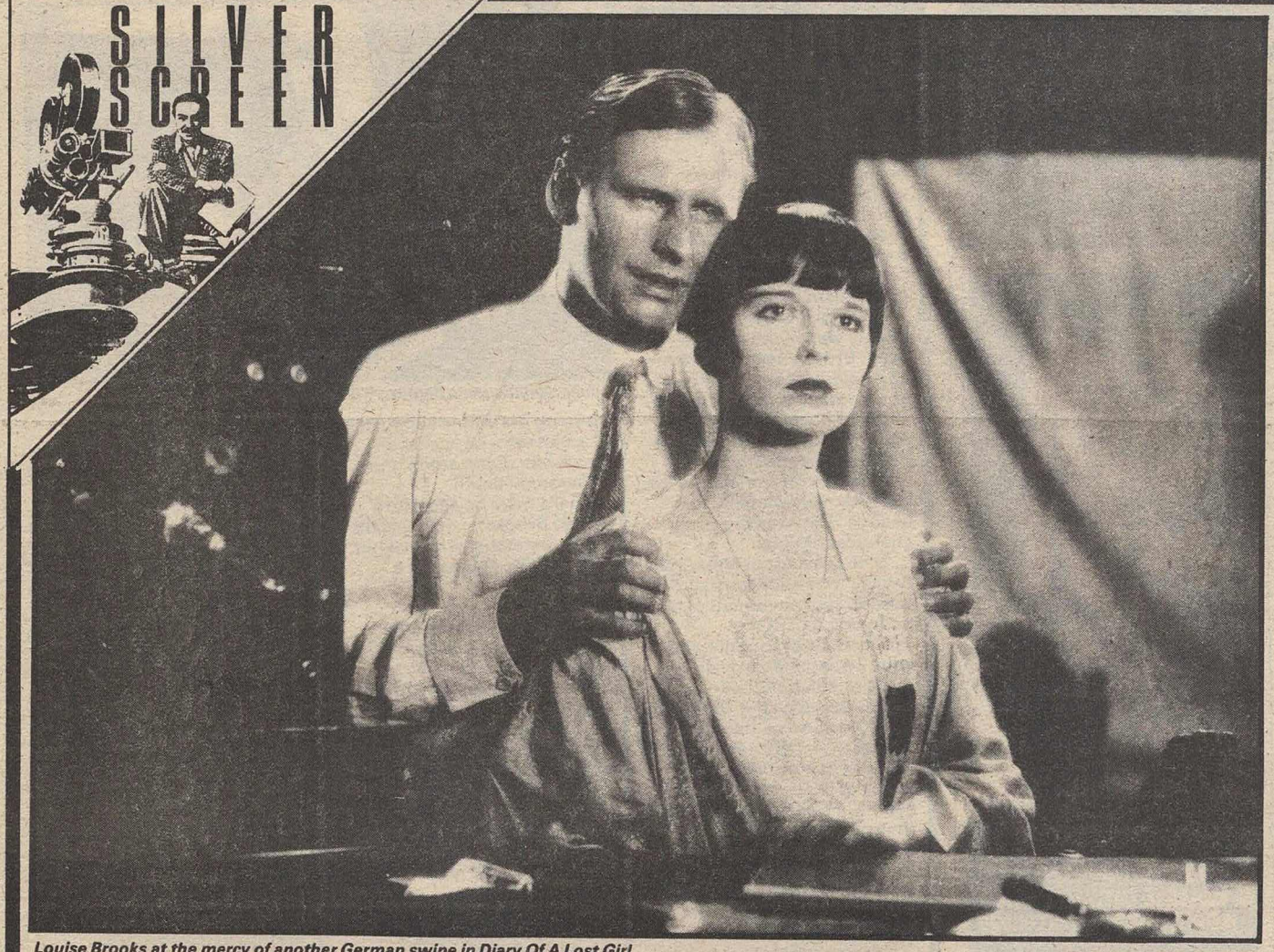

Louise Brooks at the mercy of another German swine in Diary Of A Lost Girl

PHANTOM OF SHADOWS

Lulu In Hollywood
By Louise Brooks
(Hamish Hamilton £7.95)

Louise Brooks, terrible beauty of the silent screen, is currently being celebrated in print and in a season of films at London's Barbican Centre. Barney Hoskyns reviews Louise's remarkable essays, Richard Cook (right) welcomes a striking revival.

IF YOU'VE never seen G. W. Pabst's *Pandora's Box* (1929), the name Louise Brooks is one you may associate only with the stock-in-trade of repertory cinemas. However, if you have seen it, it's unlikely you've forgotten her face.

The film, adapting a turn-of-the-century "tragedy of monsters" by Wedekind, has long been lauded as a supreme achievement of silent cinema — and Brooks herself worshipped as an alternative screen goddess.

Lulu In Hollywood is a selection of the biographical memoirs, essays and sketches that Louise Brooks has contributed to journals such as *Positif, Sight & Sound,* and *Film Culture.* Among them are portraits of W. C. Fields, Bogart, and Lillian Gish. Last of all, the story of Pabst and Lulu.

As William Shawn says in his introduction, it should not surprise us that an actress can write. But that she should have written such outstanding prose does.

Of Bogart, for example, she writes: "On the stage he was as formless as an impression lost through lack of meditation, as blurred as a name inked on blotting paper."

And of Cagney: "His swift dialogue and his swift movements, which had the glitter and precision of a meat slicer, were impossible to anticipate or counterattack."

Brooks may have described herself as "one of the world's best-read idiots," but no amount of immersion in literature guarantees that degree of acuity.

Long idolised by French intellectuals, the more recent transAtlantic interest in this curious *fatale* was undoubtedly stirred by Kenneth Tynan's "The Girl In The Black Helmet", one of his *New Yorker* profiles later collected in *Show People.* The crowning piece of the book, and one of the most deeply moving testaments to the nature of cinema and of art itself, it reviewed the life and career of an actress who explicitly defied, and implicitly disproved, the star system of Hollywood America.

The piece concluded with an interview. Tracking her down to a tiny apartment in Rochester, New York, from which she hadn't strayed in 20 years, Tynan found her crippled and facing death with at least a partial embrace. Her memory and intelligence, however, were not merely intact but electric. A story she tells him about Pepi Lederer, the niece of Marion Davies, repeats almost word-for-word the relevant phrases in the chapter of this book called, simply, "Marion Davies' Niece".

Anyone who can say, as Brooks did of *Pandora's Box,* that "the movie should have

■ *Continues over*

HONOUR LULU BABY

The Diary Of A Lost Girl
Directed by G W Pabst
Starring Louise Brooks
(Rohauer)

THEY SAY NOBODY employed Louise Brooks' talent better than G W Pabst; but the way Pabst transfixed her features, symmetrical and unblemished as those of a china doll, inside dramas of emotion so intense as to border on the repellent emerges as an act of cruelty. In *Diary Of A Lost Girl* she is progressively humiliated until the implausibly romantic finale seems like an act of contrition. It is a deeply disturbing film.

Like the earlier *Pandora's Box, Lost Girl* (revived in a new complete version as part of a season of German silents at the Barbican) places Brooks as a tender, guileless innocent in a society outwardly respectable but motivated by the basest forms of greed and lascivious desire. As the apothecary's daughter Thymian she is seduced, banished in disgrace to a reformatory, taken in at a brothel and eventually widowed by misfortune until a severe resolution implies a victory for good.

It's deceptive, because there is no moral triumph at the core of the film. As a leading director of the last wave of silent German cinema Pabst was working in an environment that gave little cause for an optimistic sunset. *Joyless Street* and *Pandora's Box* had already given evidence of his distaste for the shallow bourgeois veneer of Weimar Germany, and *Lost Girl* houses an even sterner indictment: the prison-school, designed to rehabilitate, is made an unyielding house of nightmare and the world outside is peopled by damned and selfish hearts.

Nevertheless, Pabst was no great reformist. As his unflinching manipulation of Brooks both here and in *Pandora's Box* suggests, he was not able to look on such a heroine with the warmth and sympathy to offer a compensatory antidote to the surrounding evil. His unblinking camera looks on as Lulu unknowingly destroys men and Thymian is punished by circumstance; though fascinated by women (he worked with Garbo on *Joyless Street)* his detachment is icily maintained. When Thymian, limp and insensible, waltzes with a brothel customer the close-up of her head and shoulders etches a bewitching beauty — and leaves it there, frozen and passionless within the frame.

IT'S THIS marvellous skill with composition that makes *Diary Of A Lost Girl* so rivetting, in spite of its heart of stone. With expressionism a long spent force, Pabst's images displace simple delirium with an even more disquieting sense of the grotesque. Terrible mouths leer and split apart to reveal huge stubbled teeth. Eyes moistened by lust glare out from folds of flesh.

In his last silent film, Pabst was showing sights that hammered deafeningly loud. The scene where the reformatory girls exercise to the time beaten out on a gong by the sadistically intense warden is run on until it is almost intolerable — and then characteristically cut as an awful moment of release is sprung.

Though her girlish vivacity and melting smile are a contradictory energy, Louise Brooks is virtually motionless at the film's centre. Her rather awkward grace and sudden bubbling fits of happiness mark her out as foreign to this climate, a modern American actress in a German world of giant pathos and rage, but it is her expressionless, chill physiognomy that itself makes a photographic imprint on the memory.

Even as sorrow, anxiety, hope, joy and bewilderment pass across that face it is inevitable that the perfect calm of Brooks in repose will return. Her presence is spellbinding, untouchable, ghostly; Pabst photographs her as if she were marble.

She was indeed his ideal actress, for she was the embodiment of his own approach to his art. In films completely aswirl with a furore of emotion and still utterly bereft of a director's personal involvement, all those feelings passed through Brooks and somehow left her unmarked and still.

In *Pandora's Box* he has her murdered at the close; in *Diary Of A Lost Girl* she survives, but the cost is almost unbearable. Gruelling it may be; as film-making it's so accomplished it should leave you breathless.

Richard Cook

FORSYTH'S SAGA

IN THE WORKS
visits the director of Gregory's Girl, now cutting his new film

Bill Forsyth *Pic: Alex James*

THERE OUGHT to be penguins. The bemusing maze, lying behind the faded holiday camp exterior of Elstree Studios, that leads to Bill Forsyth's cutting room should definitely have its own befuddled human penguin, as a tribute to that masterful moment of commonplace surrealism in *Gregory's Girl* — the film that made the name (if not for the moment the fortune) of writer and director Forsyth.

With its sharp burst of shoestring integrity, *Gregory's Girl* steered clear of all the sordid-sex-gangland-warfare-trouble-with-parents-cliches usually unpacked in films by the middle-aged about the young, and struck straight to the heart of adolescence. On its way to being voted *NME* readers' film of the year it also sent a few of the dour and dreary Scottish stereotypes tumbling at last:

"Yes, I actually faced quite a lot of criticism from Scottish critics" — this dishevelled figure speaks —" 'cause they said I was selling a cheap image of my country. But I don't think so. I think it's quite an honest image really.

"I mean, people have this image of Glasgow as being a depressing city and it's not — it's actually a very comfortable and a very attractive city. They also think of it as being violent. That's one of the criticisms I've had of *Gregory's Girl* and especially *That Sinking Feeling* (its predecessor) — people say 'Where's the violence?'

"But I've spent a lot of time watching kids in Glasgow — I was also a kid in Glasgow myself — and I've never seen any street violence in Glasgow at all. So I'd certainly have to think twice before I'd ever include any in one of my films."

WITH THE success of *Gregory's Girl* now behind him, Forsyth is currently involved, as his glazed expression intimates, with the editing process of his latest production, *Local Hero.* Does the prospect of following *Gregory's Girl* worry him?

"I am a bit worried that people will go along to *Local Hero* expecting to be as amused or as entertained by it as they were by *Gregory's Girl* — which I don't think they will be in the same way. It's coming from a different place than *Gregory's Girl* — but I hope that people will move with me."

Perhaps one of the most surprising moves that Forsyth has made is in casting Burt Lancaster in the leading role for *Local Hero.* "I was writing the story and I began to hear Burt saying the lines, so the rest of the script was actually written with him in mind."

Lancaster, whose recruitment shows the sort of clout British film-makers have in America these post-*Chariots Of Fire* days, brings what Forsyth calls a 'Brigadoon element' to the film "because he ends up in the same situation at the end of the film as he was in the beginning, which isn't a terrific situation, and he almost has to question if all the things that happened to him in Scotland really did happen."

Fantasy is, of course, a recurrent theme in Forsyth's cinema. Even his first film, *That Sinking Feeling,* which was billed by the BBC when they screened it last year as being about "unemployed youth in Glasgow", is described by its creator as "the type of dream you could have sitting in the park." Would he ever consider making a serious film?

"I think they're all serious," he brays through a burst of laughter. "I'm such a serious-minded bastard anyway that I think everything I do is serious."

But people laugh at it.

"I think they only laugh at it because it's so serious that you've got to laugh at it. I think all comedy is about walking the tightrope between absolute despair and being saved from that despair."

Does Forsyth regard humour as a potential social force?

"I would like to work out one day how to actually motivate people into doing something or into feeling something quite positive. But I don't know how to do it, because I think you're always fighting against the fact that you're entertaining people at the same time, and by doing that you're stimulating an interest and at the same time satisfying it. So I think the only way to cope with it is to declare to be non-political and then hope that whatever spirit you do something in comes across. If you have specific pretentions then you're in danger.

"It's almost like slowing down progress to the state of evolution — you're almost saying 'Well the spirit of this thing will travel and we'll influence people maybe in a very minor way'.

"Maybe that's setting our sights too low — but I think that's all I'm trying to aim for."

So lower your sights — but raise your aim. And, whatever you do, keep on shooting.

Don Watson

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YES, IAN'S DOING A DANGEROUS VISIONS AND SMILEY'S PEOPLE WILL BE IN IT

LULU

■ *from previous page*

ended with the knife in my vagina . . .", is clearly deserving of our attention. But what *was* her mystery? What is it that made Ado Kyrou write "she is much more than a myth, she is a magical presence, a real phantom, a magnetism of the cinema."?

Perhaps it is because her beauty was of the cinema itself. Brooks never struck me as a *sexual* beauty. Although she is totally frank, both here and with Tynan, about her appetites and favours in that direction, her ability to mesmerise on camera derived from her very *in*ability to seduce. That was the character of Lulu.

"The great art of films," she wrote, "does not consist of descriptive movement of face and body, but in the movements of thought and soul, transmitted in a kind of intense isolation." Her face seems to pierce the screen, to leave an aporia where we expect to see the gestures and reflexes of emotion. The purity of her gaze — which seems almost to pass through the spectator himself — is the first sign in the cinema, apart from moments in Griffith and Eisenstein, that the dramatic, theatrical idea of emotion is being undermined.

It is perhaps because she alone made explicit the artifice of cinema, because only *her* face signified some inaccessible struggle at the level of expression, that Louise Brooks has been adopted as the heroine of cults. Her power lies in the way her face seems to define some placid, almost opaque area of response. It is a face around which others congregate, around which things *happen* but which itself does nothing. Almost devoid of lines or angles — which

Louise compliments Barney on his gleaming acuity.

make up the whole substance of a Dietrich — it is a face which has *depth alone:* pure, impersonal depth.

There *were* no secrets to Louise Brooks — that was the great secret that will give her memory the enigma of a madonna.

IN HER WRITING too she presents herself as pure appearance — the innocent tramp who destroys without knowing it. She tells Tynan that, yes, she *is* Lulu. She has felt a pure love for the bodies of men but she has never been "in love". In film, "emotions mean nothing". What is this cold-hearted siren but a threat to all Hollywood's most preciously preserved duplicities?

With *Lulu In Hollywood*, she becomes as enigmatic a biographical subject as she is translucent an object of the camera's desire. "A shadow's shadow — a world of shadows" she calls Hollywood. In what she writes of Lillian Gish there is a measure of self-reflection: "Of all the detestable stars who stood between the movie moguls and the full realisation of their greed and self-aggrandizement," she was the one who "most painfully imposed her picture knowledge and business acumen upon the producers . . ."

It is because she refused to float among the shadows with the necessary hypocrisy that Louise Brooks was banished from the realm. She writes about Hollywood without so much as blinking before a token myth. She writes about the people it destroyed and ignores the mystique and scandal with which the moguls replaced them.

Even at the end of her life she is unrepentant: "I shall write no more," she wrote to Lotte Eisner. "Writing the truth for readers nourished on publicity rubbish is a useless exercise."

But this woman, whose personal truth seems so elusive because so baldly honest, has presented us with a truth about the citadel of illusion perhaps more withering even than *Hollywood Babylon*.

Let Kenneth Tynan have the last word: "Although *Pandora's Box* is a tragedy, it is also a celebration of the pleasure principle. Outside in the midday sunshine, California was celebrating the same principle, with the shadows of mortality left out."

Of course. In a world made of shadows, none can see them for the sun's blinding light.

Barney Hoskyns

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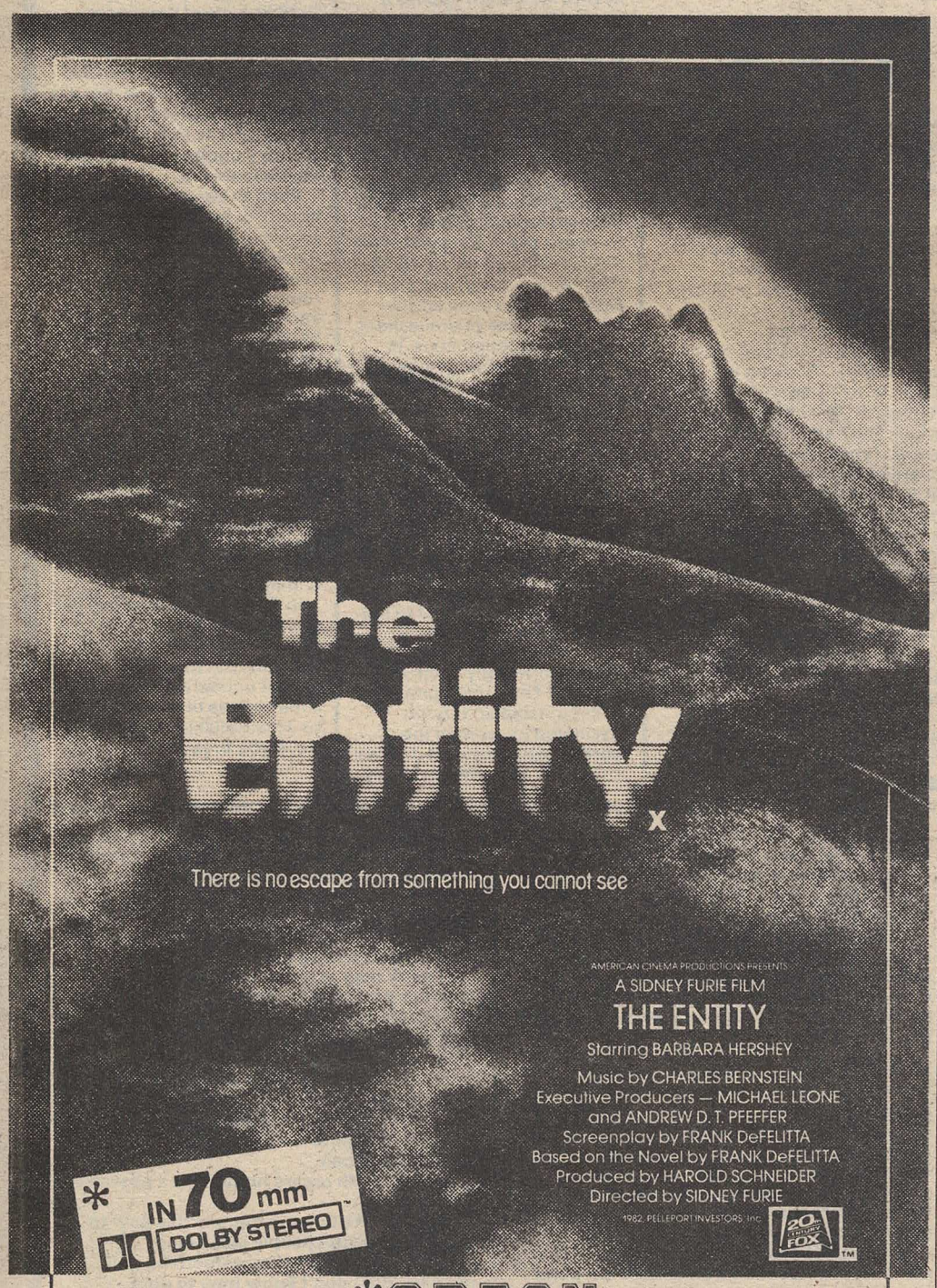

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NOT SO HOT, DAMMIT

Philosophical Frederic Forrest as Dashiell Hammett: "You Wim some, you lose some . . ."

Hammett

Directed by Wim Wenders

Starring Frederic Forrest, Peter Boyle, Marilu Henner and Roy Kinnear (Artificial Eye)

WIM WENDERS' first American picture proper is more a series of enlarged details than a movie. This ought to disqualify it from these pages, but each and every frame is so finely turned it would be churlish not to mention their beauty. *Hammett* has the fussiness of a painting and is similarly static. It is stained a gloomy brown as if, like the walls of Hammett's impoverished few room walk up, it has been discoloured by tobacco smoke and, paradoxically, years of neglect. The soundtrack is the only thing about *Hammett* that moves, relating these too perfect images to events through the clatter of Hammett's ancient typewriter keys, racing to keep up with the spieled aloud memoirs that give shape to his hardboiled detective fiction . . .

Through over-use and incessant parody, the brilliant acerbic talkover technique perfected by Chandler and Hammett has been beaten to a pulp, done to death in every medium. The liveliest, funniest and most cutting language in film and literature is now a rotting corpse picked at by everybody, even when not entirely appropriate — ie Ridley Scott's *Blade Runner*. *Hammett* is hardly the picture to breathe new life into it.

The initial premise is promising enough, though, of fictionalising Hammett back on to the streets he once roamed as a private detective. But, having been given Joe Gores' entertaining novel of the same name to work with, Wenders (the most Americanophile of Germany's top four directors) largely rewrites Gores' substantial plot into a far less intriguing story. His version is little more than a tricky vehicle for a Wenders 'go' at the hardboiled genre; even so, he doesn't quite transform it into the personal film he probably intended.

That he is a German dealing with a quintessentially American subject has nothing to do with *Hammett's* failure. For, as one of Wenders' characters (in *Kings Of The Road*) once pointed out, "The Americans have colonised our subconscious"; meaning he's got as much claim on the collective memory provided by American movie culture as any other post war European.

So how come his *Hammett* has about as much distinction as an anonymous *noir* picture turned out by one of the many German emigres who fled to Hollywood in the '30s? Perhaps because, though he wasn't forced to go there, he was operating under similar conditions. That is, being assigned to a project by a major studio. Well, Coppola's overreaching Zoetrope studio anyway.

It seems that Wenders so wanted to make something of his first major American picture that he spent too much energy worrying at and polishing it. It took him two years working with thriller writer Ross MacDonald on the script, which probably accounts for its woodenness, and another two years to complete it! Four years is a little excessive for what is basically—or should be—a pulp movie.

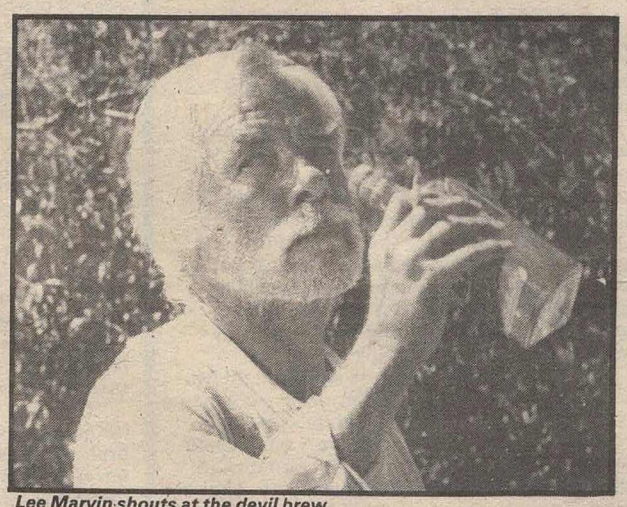
No surprise, then, that it comes across as little more than a very stylish exercise.

Jason Robards aside, Wenders couldn't have found a better or more slyly laconic Hammett than Frederic Forrest, whose chivalrous voice can indignantly rail against the corruption of the city's officials, just as it can honorably discuss tips with crooks in 'speaks', without sounding pompous or foolish. The battered Peter Boyle as his embittered sidekick Jimmy Ryan is Hammett's most scabrous presence, his collapsed, creased features hinting at the sort of toughness *Hammett* otherwise lacks.

Without him *Hammett* would feel like a filmed stage play. I trust Hans Jurgen Syberberg's *Parsifal* has fared better under Coppola's patronage.

Chris Bohn

ON THE BOX



Lee Marvin shouts at the devil brew

Friday October 8

Loving (Directed by Irvin Kershner 1970). Trenchant social satire; and if that makes it sound high and mighty, don't worry about it — it's a bloody funny film. George Segal, rumpled as ever, juggles with a high pressure lifestyle, an acquisitive wife (Eva Marie Saint) and a rapacious mistress (Nancie Phillips). The climactic climax is unforgettably public. **(BBC1)**

Bunny Lake Is Missing (Otto Preminger 1965). Laurence Olivier keeps his 'Cherman' accent to a minimum in an efficient psychological thriller that offers at least two genuine embarrassments: Noel Coward in a campy cameo and The Zombies doing a typically duff pop song. Carol Lynley and Keir Dullea are the young protagonists, and they're both convincingly crazy. **(ITV)**

Saturday October 9

Torn Curtain (Alfred Hitchcock 1966). Paul Newman and Julie Andrews under the sheets and over the Wall in a characteristically engrossing espionage tale from Hitch. Superlative use of colour and a famous, incredibly grisly murder scene. **(BBC2)**

Sunday October 10

Shout At The Devil (Peter Hunt 1976). A ripping racist yarn from one of Wilbur Smith's crappy potboilers, Lee Marvin and Roger Moore forming an unlikely alliance against the Hun in German East Africa pre-World War I. **(ITV)**

Ooh . . . You Are Awful (Cliff Owen 1972). There's no answer to that. By my reckoning, the last time Dick Emery was funny was in *The Big Job*, an early '60s carry on with Sid James. **(BBC1)**

The Offence (Sidney Lumet 1972). Lumet's never so convincing away from his home patch and *The Offence*, lumbered with John Hopkins' schematic script, is a painfully lopsided melodrama about 'tough' British cops being 'desensitised' by 'innocent' perverts like Ian Bannen's child molester. So, despite excellent performances from Sean Connery, Trevor Howard and Vivien Merchant, *The Offence* is ultimately a chore. **(BBC1)**

Tuesday October 12

She Wore A Yellow Ribbon (John Ford 1953). The John Ford season comes good at the death, *The Searchers* followed by the other great John Wayne performance, here as Captain Brittles in a majestic, sentimental western. **(BBC2)**

Monty Smith

IN THE CAN

Another Way (K. Makk). Dirty.
Blade Runner (Ridley Scott). Depressing.
Brimstone And Treacle (Richard Loncraine). Funny.
Cat People (Paul Schrader). Erotic.
Conan The Barbarian (John Milius). Impressive.
Diva (Jean-Jacques Beineix). Diverting.
E.T. — The Extra-Terrestrial (Steven Spielberg). Bootleg.
The Last American Virgin (Boaz Davidson). Pathetic
The Lenny Bruce Performance Film (John Magnusson). Old.
Moonlighting (Jerzy Skolimowsky). Tedious.
Poltergeist (Tobe Hooper). Fantastic.
The Scarecrow (Sam Pillsbury). Remarkable debut from a young New Zealand film-maker; discussed at length in next week's *Silver Screen*.
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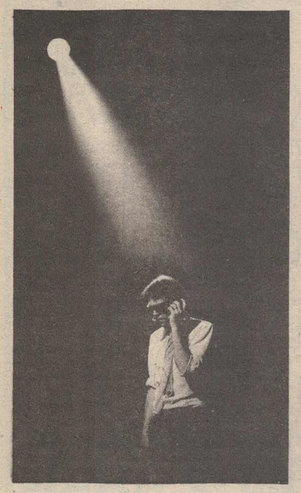
"I don't know if I can be classed as a contemporary songwriter. I'm like a dinosaur with a large tail — I'm so big I have to keep eating all the time. I look around, there's not many dinosaurs left, just a lot of smaller animals moving very fast. And it's their vibrant energy that I need to stay alive. Sometimes I think I might have to cut off my tail because I can't afford to keep feeding myself."

In this exclusive interview, NEIL YOUNG talks about his prehistoric music, the condition of America and his hope that he and his family will emigrate to another planet.

INTERVIEW: RICHARD COOK
PHOTOS: ANTON CORBIJN



OUT OF ALL the absurd figures created and cherished by rock'n'roll, there is none quite like Neil Young.

He may one day turn out to be The Last Rock Star. A few years ago he made a record, 'Rust Never Sleeps', that catalogued a phase of rock stretching from its folk roots to its dishevelled, feedbacked afterlife — a kind of hello/goodbye gesture which has since settled into a respectful slot in a long career of work.

It is still there, its power intact though ironically asleep; and with a characteristic shrug Young has ambled on, leafing through his American sketchbook and pursuing a personal course fuelled and maintained by a loyalty rare among the fandoms of the megastar. He's a lucky man.

The ambivalence of Young's position is so odd it's some small miracle that he's kept his footing. On one level he's behaved and performed with a disregard for public, press and business that might have had all three turning on him; on another he's written a torrent of bankable music, cut a great welter of records and mischieviously filtered out actions and projects that suggest an operator so artful it's like every risk and eccentricity has been checked over and honed down first. For every 'Rust Never Sleeps' there's a placid and pastoral 'Comes A Time'; every time Young tempts the abyss he steps back from the brink again. He's a smart man.

Even with the safety net, Young has pulled stunts no other American rock veteran would dare consider. For him to have made a record as scruffily violent and personal as last year's 'Reactor', after a dozen or more years in the rarified top bracket of dollar rock, is exactly the sort of liberty the American gods have forgotten to take with their careers; for him to persist in playing with a forearm bar band like Crazy Horse instead of the customary pedigree stable of session bores only freezes further the aghast expressions of his contemporaries.

At this distance it might seem like nothing more than an old Canuck busker refusing to act his age and settle into a sleepy middle life of pretty hums and regular reunions. Then something appealing and amusing sticks about the way Young has not so much fought corporate pressure as strolled along a different path, unaware that he's not supposed to go that way.

Neil Young grew into an old rebel because he forgot to watch where the rest of the parade went.

Of course, the parched bones and raw wires in Young's rock'n'roll are tempered by a sentimental streak close to a mile wide. Even as that inimitably frazzled guitar cuts lesions in the song you can hear the romantic heartbeat pumping through — a childlike faith in the healing graces of love. His interest in the flowering of the new wave could only ever be confined to its outward spirit: Young has no interest in fatalism or despair. He loves his rock'n'roll.

So, I guess Mr Young has both kept and eaten his cake. Having clothed his folkie's frame in altogether tougher garb he can travel when and where he pleases. He's found his old audience has mostly stayed the course and he still plays 'Cinnamon Girl' and 'Old Man' for them; he's institutionalised his modest rebel music while retaining enough of the spitfire delivery to keep it breathing; and now he's looking for something new again.

At 37, Young doesn't want to stay still.

HOW ARE things at the *New Musical Express*?" he asks me. "I don't read that much unless I'm actually doing something. I like to see a little feedback because it's hard to tell what you did when you're gone."

Does he read his record reviews?

"Depends what I'm doing. I do if I'm not too busy."

He gives me an interrogative grin. It seems like he's worked a long time on that expression: in a face little marked by age a grin will spread out, the eyes widening, the brow wrinkling up, a gentle merriment always dozing somewhere in the recesses. The rascally beam of the 'Comes A Time' cover seems so uncontrived, simple, amiable in person. I look for the wiseacre in the eyes but it doesn't seem to be there. Just a big, shambling, guitar strumming Canadian.

Young's return to England at a mid-point on an enormous European tour is his first visit in six years. If any of the faithful have grown tired in the long wait it doesn't show at the Birmingham gig, his first over here.

A walkway extension of the stage enables the leader to move towards the audience like Larry Parks in *The Jolson Story*, except the way he stomps down it is more like Frankenstein's monster. With the homesteader's formal dress, old pug's haircut and set jawline the resemblance doesn't exactly end there. And always somewhere nearby is the eternally diminutive Nils Lofgren.

Lofgren's presence in this particular rock'n'roll circus is finally no big deal. I listened quite carefully but could hardly hear his guitar with Young's being amped up so loud. His usual gymnastic leaps and trailing scarves looked at odds with a diligent blue collar band like Crazy Horse. We began to forget he was there.

The motorway unrolls outside our window. It's not very easy to get to Neil Young. After several rendezvous earlier in the continent fell through we are face to face in his touring coach, something akin to a luxury cruiser with wheels.

Mr Young is pleased to talk. Like on how happy he is to be here.

IS THE truth! I'm really happy to be playing anywhere. I haven't toured in so long and this is what I was raised to do, what I trained to do in my whole life. The thing is it just got so big . . .

"Not to use your gifts in the right way is so abusive. I see a lot of people who are my contemporaries — who *were* my contemporaries in the '60s and '70s — who, uh, just haven't tried to continue what they were doing in the first place. They've tried to recreate what they already did thinking that's what success is — do it again and they'll like it again. What they really did first was to do something *new* that people liked — so they should try and do something new again."

The sort of healthy outlook which might be expected from Young's modern half. But I feel it a duty to remind him of what he's just been playing — acoustic bleatings like 'I Am A Child' and frowsy old rockers of the 'Cinnamon Girl' ilk, aged entries from his balmiest days. The temptation to rely on proven familiars is disappointing.

"I don't believe in doing my old songs in a new way. I'd rather do new songs. The new stuff that I want to do has to be introduced chronologically. But I like shock value, too. To see the expressions on faces."

The sense of communal rite is still inescapable. How does he feel when he hears cheers of remembrance on the last line of a pale little tragedy like "The Needle And The Damage Done'?

"I know, it blows my mind," he murmurs, oblivious. "I don't know what they're doing! I guess they just get off on it. They're reacting to seeing me doing it rather than to what I'm actually saying. Sometimes it gets to that point."

Then he could rectify it by not doing that song.

"I suppose I could — I probably will, eventually. But that song means something to me. There's so many old songs that I won't do because I don't feel anything for them. 'Southern Man''s on the edge for me — when we started the tour I could do it but now it's a little forced. When it starts feeling like that I don't wanna do it."

Why is there so little material from his last few records, the hardest and most detailed music he's ever made? Nothing at all off 'Reactor' or 'Hawks And Doves', one off 'Rust Never Sleeps' ...

"The band isn't right for them," is the bemusing reply. "I had these people I wanted to play with and then I tried to figure out the best songs they could do. It might seem obvious to you but to me it's like, 20 albums of material and it's all there."

What does he think when he looks back at that huge body of work?

"It's really hard to get a grip on it," he says, shaking his head. "I can take one song at a time, one period at a time, but the whole picture — it's big. Like Panavision."

"There's a lot of songs I haven't performed, ever. That are only on records. I only did them once, period. That was like, use take one for the record and that's it! I never sang them again. They have to jump out at me. I don't go through the album covers and decide which ones I'll do."

HE MIGHT have changed direction in the past, but Young's newest offerings are a complete departure, arguably the most telling acknowledgement so far of the drift of electronic pop from a member of the senior rock hierarchy. The coming album 'Trans' is Young grasping at the edges of liberating technology.

Amid some of his most ingenuous sounding anthems ('Little Thing Called Love', 'If You Got Love'), a frankly bizarre respray on 'Mr Soul' and a new raddled epic in 'Like An Inca' are five excursions into alien territory — the clean soar of synthi-pop allied to the ugly sores of Young's scorched rock music. Voices are vocoded into abstraction, guitars dogfight with sequencers ... it's a strange sound.

What motivated this interest?

"Well, I spend most of my time trying to remain open to new things. They reflect the fact that I've got so interested in electronics and machines. I've always loved machines. I feel that with all the new digital and computerised equipment I can get my hands on now, I can do things I could never do before!" His eyes widen still further, like a hayseed agape at a new tractor.

"I know this is just the beginning for me. I've been Neil Young for years and I could stay where I am and be a period piece but as I look around everything's so *organised*. Everything's running on digital time. The new music with its kind of perfection is reassuring for me — you know the beat's going to be there all the time and it's never going to break down. That's fascinating and I think it's still soulful. The *manipulation* of machines can be very soulful.

"The song 'Transformer Man' is one I wrote for my son with all this and to me that's probably the best song I've written in the last ten years. It's based on the freedom to be able to assume different voices and characters.

"I'm in a very primitive stage of development with all this stuff, but the things I can do ... like I could take your voice singing a note, compute that into a keyboard and have four octaves from you singing that note. Or I could vocode it and sing with your voice. Or anybody's voice. Bing Crosby's off one of his old records.

"You can still be creative — it's still my melodies, my enunciation, my feeling. It just lifts a restriction — why should I *have* to sing with my own voice in 1982, when I can stretch out in different directions?"

Young almost evanesces with enthusiasm for his machines, and seeing that involvement from such a figure does give fresh heart in its way.

But there's also a threat of loss: Neil Young is one of the handful to actually raise a response from the puckered old flesh of folk based rock'n'roll. The thread that runs through Young's last half dozen records winds through a reinvented rural America, detail brushed in across scores of songs with the casual eye of films like *Two Lane Blacktop* or *Rafferty And The Gold Dust Twins*, a giant landscape not so much reduced as fragmented inside the microcosm of a lyric. If he turns to the machine print-outs of Moderne Man, won't that dustbowl vision blow away for good?

"I think that might be other people's view more than mine. I feel I need to do something that first turns me on — that's why I'm taking this course. It won't *replace* my voice and acoustic guitar.

"I don't know if I can be classed as a contemporary songwriter. I'm like a dinosaur with a large tail — I'm so big I have to keep eating all the time. I look around, there's not many dinosaurs left, just a lot of smaller animals moving very fast. And it's their vibrant energy that I need to stay alive. Sometimes I think I might have to cut off my tail because I can't afford to keep feeding myself."

Mr Young is amused at the metaphor. How does he keep a perspective on himself as an icon in his kingdom?

"I put the perspective on rock'n'roll because that's what I owe it to. For my spirit it's a healing force and I give everything I have when I play it. If I didn't do that I'd just be a museum, ancient history up close. Maybe I am that anyway."

THE DISREGARD for expectation hasn't been confined to a purely musical setting. The devious implants in Young's writing have wrought an overview on mythical America that reads out like a windblown panorama of tumbleweeds and the assorted debris of smalltown living.

Recurrent echoes of the Civil War, the pioneer waggoners and the bluebood heroes of idealised North American legend litter Young's later work as frequently as his loner's yearnings for a lover's satisfaction. Faded emblems and yellowing narratives haunt the precincts of 'The Old Homestead', 'Powderfinger' and 'Captain Kennedy' like ghostly ancestors in ancient prints. In updating those spirits with the colours of the rock'n'roll song, Young has forged anew a rusted link with popular mythology.

"Those songs are like a landscape. I don't think with those songs — I get myself to a certain place, open up and they just come to me. I wrote 'Homestead' all in one shot, never looking at the previous line until it was finished. They might be polished a little but they first come *through* me — I never think, Oh, I'll write a song with three birds, a guy and a horse in it.

"North America's my home, I've been all over it. I don't write down all the things I see, I just watch and watch until something comes out. Really I don't have a personal view on America as a whole. They're just disparate ideas that come together."

What's the worst thing about America today?

"Nobody's thought of a replacement for gasolene yet. Yankee ingenuity — it's on the ropes." Neil permits himself a wry chuckle. "The Yankees'd like to be able to come up with the big answer. Everyone would. I think it's less discouraging there now than it was three or four years ago. People are becoming proud to be a part of it again, on the grandest scale. I think there's a lot of creative force there — a lot of loudmouthed bullshit too — but it's like all countries. America is different all over."

What is his favourite place to be in America?

"I like to be in the forest. Near my ranch, in California. It's like a natural cathedral, you can walk in and come out cleansed. America's still so geographically immense and beautiful. Europe has been manicured over centuries but America is a huge expanse of God's work."

Is he of a religious persuasion?

"Not so much towards one story. There's a lot of stories — Jesus, Krishna, Buddha — same story, different imagery. I mean, you could have a religion on the atom. I believe in the universe, in sizes and relationships. It's too big for me — just too *big!* It goes on *forever*. Jesus Christ couldn't have walked all that distance."

One thing Neil Young hasn't looked into is the support of the No Nukes movement. When a lot of those 'contemporaries' of his have bolstered appearances with a bunch of benefits, Young has stayed adamantly clear of agitprop. He likes nuclear power.

"We don't have it down, and we don't know what to do with the waste. But how are we going to get to other planets? We need nuclear power to discover what's out there and discover another power source. A coal burning rocket won't get there. I'd like to go to another planet. I'd go now if I could!"

Shouldn't we concentrate on saving this beleaguered planet first?

"We should do both. We'll need an alternative if we don't save this one. It's a responsible thing to do — there's more and more people here, more waste, more threat of war . . ."

Young waves a hand towards the limitless sky, out through the window of the bus. For a moment the stars seem to beckon . . . I blink hard. If he's so concerned about these Vital Issues, what sort of contribution to any debate does he feel compelled to make?

"My contribution?" He growls the words like a wily old congressman. "It's ethereal, I guess. I put out all the time and if anyone wants to take me to space I'm ready to go. I'd like to take my family too. We have to go somewhere else eventually."

DOWN TO EARTH — let's talk movies. After *Journey Through The Past*, a project long abandoned to celluloid limbo, Young returned to film-making with the graceless if entertaining concert record of *Rust Never Sleeps*.

"It didn't take much money," he admits. "Film isn't something that comes naturally to me. I tried to paint but I can't do that. I know I'm not a great film-maker but I have a lot of fun trying."

"The concept was like a daydream. You know the way dreams jumble up things that you've seen that day, maybe with people you knew five or ten years ago at some place you think you sort of know? That's how *Rust Never Sleeps* came out. It put the music in a different perspective."

What did he think of Dennis Hopper's *Out Of The Blue*, a bleakly realised extension of Young's 'Better to burn out' proverb?

"I thought it was brilliant but I wouldn't recommend it for an evening's entertainment. It's so fucking repulsive. Doesn't it make your stomach turn, seeing what those people are doing to each other?"

What's his kind of film?

"I liked *E.T. Star Wars*, I love *Star Wars*. It's like a bible for kids — the force! What message could be better for kids than, if I believe I can do it, I can do it!"

Young has completed a new film, *Human Highway*, now in search of a distributor.

"It's about a, um, gas station at an intersection of the country — power plant next door — city in the background — people living there, sort of in the future, a little in the past. A little Laurel and Hardy.

"Music in films is so limiting — everybody knows the picture and the music goes together. Film music is locked into the film. Music by itself is fuckin' *huge*, it can be anything. Movies are so straightforward. Film is a little more vulnerable — it's easier to take a shot at it than it is with music."

The Business is prepared to put up with Young's shenanigans — nixing whole albums just prior to release, playing the wilful child when it comes to the routine of rockworld procedures — because when it comes down to it he is the most mild and passive of outsiders. He never looks for trouble. We talk over the trends in American music, the disappointing new pretenders to the FM thrones and the smug refusal of the US mainstream to open up its ears.

"What keeps music alive is the small things which aren't even noticed on a grand scale. The new thing always has to start little."

But what about — and I start on Asia, Robert Plant, the new orthodoxy and more before Young says, "You're asking the same questions I'm asking. That's why it's difficult for me to answer! I feel the same discontent and I know that in a lot of ways I'm just like those people. That makes me even madder. That's why I should cut my tail off."

He has a good stock of dinosaur anecdotes too.

"I remember when I was living at Zuma I told Carole King, you gotta come down and listen to my new album ('Zuma'). It's the cleanest album you've ever heard. She came down and listened and (falsetto), this isn't a stoodio album! What are you *talking* about! And James Taylor on 'Heart Of Gold' — C'mon Neil, why don't you make a *real record!*"

Would he, this last American rock star, like to make The Last Rock Record?

"No, I hope nobody does. I think there'll be rock'n'roll on other planets. Maybe there is now."

And he looks again at the sky. London territory is in view — Cricklewood, Kilburn. He finishes another anecdote with a familiar line, *"Back in those old folkie days"*, a personal history diffidently rifled through ever time he takes a stage.

"When I was in school I was called into the principal's office — I was always getting into trouble — and he asked me what I wanted to do when I left. I said I wanted to be a musician and play in bars and clubs. He said, OK, but what do you want to do *then*? Like I had to stop sometime. I've never forgotten that. It's like I've always been kicking against it — like I have to carry on . . ."

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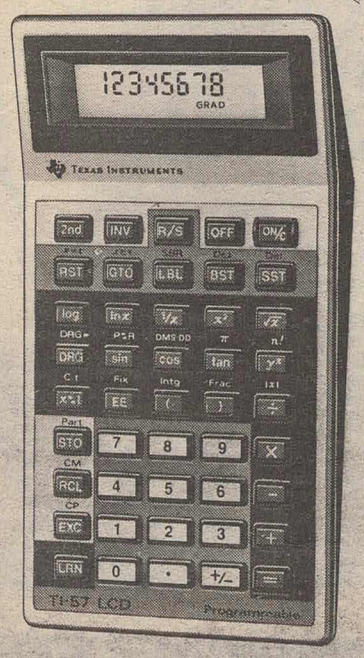

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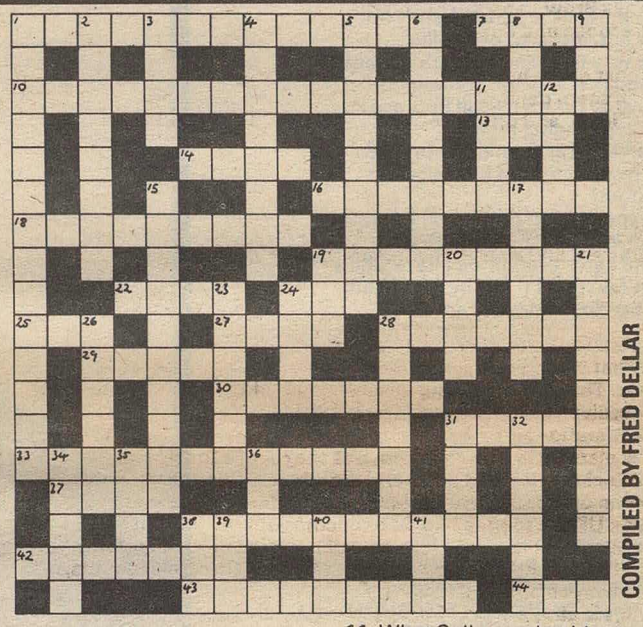

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CLUES ACROSS

1 Show just closed by Kirk Brandon (7,2,4)
9 Soul man Redding
10 Au Pairs latest Kamera shot (5,3,10)
13 Yoko of Plastic Band fame
14 Geffen-signed supergroup with a continental connection
16 Jazz Duke
18 Add treacle for Sting's latest movie
19 Change *Mondo Cane* for Van the Man's second Warner album (anag.)
22 Funky Gang leader
24 Ill-fated Scott of AC/DC fame
25 Martin Fry's alphabetical popsters (1,1,1)
27 'The ---- Of The Cat' (Al Stewart)
28 Label with no head for heights
29 Much lauded Ridley Scott-directed space movie
30 Yazoo's debut hit (4,3)
31 '----- I Love You' — The Doors' classic just covered by Adam Ant
33 Once a Moors Murderer, now part of Visage's make-up (5,7)
37 Female band of the mid-'70s, named after an Egyptian goddess
38 Colloquially — modern portable radios
42 Mutant rockers
43 Reggae mainman (3,6)
44 Factory Order

CLUES DOWN

1 Peter's scientifically conceived punk infants (4,4,6)
2 Landscape sent him a go-go
3 Irish band once headed by Van Morrison
4 Antiquated Steinway utilised by Diana Ross for chart success (3,5)
5 The heart of Heart? (3,6)
6 They couldn't stand the rain in '78
8 Dublin Lizzy
9 John Williams' 'heavenly' classic-rockers
11 What Sally was besides tall
12 US session band — add Coella for a sex change
15 Outfit whose wares were showcased in the 'Fourth Drawer Down'
17 Album that netted something for 36 down?
19 Just easy-listening (1,1,1)
20 Straits Marks Knopfler's in
21 Rescue performed by the Stones
23 Phil from 8 down
24 In which Bowie and Brecht got together?
26 Kim — but not the Wilde one
28 March -------, Leeds band who might be popsies rather than poseurs
31 The Selecter's was one of three minutes' duration
32 Nicolette — once backing lady for Neil Young
34 Feline whose peeper was much heralded by Survivor
35 Beki's Squad
36 Chris who penned 'Fool (If You Think It's Over)'
38 Initially the Tom Robinson Band (1,1,1)
39 Label for Clapton and The Bee Gees (1,1,1)
40 Early form of reggae
41 Keyboardist Richard, veteran of myriad (golfing?) sessions.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 Beatles, 4 Quarrymen, 9 Lady Madonna, 12 Belle (Stars), 13 All You Need Is Love, 15 Voyager, 18 Let (It Be), 19 Lou (Reed), 21 John Winston Lennon, 24 Hard Days (Night), 26 The, 27 Yoko, 30 Jay, 31 Michelle, 32 Night, 33 Black, 34 Bela, 36 Race, 38 Herb, 39 Sutcliffe, 40 Stars, 41 Reed.

DOWN: 1 Ballad Of John And (Yoko), 2 And I Love Her, 3 Sid, 5 A Day In (The Life), 6 Rebel Rebel, 7 My Love, 8 Need, 10 Moody, 11 One, 14 Your, 16 Gun, 17 Rita, 19 Look Of Love, 20 Anthem, 22 I Saw (Her), 23 (Need Your) Love So Bad, 25 Star club, 28 Shea, 29 It Be, 34 Bill, 35 Life, 36 Rat (Race), 37 Car, 38 Her.

SOMEWHERE IT'S ALWAYS RAINING

UB40
UB44 (DEB)

CAN I TELL you something? I don't want to depress you by dumping my current state of mind on you, but I feel really awful at the moment. I feel lethargic and melancholy . . . why? Well . . . this may sound a bit ridiculous but I think it's the new UB40 album.

Yeah, I *know* I'm overreacting. They're quite a good group, I suppose, and I respect them for their political stance and for getting more reggae music on the radio. Okay, I'll concede that they've put out a few good singles, like 'One In Ten' and the one that went *"Ivory madonna . . ."*, but there's just something really *dreary* about them.

It's a combination of the way the singer whines and the rhythm section drags that puts me off UB40. Ali Campbell's voice is very effective in small doses — like he's superb on the 'So Here I Am' single, which is brilliant because his whining tone is totally appropriate for the lyrics and the music — but Christ, does he get on your nerves for a whole album!

And the rhythms! The groove on 'I Won't Close My Eyes' isn't a groove, it's a rut. The best reggae rhythm sections I've heard — in fact, even players in otherwise indifferent reggae bands generally have this quality — drive their beat deftly, cleanly and decisively. The UB40 rhythm section — drummer James Brown and bassist Earl Falconer — drag their beat. It feels loose and floppy where it should be tight as a . . . er . . . *drum*.

Most of the horn parts have the same effect: the saxophone solos seem generally uninspired. Astro's toasting on 'Folitician' and on 'The Key' seems overly subdued — the latter contains a lengthy checklist of reggae musicians whom Astro and the band like — and even the bright spot created by the fairly upful 'Forget The Cost' and the dreamy, Aswad-y 'Love Is All Is Alright' is soon obscured by the mire.

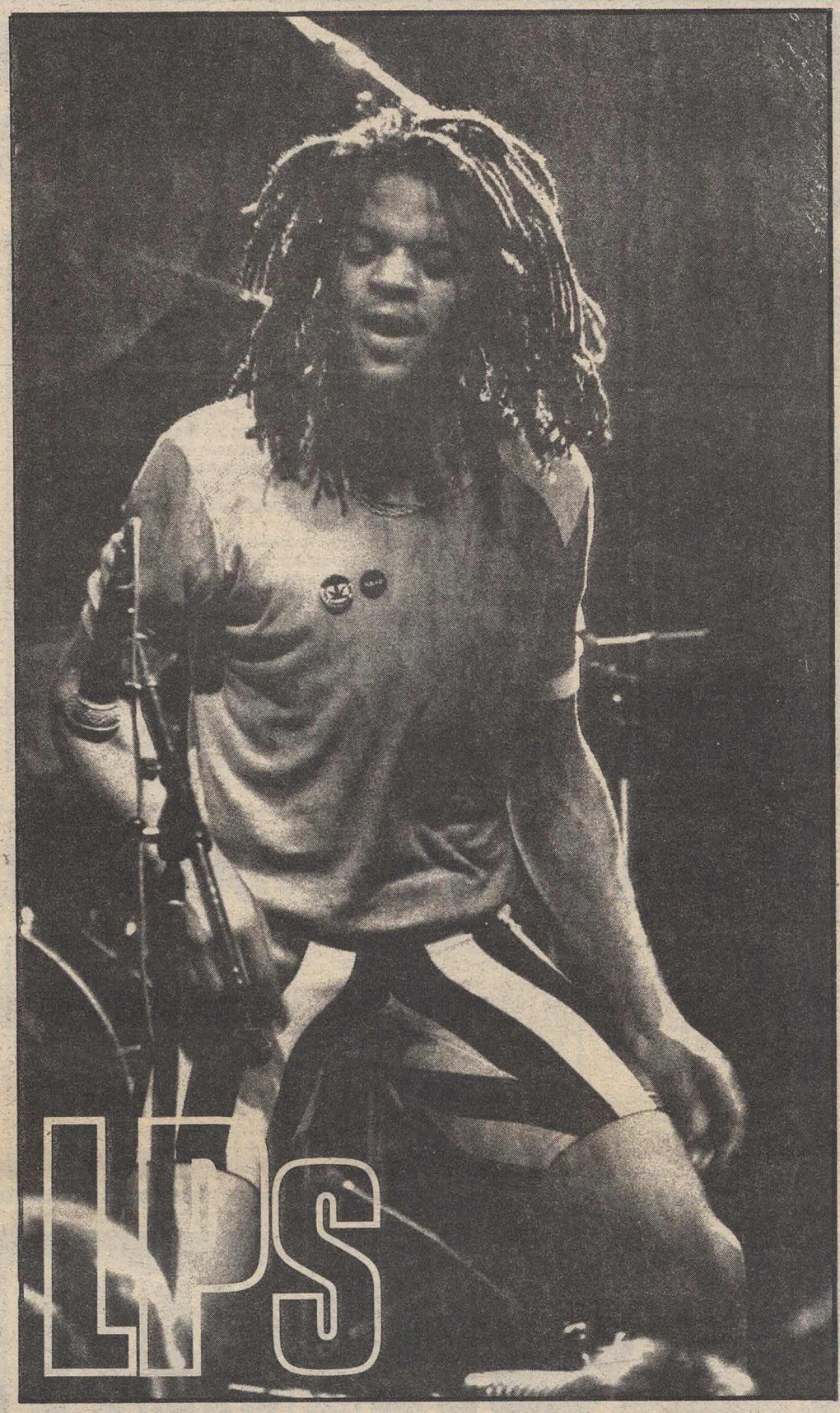
No, there *are* things in their favour: the album's very well produced, and everything *sounds* good even if it isn't brilliantly played. The single (with which the album sensibly begins) is the best thing they've done so far, and everything about it is faultlessly handled. What else? Mm . . . the percussion's excellent throughout.

What it comes down to, really, is that their music's such a dirge. There is something grimly literal-minded about their obsessive view of reggae as a music which deals exclusively in sufferation and weary recountings of Babylonian excesses. That element is present, seen, but the reggae music I hear also includes joy and pride and dignity, qualities presumably beaten out of UB40 by the iniquities of the downpressors. When UB40's reggae begins to encompass the dances of love and war, then they will lose that depressing grey monotony. Right now, they take social realism too far. On UB40 records, it's always bloody raining.

This is all relative, of course. Compared to obvious crap like The Psychedelic Furs, UB40 could pass very convincingly for the best group in the world, but on their turf they are seriously flawed. They are the one thing that no band which plays reggae music should ever be: enervating.

Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm going to have to do something to raise my spirits. I think it'll take both sides of the Peacock's International album just to get back to normal.

Charles Shaar Murray



On the Astro plane. *Pic: Justin Thomas*

THE DANSE SOCIETY
Seduction (Society)

AT LAST. . . new rock bands to get excited about. It's taken nearly two years for the lesson of Theatre Of Hate to filter through, two years of Kirk Brandon's brattish caterwauling stripping the paint off the new pop gloss, two years in which ToH themselves, having thrown their lot in with Mick Jones, failed to match the power and frenzy of their magnificent debut single 'Legion'.

But now, as Kirk himself calls a halt to try to find his bearings again, three groups are setting the pace: Bradford's excellent Southern Death Cult, Leeds' hard-headed March Violets, and Barnsley's Danse Society. Thankfully though, despite all living in Yorkshire it doesn't necessarily apply that they're in the slightest alike. What they have in common is simply their presence, now, shaking up the stagnancy.

The Danse Society are a strange quantity. Four sinewy Hate-clones fronted by a malevolent baby-faced Narcissus, you'd expect something . . . well, hot-blooded, like ToH or maybe The Doors. What you get, on first hearing at least, is disappointingly posed; anonymous synth rock that threatens to disappear into the gloomy void of post-Joy Division austerity. Meanwhile singer Steven Victor Rawlings (it says here) vocalises diffidently, trying fruitlessly to inject mystery and atmosphere by the repetition of a single phrase throughout an entire song. *"My heart missed another beat/My heart missed another beat/My heart. . ."* The sound of someone covering up for having nothing to say.

That was the first impression. And the second, and the third. But gradually, the more I played it, the more 'Seduction'. . . seduced me.

Suddenly, what seemed contrived seems inspired, what lacked focus now has a cold brilliance. The opening track 'Godsend', in particular (possibly because I've played it most), is surprisingly assured for a group making their debut LP on their own label.

It starts with a chant — a tape run backwards, like a synthesized Gregorian incantation. Through this faint, processional drone, spectral electronic noises emerge — guitar shivers, synth fog-horns — as all the while a high-pitched whine grows and grows until, with a vicious explosion, the drums and bass kick into a hard rock riff.

By now the synth has reached ear-bleeding pitch, and it's joined by a shrill Levene-like guitar, wailing together like sirens or the soundtrack to a haunting. As the track progresses, subliminal sounds intrude — something barking rhythmically like a mad dog, the whirring of helicopter blades — and between the electronic screech and the rocky base, Rawlings repeats and repeats the same phrase — something about God and nightmares, no matter how often he sings it you still can't decipher it. . .

Like the rest of the album, there's no way of knowing what it's actually 'about' — and I still think he's covering up. But the entire record exudes a sort of Teutonic precision that gives it a vague air of sado-masochism without descending to Banshee-like stridency. At the same time, their refined musical muscle is thankfully free of glib machismo.

Ulitimately, though, to make something truly worthwhile, The Danse Society will have to admit a certain humanity into their well-drilled precincts. If Rawlings can rise above the empty posturing that obsesses him here, they'll be irresistible.

Phil McNeill

BY GEORGE HE'S GOT IT

CULTURE CLUB
Kissing To Be Clever (Virgin)

FORGET WHAT you heard . . . about a sheep in wolf's clothing, about a two dimensional fashion plate, about a slavish camp follower in borrowed locks and lifestyle.

Boy George is an artful dodger and throughout this wonderful display of stylistic kleptomania, he never commits the crime of assuming that the blatant borrowing of musical artefacts is a short-cut to another culture. 'Kissing To Be Clever' is characterised by real application, enthusiasm and self-awareness; a serious intent with a sense of humour in its execution. Despite appearances, George is essentially a natural, and this is a self-proclaimed collection of "Black and white pop, for child ears" that are innocent of preconceptions.

The Boy must have learnt a lot about the pop incorporation of ethnic music during his short time as onstage extra to Annabella. Like Bow Wow Wow, there's an awful lot of everything in these nine songs. Similarly they've evolved an entirely original sound from a bewildering array of influences, a style that looks to other societies for its inspiration but recognises its contemporary place in pop. Culture Club are a little more conventionally funky and give themselves a gloss of smoother soul but Jon Moss, Roy Hay and Michael Craig insouciantly refuse to be bowed down by a crushing responsibility and a sterile sense of Western guilt. The result is an LP that's sure, sunny, joyous and as deceptively barbed as the Musical Youth video, sung with exceptional sweetness by the boy in the Sue Clowes clothes.

Culture Club might just as easily be called Gender Club as the linked sex symbols on the sleeve signify. Like Martin Fry, George kisses to be clever and he's perhaps more physical but just as besotted with the succession of lovers who flit through these songs. In the best and oldest pop tradition, he looks at life through the soft sparkle in someone else's eyes. A painted charmer with at least a thousand reasons to be cheerful, through his amours he articulates a great love of life that's all too easily lost: *"Black boys employ Selassie/we kiss we define . . . white boy dance/do something sweet/like pull my heart/like use your feet/like steal some culture/let's fake this dance . . ."* And from the fires of this romantic religion, there's some light spilt on a wider perspective, an implied philosophy from the personal.

Just as Culture Club in their easy, unpretentious way reflect the complex heartache of decay — the dual excitement and dismay of loss of faith, lack of identity and dissipation of purpose — so semi-consciously and without labouring any pompous point, they half-hint at hope, and it must be more than coincidence that Boy George listed Blue Mink's old black and white classic 'Melting Pot' in his recent *NME* consumer's guide.

Culture Club is a grand design but it's astutely conceived, not contrived or over-intellectualised. It's an instinctive response to complexity, an emotional response to a diverse wealth of stimuli. As lovely chart pop, which operates perfectly for its purpose without the need to consider any other implications, 'Kissing To Be Clever' is a delight for the stoical loneliness of 'Do You Really Want To Hurt Me', the transition to toasting on 'Love Twist', the steel band sounds on 'I'll Tumble 4 Ya', the big, golden feel of 'Take Control', the intricacies of 'I'm Afraid Of Me' . . .

You could call Culture Club the ultimate example and logical conclusion of the eclectic early '80s spirit of pop. You could say it comes from Africa and the Americas, Europe and the Caribbean. You might even add that it's the reassertion of the spirit of unity in an increasingly fragmented world. But this boy loves without a reason; and like George says, 'Kissing To Be Clever' is also just there to be enjoyed.

Lynn Hanna

George, joy of man's desire *Illustration by Ian Wright*

DAF: up to here in drear. *Pic: Anton Corbijn*

BOY'S TOWN DOPPELGANGER

DEUTSCH AMERIKANISCHE FREUNDSCHAFT
Fur Immer (Virgin)

ONCE AGAIN we're suspended in that intangible vacuum, between idea and realisation, between the bursting theory and grey actuality of DAF.

I've never cared greatly for the drear and unformed music DAF make, although it must be conceded that 'Fur Immer' is probably their best record, the most intensely performed and consistently created. It stings a little, here and there. The one previous episode I could actually warm to, the deceitful and modestly enraged 'Kebabtraume', appears here in a version that seems to mock their constructed teutonic associations — a chorus of young people join Gabi on the *"Deutschland! Deutschland!"* punchline as the beat hammers down joy like some all-consuming threnody.

The idea . . . it was a smart notion. Litanies of physical pleasure expressed in the tension between guttural voice and blank, reverberant machines; conveyor-belt parades of the martial insignia of youth — here it is haircuts, lips, princesses and the need to become beautiful — unfolded with the assurance of a perfect rhythm. Passions embodied in the ciphers of a rising rasp in the throat, the squirting electric tones of a song in slivers, the parallelograms of real and synthetic desire.

Except everything is so clean. Nothing is messily aflame. How can the intended interface between twitching emotion and its inhuman, mechanistic *doppelganger* evolve the possible ironies when so colourlessly, meanly laid out? After perhaps three or four of these glib little tattoos — all of which seem like extracts from some much longer composition, hacked-out chunks with no sensible start or end — the monotony grows. The vocalist snaps out his epithets of command, the musician overlays a theatrically dominant drum track with a synth grid of iron and steel and the tiresome wheels are wound up again.

No, this isn't the effluence from an amorist's psyche mirrored by the yearnings of machine-lust. Kraftwerk sorted that out with 'Neon Lights' and 'Computer Love' because they knew how to make their machines sing while their own voices took on the anodyne quality of speaking clocks. DAF have no grasp of that succinct irony — their pale constructions tick over at such speed that their luxuriance is lost to a race between singer and circuitry. Gabi finally sounds not so much overcome by the flight of sensual trance as plain out of breath.

DAF's most interesting trait was their attempt at organising abstraction. They never performed songs, preferring concoctions of switchback rhythm accompanied by singing that resembled a talkover gagging on cold sweat. It was the beat of pop music minus the music. They came a long way for a group born out of Can's 'Moonshake' but the theory grew very thin when stretched over so many records. An idea already starved to its bones could stand no further refinement: in this, its last incarnation, DAF have given it a final polish.

Maybe it wasn't such a smart idea after all.

Richard Cook

TIME IT WAS AND WHAT A TIME IT WAS

THE TIME
What Time Is It? (WEA Import)

THERE must be a millon and one soppy puns on a band called The Time, and after their debut album — one of the few originals to come out of musically beleaguered Black America last year — favourites in the Wordplay Handicap were 'Time Marches On', or even 'Time Lauds'.

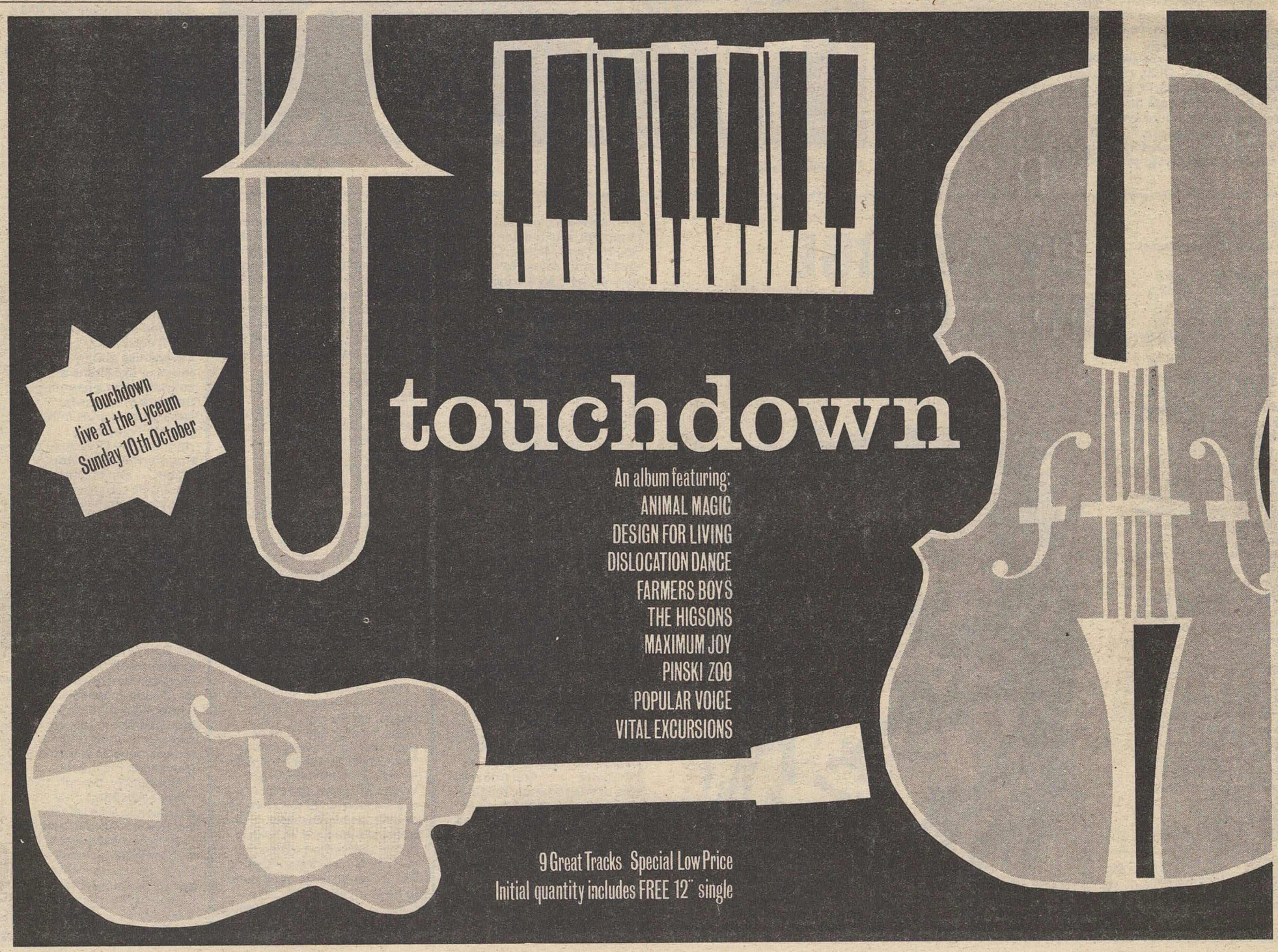
Sadly, though, even after six or seven listens, the answer to 'What Time Is It?' has got to be 'Time To Go'.

Where have they gone? Hollywood, in both body and soul. The group's previous stance, outrageously exaggerated cool, and macho, so absurd that no thinking person could do anything other than laugh, has given way to an equally ridiculous seriousness. The Time have decided that it is no longer a joke, and are telling us "Hey, we really are hip and fly" (I think that's the right expression!), leaving the listener brimming over with sorrow and pity instead of rolling around on the floor.

Flashes of leader Morris Day's Fonzie-style humour are still there in a couple of comic strip dialogues . . . *"Do you alway keep lingerie in your glove compartment?/Well, none of the ladies I know wear gloves!"* . . . *"Hey Morris, remember me? I phoned you last night/Yeah sure, I remember. You sure don't look as good as you sound!/Well I just stopped by to tell you that The Time's concert was the worst show I've ever seen!"* . . . but for the most part it's a dull example of egos at their worst.

Only two songs, 'Wild And Free' and 'The Walk', get anywhere near the jaunty, Princey funk'n'roll that The Time do so well, and both of them go on for about four minutes too long; the rest sound like serious attempts at serious concepts. Shame.

Whether this is the result of going to LA (where people will believe and expect you to act out whatever lies you want to tell about yourself, no matter how light-hearted they were in intent), or just an excess of success allowing the band to live out their darkest fantasies, I'm not sure; but let's hope that the next Time is a good Time, or that this Time is the last Time, because on last year's showing, Time is precious. And this is just a waste of Time! **Lloyd Bradley**



ROTTEN FRUIT FROM FAMILIAR PLACES

THE DAMNED
Strawberries (Polydor)

YOU DIDN'T *really* think they'd gone, did you? After all, it's only four years since their 'farewell' gig, and looking at Jimmy Pursey's Hams 69 who whined on for years after their 'break up', I'll give these lads another three bust-ups and reformations at least before they pack it in.

It's the music biz? *Music???* Oh come on! The Damned have never been in *that* game — the closest they got were a couple of toe-tapping pop songs back in the '70s.

On the other hand, they have had their positive points — they've been a subtle prod in the eye for all the bristling hardboiled, er, cored, woolly heads who latched onto 'The Punk Movement' in pursuit of identity or occupation. That The Damned never promised social emancipation or A Better Way Of Life is one up for them. But only one — not setting distinct objectives is no excuse for not reaching any, and as an album, 'Strawberries' reaches fewer goals than Hereford United.

But let's get the details out of the way. For a start, the scratch 'n' sniff strawberry is a big mistake. Ostensibly a cover for the whiff of decay? There's an unusual lyric sheet, though — the fact that I wouldn't display the words if I was responsible for their existence is hardly relevant.

The first song's a prime example. Set amidst enough heavy metal squeals and *"woah hoah hoah hoah"*s to bring Lemmy to shame, the lines *"Gonna hit the street, Grab that night beat, Gonna set the world alight, Gonna have some fun tonight"* leave me in serious doubt as to which side of '76 these boys are from.

Pic: Pennie Smith

Vanian: a whiff of decay?

'Progressing' through side one, we find new band member Roman Jugg (who should get either his name or his nose and ears changed) goes halfway towards enlivening the wishy washy melodies with his Greenfield orientated keyboards on 'Generals'. Next come the typical paranoic angst-ridden persecution laments in 'Stranger On The Town' ... you know, the old all alone in a sea of faces syndrome, with everyone casting the usual mean eye. Hardly standard Damned aggro, but after nearly seven years, who can blame them for feeling a teensy bit sorry for themselves?

Then there's 'Dozen Girls' where Vanian asks himself why the proverbial Other Man gets all the girls, and 'The Dog' where he answers himself in one of those 'stay away — she's evil' crooners where the only mentioned vice of his lechered-after *"tiny seductress"* is her (splutter) *"woman's mind so sharp and distinct." Women,* Dave? What grisly species are they?

Side two is only slightly less painful. 'The Pleasure And The Pain' has the same melancholic charms as The Stranglers last two singles but sinks into a lukewarm dirge after four or five chorus repeats. 'Life Goes On', with the Captain's peaceful bumbling philosophies, soothes and amuses, and, for its non-attempt at provoking (re)action, I'd say it's the best track on the album. Then the pleasantries end, chased out by the half-spirited stale pointedness of 'Gun Fury', the dead gusto of 'Bad Time', and the downright tedium of 'Under The Floor'.

This really is a miserable (w)retch of a record, spewing fourth enough nauseous 'nostalgia' to fill a book entitled 'Why The Damned Never Made It', without once touching any spirit. It seems they're doomed to regurgitating their history 'til the aftertaste becomes too bad to bear.

Leyla Sanai

THE NEATS
The Monkey's Head In The Corner Of The Room (Ace of Hearts US import)

Rick Harte's Ace Of Hearts label is a standard-bearer among American independents, offering consistent quality and a coherent vision.

His bands all make personalized pop music, strongly felt stuff, and Harte has the knack of coaxing the personalities out of the bands and getting them down on vinyl. Ace of Hearts isn't fashionable or widely known, largely because it's Boston-based and committed to Boston bands, and Boston isn't a "hip" city and isn't taken seriously in New York or Los Angeles. But from The Neighbourhoods to Mission Of Burma to The Lyres to The Neats, the label hasn't taken a wrong step yet.

This record, with seven songs, is something in between an album and an EP, and it's excellent. There are the classic pop virtues here — song construction, hooks, guitar interplay, lyrical imagery; and there are the personal touches that make a record unique — a dynamic exchange between softness and hardness, confrontation and evasion. There are echoes of the Beat Group canon — The Zombies come to my mind once or twice, others will come to yours. Certain things make me think of The Cure circa 'Killing An Arab' or 'Fire In Cairo' — The Neats have that kind of propulsion reaching towards poetry.

I'd fault the instrumental 'Pop Cliche' for going on too long and not being brash enough to entirely diffuse the implicit criticism of its name. But I've hummed along with 'Red And Grey' and vibrated to 'Same' and 'Lies', and I'm satisfied.

American pop isn't dead. It's just living in exile in basements in places like Boston - Athens - Hoboken - Minneapolis waiting for someone to ask it out.

Richard Grabel

LIGHTNING STRIKES

HIGH ENERGY
So Right (Motown)

THIS MUST be the soul equivalent of lovers' rock. Children playing about in the grown-up world, where their faces and voices render laughable the emotions and situations they are dealing with. Little girls trying mummy's shoes on . . .

Lloyd Bradley

DIZ AND THE DOORMEN
Bluecoat Man (Ace)

EXTRAORDINARY, loving evocation of the rolling, teasing New Orleans rock and roll created and popularised by men like Fats Domino, Huey Piano Smith and Professional Longhair. Diz Watson normally works with only bass and drums for support, but for this album a splendidly boisterous horn section has been drafted in to assist in the interpretation of songs by the artist, the above mentioned innovators and other culture heroes like Gatemouth Brown and Eddie Boyd. Check it out — you know a little dab'll do ya.

Charles Shaar Murray

TECHNO TWINS
Technostalgia (PRT)

A TRULY hideous record. A clothes peg on the nose is heartily recommended, the reek of quick-buck cash-in being strong enough to induce rapid nausea.

That the mentality responsible for the awful, bastardised, lowly hit version of 'Falling in Love Again' has now been given full rein for yet more crass 'electroizations' is truly despicable. Pinky and Perky synthetics, reedy and replete with dodgy sound effects, succeed in emasculating the cover versions and totally ridiculing the forgettable 'originals'.

A case for the humane killer.

James T. Kirk

THE BARCLAY TOWERS COMPILATION ALBUM
Scottish Kultchur (Supermusic)

THE COVER illustration shows an intrepid Englishman discovering an ancient race of cave-dwelling picts in lurid green and yellow. Very clever-clever sort of start, don't you think? Barclay Towers have obviously got something to say about Scottish culture. But alack, no. Once the chuckles from the cover picture have died away, 'Scottish Kultchur' attempt no foray into culture at all, preferring to proceed as a standard 'hicks from the far-out sticks' plus 'name' sellers album.

Star roles and more than a quarter of the vinyl space are claimed by The Rezillos and Boots For Dancing, leaving the likes of Itai Itai, Synthetic Dreams and Raj Academy to fight for the rest. I'm pleased, but only because it's got my favourite Scottish group on it (Another Pretty Face). Listen to 'Scottish Kultchur' if you must, but unless you've acquired a taste for a glut of bright, breezy and weightless pop, it might just leave you with that unsatisfied feeling.

Amrik Rai

STEPHANIE MILLS
Tantalizingly Hot (Casablanca)

ALMOST INTIMIDATINGLY healthy, wholesome, vitamin - picked and *loud* soul album. You sure Stephanie Mills was never in *Fame?*

Charles Shaar Murray

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GROVER WASHINGTON JR
Anthology (Motown)

COME AND get these memories! I mean, listen . . .

My number is Beechwood 4-5789, you can call me up for a date any old time . . . if there's a smile on my face, it's only there just to fool the public . . . Jimmy Mack, when are you coming back? . . . I may not be the one you want but I might just be the one you need . . . I see a house made of stone, a lonely house 'cause now you've gone, seven rooms, that's all it is . . . if I don't like you, but I love you . . . c'mon girl, reach out for me! . . . if you feel like giving me a lifetime of devotion . . . it doesn't matter what you wear just as long as you are there . . .

Getting warmer? Those are just lines, though, and with music like this words are what's left at the end, like chicken bones on the plate after a meal. What's gone before is sound, like the tambourine, drum and bass in 'Quicksand', the almost shocking degree of passion evinced by Smokey on 'I'm The One You Need', the galloping drums of 'Reach Out I'll Be There', the lilting, almost rock steady way lead Marvelette Gladys Horton sings the chorus of 'Playboy', the innumerable beautiful tenor breaks (try 'Quicksand' again), the way Smokey's voice shivers so deliciously around the 'hooooold me' section of 'You Really Got A Hold On Me', the horns at the beginning of 'Dancing In The Street', the James Jamerson bass on *everything*, Levi Stubbs' hoarse, exhortatory launch into the chorus of 'Standing In The Shadows Of Love' . . .

. . . and that's just a few moments of utter molten pleasure taken from *this* current batch of Motown reissues. We can, I think, omit Grover Washington's tepid, flatulent jazz-funk from the discussion; it's less of a Motown record than Fontella Bass' 'Rescue Me' was, and *that* came out on Chess. Double albums for the Tops and the Miracles; singles for The Marvelettes and Martha, a hundred and 20 examples of what used to be called The Sound Of Young America.

Motown music has been so all-pervasive in the last twenty years that you can almost forget it's there; you don't think about air very much unless it's polluted. Old Motown records surface regularly as if they were some form of natural phenomenon rather than the exquisitely crafted entertainment that they are. Motown music is punchy but unaggressive, passionate but rarely overwhelmingly emotional, sweet and silly and moving. In the '60s, ideologues of black music would criticise Motown for its trademark ability to travel anywhere, its passport to realms of acceptance denied to the harder Southern soul of Memphis or the blues of Chicago. (I never liked The Supremes much anyway. Otis 'n 'Retha ruled!)

Smokey & The Miracles: the ones you need

But that debate really did belong to the '60s. True, Motown was less confrontational, less churchy, less aggressive than Stax, but so what? Both survived: both are still fully functional musics for love and dancing and loving them is sweeter than ever.

Start with the most obscure: The Marvelettes never got the legend build-up, which is a shame, because lead singer Gladys Horton was a finer vocalist than Diana Ross and Martha Reeves put together. For some reason she never got the star treatment — you never saw 'Gladys Horton And The Marvelettes' anywhere, did you? — but she had a range that stretched from the sweet and trilling through to the gutsy and powerful, she had flexibility and empathy. 'Please Mr Postman' — which The Beatles covered on their second album — is the lead-off, but the album also contains exquisite performances like 'Playboy', 'Beechwood 4-5789', 'You're My Remedy', 'Too Many Fish In The Sea', 'The Hunter Gets Captured By The Game', 'My Baby Must Be A Magician' and 'A Breathtaking Guy'. Those, by the way, are just the biggies. What about 'Locking Up My Heart', 'Don't Mess With Bill' and 'Destination: Anywhere'? Gladys Horton — wherever you are — you were wonderful.

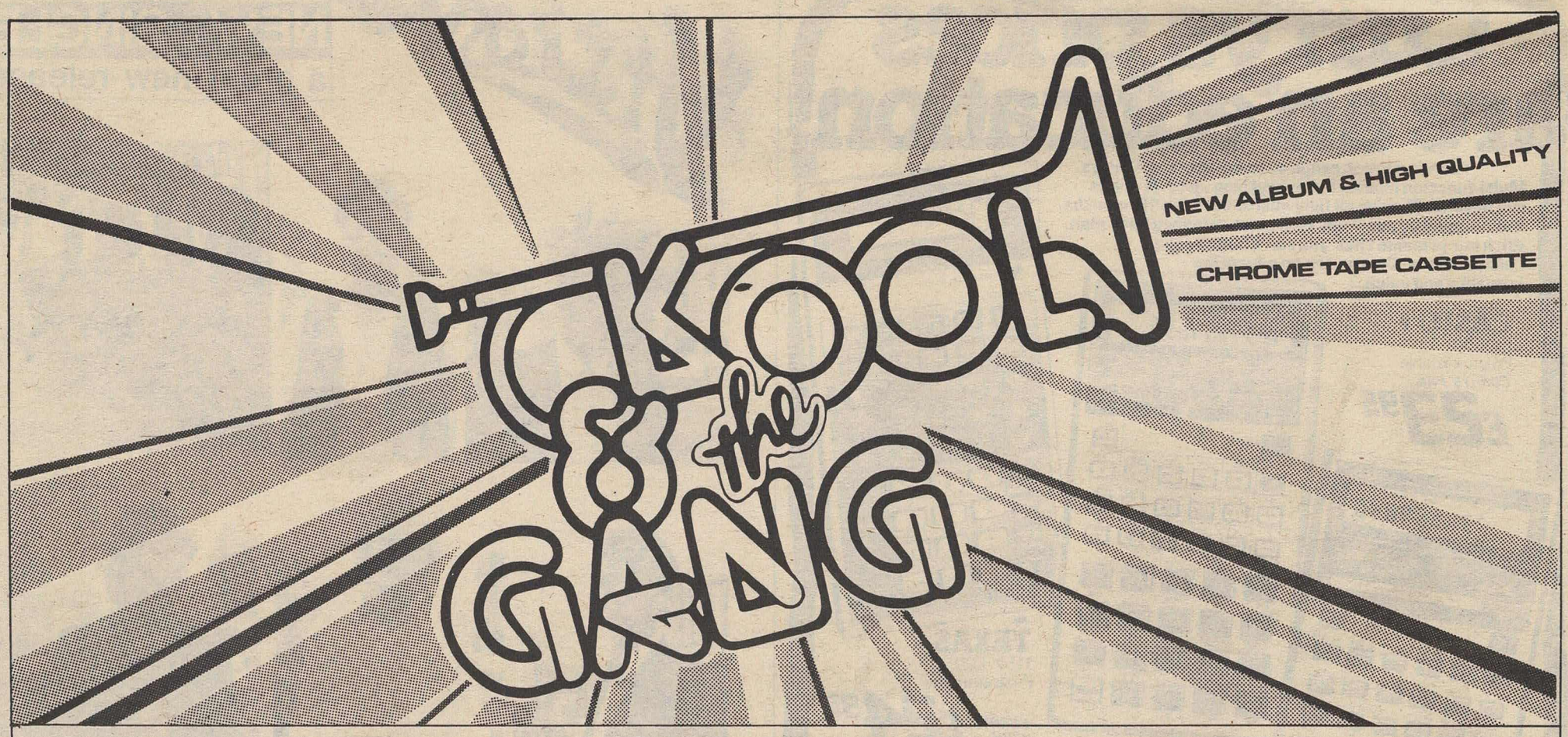
The Marvelettes had the benefit of an awful lot of Smokey Robinson and Marvin Gaye compositions, but both Martha & The Vandellas and The Four Tops owed their biggies to the Holland-Dozier-Holland writing / production team. From '63 to '67 (when the trio fell out with Motown), they kept the floors filled with extraordinary sounds: all of the great Martha singles (with the admittedly considerable exception of 'Dancing In The Street') came from them. 'Come And Get These Memories', 'Heatwave', 'Quicksand', 'In My Lonely Room', 'Nowhere To Run', 'I'm Ready For Love', 'Jimmy Mack' . . . you can't knock it! Unfortunately, the fact remains that if Martha & The Vandellas recorded anything of that standard after splitting with Eddie, Lamont and Brian, then compiler Gordon has omitted it. 'Honey Chile' don't count; close, but no cigar.

The Four Tops had so many hits that it's ridiculous; despite the limitations of the beefy, melodramatic orchestrations imposed on them and the comparatively narrow range of Levi Stubbs' vocal approach, the effect of a bunch of these epics coming at you without a break is quite considerable. Take a deep breath: 'Baby I Need Your Loving', 'Ask The Lonely', 'I Can't Help Myself', 'It's The Same Old Song', 'Shake Me, Wake Me (When It's Over)', 'Loving You Is Sweeter Than Ever', 'Reach Out I'll Be There', 'Standing In The Shadows Of Love', 'Seven Rooms Of Gloom', 'I'll Turn To Stone', 'You Keep Running Away' . . . the cumulative effect is *serious.*

It's the first album of the double which contains all the heavy stuff, the second containing the tunes you probably won't want to refer to that often, like 'MacArthur Park' and 'River Deep Mountain High' performed with The Supremes, but even there you find Smokey's wonderful 'Still Water'.

Ahhhm. Smokey. One of Motown's three self-sustaining geniuses — Wonder and Gaye completing the triumvirate — Smokey

● *Continues page 56*



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Nov. 20th	Liverpool – University Mountford Hall	Dec. 6th	Nottingham – Royal Concert Hall
Nov. 22nd	Swansea – Brangwyn Hall	Dec. 7th	Glasgow Apollo
Nov. 23rd	Cardiff University – The Great Hall	Dec. 8th	Edinburgh Playhouse
Nov. 24th	Slough – Fulcrum Theatre	Dec. 9th	Aberdeen Capital
Nov. 26th	Loughborough University	Dec. 10th	Dundee – Caird Hall
Nov. 27th	Sheffield University	Dec. 11th	Sunderland Poly
Nov. 29th	Leicester – De Montfort Hall	Dec. 12th	Middlesbrough Town Hall
Nov. 30th	Southport Theatre	Dec. 13th	Sheffield City Hall
Dec. 1st	Bournemouth – Winter Gdns.	Dec. 14th	Leeds – Queens Hall
Dec. 2nd	London – Dominion Theatre	Dec. 15th	Carlisle – Market Assembly Hall
Dec. 3rd	Oxford – Apollo Theatre	Dec. 16th	Manchester Apollo
Dec. 4th	Birmingham University	Dec. 17th	Newton Aycliffe – Recreation Centre

Sole Representation I.T.B.

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Like a Rollins tone *Pic: Val Wilmer*

NEWK'S POWER

JAZZ BY RICHARD COOK

THE BLUE NOTE REISSUES

IF I had a reissue dream, it is to have the entire Blue Note catalogue available again.

"The finest in jazz since 1939," and it was no idle boast. Blue Note treated innovative black music with a fraternal respect: they dressed their discs in sumptuous sleeves and recordings of riveting presence, but they never hocked excitement for featureless pyrotechnics. Their roster was loaded with red meat, not delicatessen fancy, and they built a stockade of LPs which double as lucky dip thrill or a painless course in the trail of bop to the new thing.

Since its demise as an independent operation, fluctuating availability has allowed only peeps into Blue Note's vault; now EMI, via a series of French imports, are making a substantial chunk easily acquirable at domestic prices, 21 in the first batch. Every one is good, some are great and a few clock in as hands-down masterpieces.

'The Amazing **Bud Powell** Vols 1 & 2' are in that select number. Three sessions over 1949-53, one with Fats Navarro and the teenage Rollins and two for trio, chisel Powell's chilling trade in emotional flux with such ecstatic assurance that joy and torment blur their separations. In three breathtaking takes of 'Un Poco Loco' the piano leaps, bucks the inflexibility of fixed pitch and unfolds variations of increasing humidity that eventually floor the jaunty beam of the rhythm.

'Glass Enclosure' broods in four suits, an impenetrable setpiece unlike anything else Powell made, and the uninhibited swing of numbers like 'Reets And I' is matched in the mezzanine structures of the ballad form — 'Over The Rainbow' shimmers but above all 'It Could Happen To You' distills an understanding seldom glimpsed in keyboard recomposition.

Superlatives tend to overcrowd a critique of this music. Blue Note's triumph was in presenting meat-and-potatoes virility and sweltering excitement with the kind of class jazz had rarely been treated with in record form. The coverage of **Horace Silver** and **Art Blakey and The Jazz Messengers** is typical — the spearhead of hard bop in the '50s was aided immeasurably by Blue Note's sympathetic approach, live and studio sessions accruing parallel states of electricity, brilliantly captured by their master engineer Rudy Van Gelder. The clarity and punch of the two-LP 1954 recording 'A Night At Birdland' by Blakey's group crackles across nearly thirty years with an undiminished spark, Clifford Brown's devastating prowess, with its aura of a man effortlessly in excelsis because he had no other choice, is as torch-bright now as then: the gorgeously debonair reading of 'Once In A While' is only one course of a feast, and the old tiger behind the kit enjoys himself as much as anyone. Even Lou Donaldson's caged Bird Mannerisms are swept up in the thrill.

Silver's two records in this batch were cut nearly ten years apart. 'Horace Silver And The Jazz Messengers' features his last turn with Blakey, a bumptious and rock-rolling set with Kenny Dorham's trumpet parlaying a forgotten man's recovery and the similarly neglected Hank Mobley — whose own 'Soul Station' and 'Peckin' Time' should surely reappear in this alley — pushing his shy and feathery tenor lines.

It's the second spring of 'Song For My Father' that sounds best. Every pitch in Silver's climate is registered here: the title song's persuasion of linear rebop (and hear where 'Rikki Don't Lose That Number' was born — right here); the way the horn players — Joe Henderson in 'Que Pasa' and the terrific Carmell Jones in 'The Kicker' — are inspired to countermand the innate simplicity of the themes; and the way the sinews of a progression are left unembellished ('Lonely Woman') and still chalk out the deepest passion in the blues.

All of Silver's important records are on Blue Note, but many stayed only for brief encounters. **Miles Davis** made just two records as leader (he turns up on **Cannonball Adderley**'s excellent 'Somethin' Else' session and outblows everybody while speaking in morse and silence — her 'Love For Sale' for the lyricism of deprivation) and the 24 tracks cut a pivotal point (1952-3-4) in a career that was on the brink of possessing the core of jazz.

Davis was the coming man then. The tracks are ill-assorted, personalised by uncertain decisions, instantaneous brilliance, tweaks of charm and the feel that the trumpeter was slitting the skin on notions the express pace of hard bop had hidebound. The quartet tracks (Silver and Blakey again — you never had a slack rhythm section on Blue note) lay out the print best — a swinger like 'Lazy Susan' showed how Davis' way with funky phrasing was moving up, and the lights-out warmth of 'It Never Entered My Mind' feels like a faithful glow of constancy.

With Monk hidden away at home (his 'Genius Of Modern Music' records I've discussed separately) and too idiosyncratic to play leader anyway, and Parker dead by 1955, only **Sonny Rollins** could match Miles' kingly status. The great tenorman made four Blue Notes, three of which are in this set. 'Sonny Rollins' and 'Volume 2' have him in quintet formats. Monk turns up on the second and the pairing is sometimes unfathomable, sometimes hilarious. 'Misterioso' is the blues in chimes and Sonny wolfs it down — barks, guffaws and the splenetic holler hammer open the locks of melancholy before the pianist's outrageous reply. 'Reflections' is another world, the slow setpiece for the tenorist's patented majesty undone — with respect, though — by harmonies so oblique and still so dignified from the keyboard others would surrender, aghast. Not Rollins.

I'd almost forgotten how great he is. 'Sonny Rollins' is exciting enough, with 'Sonnysphere' an entire sky of fireworks and 'How Are Things In Glocca Morra, gentle beyond its trite source, but the real pearl is the 'Newk's Time' session. Tenor and rhythm alone lead to a staunchless flow of ideas:

■ *continues page 56*

STRAWBERRIES

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Friday	8th October	BATH	Pavilion
Saturday	9th October	PLYMOUTH	Polytechnic
Sunday	10th October	CARDIFF	Top Rank
Monday	11th October	LONDON	Hammersmith Odeon
Tuesday	12th October	BIRMINGHAM	Tower Ballroom
Thursday	14th October	NEWCASTLE	Mayfair
Friday	15th October	GLASGOW	Tiffanys
Sunday	17th October	SHEFFIELD	Lyceum
Monday	18th October	MANCHESTER	Apollo
Tuesday	19th October	LIVERPOOL	Royal Court

NME tour NEWS

Reggae package in UK encore jaunt

THE REGGAE package featuring Matumbi, Max Romeo and Horace Andy — which played a string of sell-out gigs in Britain, prior to leaving for the Continent — returns to the UK this weekend to begin a further series of dates. So far set are Huddersfield Cleopatra's (this Saturday), Oxford Apollo (October 11), Glasgow Apollo (12), Belfast Queen's University (13), Reading Central Club (16), Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's (18), London Victoria The Venue (19), Manchester Apollo (20), Nottingham Palais (21) and Brighton Top Rank (24.) To coincide, Max Romeo has re-recorded his smash hit 'Wet Dream' and — coupled with 'War Ina Babylon' — it's being rush released as a 12-inch disco single on his new Solid Groove Records label (distributed by Stage One.)

— AND HEAVIER PACKAGING

A PACKAGE show featuring G.B.H., The Destructors, Abrasive Wheels and Blitz goes on the road later this month, after playing a London showcase tonight (Thursday) at the Lyceum Ballroom. Dates are Birmingham Bingley Hall (October 22), Manchester Apollo (23), Cardiff Top Rank (27), Newcastle Mayfair (28), Ipswich Gaumont (31), Oxford Apollo (November 1), Liverpool Empire (2), Plymouth Fiesta (15), Portsmouth Guildhall (16), Hitchin Regal (17), Brighton Centre (20), Poole Arts Centre (21), Leicester De Montfort Hall (22), Derby Assembly Rooms (23), Swansea Top Rank (24), Glasgow Apollo (27), Sheffield Lyceum (28), Reading Top Rank (December 1) and Bristol Colston Hall (3).

CIRCUIT BELLES

THE BELLE STARS — currently aiming to complete a hat-trick of chart entries with their new Stiff single 'Mockingbird', as the follow-up to 'Iko Iko' and 'The Clapping Song' — set out later this month on a six-week tour, their first major outing since last year. Their schedule includes three London dates, one of them a prestige headliner at the Lyceum Ballroom, and their debut album — as yet untitled — will be released to coincide. Further dates have still to be finalised, but those confirmed so far are:

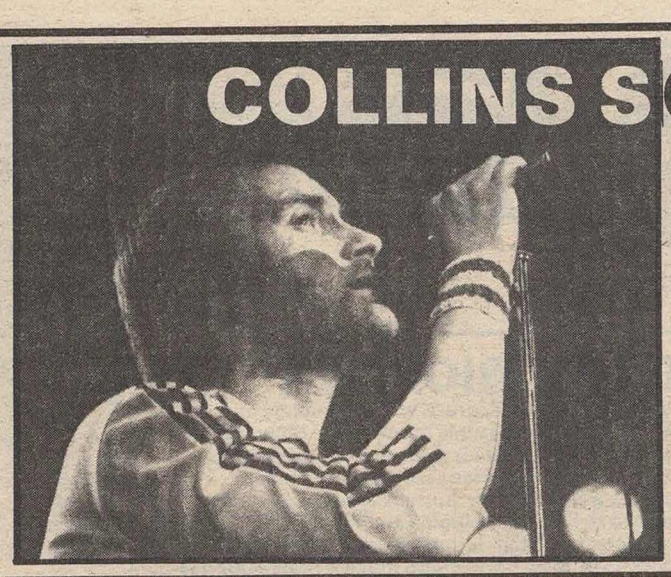
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's (October 20), York Derwent College (21), London North Polytechnic (22), Colchester Essex University (23), Reading Bridges Hall (29), London New Cross Goldsmiths College (30), Leeds University (November 3), Sheffield Lyceum (4), Hitchin The Regal (5), Southampton University (6), Chippenham Goldiggers (8), London Strand Lyceum (11), Uxbridge Brunel University (12), Great Yarmouth Tiffany's (13), Coventry Warwick University (18), Oxford Polytechnic (19), Cardiff University (20), Newcastle Polytechnic (26) and Salford University (27).

RONDO ALLEGRO

BLUE RONDO have confirmed more dates in support of their new Virgin album 'Chewing The Fat', for October 22 release. They play Glasgow Strathclyde University (October 30), Arbroath Smokies (31), Liverpool Pickwick's Club (November 2), Dartford Flicks (4), Canvey Island Goldmine (5), Reading Univeristy (9), Cardiff Nero's (10), Torquay 400 Ballroom (12), Leicester Polyarena (13), Leeds Warehouse (14), Sunderland Fusion (18) and Norwich Penny's Club (19).

FELIX KEEPS ON WALKING

JULIE FELIX flies in from the States to headline an autumn tour, promoted by Allied Artists Management. Dates confirmed so far are Carlise Coach House (October 13), Barrow Civic Hall (14), Kendal Brewery Arts Centre (15), Keswick Century Theatre (16), Broxbourne Civic Hall (17), Instow Lobster Pot (23), Wallingford Corn Exchange (24), London Putney Half Moon (25), Newport I.o.W Community Theatre (26), Shrewsbury Music Hall (27), Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre (29), Milton Keynes Wavendon Stables (30), Bristol Yesterdays Club (November 1), Yeovil Johnson Hall (2), London Lambeth Nettlefold Hall (3), London Woolwich Tramshed (4), Ilford Kenneth More Theatre (7) and Dartford Orchard Theatre (11).



COLLINS SOLO CONCERTS

PHIL COLLINS is to play a string of London concerts — without his Genesis colleagues. The shows are at Hammersmith Odeon on November 28, 29, 30 and December 1, and they are his only UK dates in a short European tour, which ties in with the release by Virgin of his new single 'Thru These Walls' (out this weekend) and his second solo album 'Hello . . . I Must Be Going' (November 5.)

The shows are billed as "Phil Collins In Concert With The Fabulous Jacuzzis and The One Neat Guy" — the Jacuzzis are basically the musicians with whom he worked on both solo albums, while the neat guy is expected to be a different guest each night. After the British dates, Collins undertakes a short North American tour with the same backing line-up.

Musicians on stage will be Daryl Stuermer (guitar), Mo Foster (bass), Peter Robinson (keyboards), Chester Thompson (drums) and Earth Wind & Fire's horn section of Don Myrick, Louis Satterfield, Rhamlee Michael Davis and Michael Harris (The Phoenix Horns). Hammersmith tickets are available immediately.

Yazoo, Whitesnake, Mari, McGarrigles: extra gigs

YAZOO have virtually sold out the whole of their debut tour, exclusively reported by *NME* two weeks ago, so they have now added a second night at London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion. It's on Tuesday, November 23, and tickets are on sale now — but you'd better hurry!

WHITESNAKE have added another date to their Christmas and Hogmanay tour, announced last week. It's at Leicester De Montfort Hall on December 23, and tickets are on sale now priced £5 and £4.

THE ALARM have netted the support spot on the current UK tour by The Beat. And to coincide, Faulty Records are releasing the band's second single, a three-tracker on which the A-side is 'Marching On'.

RONNIE HAWKINS & The Hawks play a one-off London date at Camden Dingwalls on Thursday, October 14. The near-legendary rocker is visiting Britain primarily to headline a three-day holiday camp event this weekend, and this will be his only other appearance.

MARI WILSON, currently flying high with her single 'Just What I've Always Wanted', has added more dates to her current gig series. Together with The Wilsations, she plays Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (October 24), Brighton Top Rank (25), Exeter University (26), Leeds Polytechnic (28), London Hammersmith Palais (31) and Great Yarmouth Tiffany's (November 1). Nottingham University has been re-scheduled from October 26 to 29, and Newcastle University (30) is postponed.

SOUTHERN DEATH CULT and Urban Skakedown are playing a special concert tonight (Thursday) at London Brixton Ace Cinema, which is being filmed by the new Channel 4 TV. It starts at 6pm and, in order to ensure a full house at short notice, admission is free.

MILLIE JACKSON, whose London concerts at Hammersmith Odeon on November 5 and 6 have already been reported, will now also play Liverpool Empire on November 3. This extra show is expected to be filmed by Granada-TV. To coincide with her visit, Polydor release her new album 'Hard Times' on October 29, as well as a single lifted from the LP titled 'Special Occasion.'

LEVEL 42 are to headline at London Hammersmith Odeon on Sunday, November 7 (tickets on sale now priced £4.50, £4 and £3.50) — and this will be part of a major British tour throughout that month, full details of which are promised for next week. This will aid promotion of their current Polydor album 'The Pursuit Of Accidents' and single 'Weave Your Spell'.

THE McGARRIGLES, whose show a London's Dominion Theatre on October 25 was announced two weeks ago, have now slotted in four provincial dates — Aldeburgh Snape Maltings (October 15), Edinburgh Usher Hall (16), Durham University (17) and Lancaster University (18).

B.B. are a new band formed by Jo Burt (vocals and bass) and Stevie B (guitar), who were formerly with Sector 27. And they've landed themselves the support spot on the Kim Wilde UK tour, which started earlier this week. They're managed by John Reid, who is at present finalising a worldwide recording deal for them.

THE NOLANS undertake an autumn concert tour, promoted by Kennedy Street Enterprises. They visit Scarborough Futurist (November 6), Newcastle City Hall (7), Sheffield City Hall (8), Ipswich Gaumont (9), Preston Guildhall (11), Warrington Spectrum (12), Bradford Alhambra (14), Oxford Apollo (15), Birmingham Odeon (16), Edinburgh Playhouse (19), Aberdeen Capitol (20), Glasgow Pavilion (21), Manchester Palace (22), Portsmouth Guildhall (24), Brighton Dome (25), Southampton Gaumont (26), Bristol Colston Hall (28), London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion (29 and 30), Leicester De Montfort Hall (December 2) and Liverpool Empire (3).

KING TRIGGER have added another handful of dates to their current UK tour — at Cardiff University (this Saturday), Norwich Gala Ballroom (October 11), Durham University (15), Retford Porterhouse (16) and London Victoria The Venue (28). Their new single 'Temptation' is released by Chrysalis this weekend, with an extended version available as a 12-incher.

THE PASSAGE, currently touring to promote their new Cherry Red single 'Wave', are appearing this Sunday (10) at London Hammersmith Odeon as special guests of The Psychedelic Furs. And their own London headliner at Victoria The Venue, with The Nightingales supporting, has been moved back from October 26 to November 1.

INTI-ILLIMANI play a rare London concert at the Dominion, Tottenham-Court Road, on October 31 (tickets £6, £5 and £4), presented by the Chile Solidarity Campaign. The group are the foremost exponents of the "new Chilean song movement", and have recently gained a greater following over here by way of their soundtrack music for the BBC-2 documentary *Flight Of The Condor*. Guesting in the concert is Spanish guitarist Paco Pena.

PAUL FOX — the Ruts DC guitarist who's recently teamed with Rat Scabies in the Foxes & Rats outfit — reverts to the rock'n'roll era with his latest occasional band The Screaming Lobsters, who launch into action at London Fulham Greyhound this Saturday (9). Two other Ruts members are also gigging — Dave Ruffy is on the road this month with Aztec Camera, while Segs is in Paris with French band Lili Drop.

AZTEC CAMERA maintain their weekly habit of adding still more dates to their current tour. Two new Scottish gigs are at Kilwinning Flicks Disco (this Sunday) and Hamilton Park Lane Disco (October 11), while also newly confirmed is Exeter University on October 20.

Comsats at Lyceum

THE COMSAT ANGELS top the bill in a four-band show at London Strand Lyceum on Sunday, October 17 — the other three acts being The Sound, Blue Orchids and New Model Army. Tickets are £3.

THE DAMNED have slotted two more dates into their current tour achedule — at Fife St. Andrew's University (October 16) and Norwich East Anglia University (20).

KID CREOLE & The Coconuts make their weekly appearance on these pages, this time with a couple of date changes. Their sell-out show at Manchester Apollo on October 15 has been postponed until December 1, because of commitments in Germany — existing tickets remain valid for the revised date, though refunds may be obtained if desired. To accommodate this switch, their Leeds show moves from Queen's Hall on December 1 to the University on December 2. Finally, they've added a return visit to Sheffield Lyceum on December 3, and tickets are on sale now.

MISTY IN ROOTS, whose UK tour was reported four weeks ago, have added a date at Galashiels College on October 14. They were originally due to play Dundee University on that date, but that venue has now been switched to October 15.

BIG COUNTRY, the band launched by Skids guitarist and writer Stuart Adamson, are playing a series of Scottish dates to aid promotion of their current Phonogram single 'Harvest Home'. They visit Edinburgh Coasters (October 15), Kilwinning Flicks Disco (17), Hamilton Park Lane Disco (18), Stirling Avant Garde (19), Aberdeen Valhallas (20), East Kilbride Bruce Hotel (21), Glasgow Strathclyde University (23), Kelso Cross Keys Hotel (24), Dunfermline Glen Pavilion (25) and Dundee Dance Factory (26).

Trouble for Durutti

ANY TROUBLE have taken over the support spot on the current John Martyn tour, which continues until the latter part of this month. They've taken over from Durutti Column, who've been forced to withdraw because Vini Reilly — the band's lead singer — is suffering from Anorexia Nervosa, and he'll be out of action for some time.

THE FUREYS & DAVEY ARTHUR, the Irish group who scored last year with their version of 'When You Were Sweet Sixteen', play Swindon Wyvern (tonight, Thursday), Plymouth Theatre Royal (Friday), Cardiff St. David's Hall (Sunday), Bradford St. George's Hall (October 12), Birmingham Town Hall (13), Stockport Davenport (14), London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion (15) and Hayes Beck Theatre (17).

ORCHESTRE JAZIRA, the African highlife band, play five major London dates this month — Victoria the Venue with Pulsallama (October 14), an Afro International gala at Tottenham Town Hall (16), Camden Dingwalls (20), a benefit for the Chile Committee of Human Rights at Camden Centre (22) and a concert at the Drill Hall, W.C.1 (30). Out of town, they play Exeter University with Pigbag (October 12) and Coventry Warwick University (November 4). Their debut single 'Love' will be issued on the Earthworks label to coincide.

THIN MEN, the fast rising Canterbury band, are in action at Canterbury Art College (tonight, Thursday), High Wycombe Nags Head (October 14), London Greenwich Mitre (15), London Strand King's College (18), London Cricklewood Hogs Grunt (21), Exeter University (24), Birmingham University (November 4), London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (5), Manchester University (12), London Covent Garden School of African Studies (26) and Slough Studio One (29).

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ABBA: THE SINGLES

ABBA release a double compilation album through Epic on November 5, marking their tenth anniversary in the business. Title is 'Abba — The Singles: The First Ten Years', and it contains 21 of their biggest hits, plus two new songs. One of these new songs is 'The Day Before You Came', and it appears this weekend as their latest single, coupled with 'Cassandra'.

HALL & OATES, who begin their UK concert series next week, release their new album 'H20' on RCA tomorrow (Friday). Out on the same day is a single from the album, titled 'Man Eater'.

VISAGE release 'Pleasure Boys' as their new Polydor single on October 15, coupled with a remix of the title track from their LP 'The Anvil'. Their next album is scheduled for January.

PETER GABRIEL releases his first-ever picture disc this week on Charisma. It's a limited edition, and retails at normal singles price. Titles are 'Shock The Monkey' and 'Soft Dog'.

GILLAN have their new single 'Long Gone' released by Virgin on October 15 — it's taken from their current 'Magic' album, though the B-side 'Fiji' is previously unissued. Virgin say the special packaging is far too spectacular for them to describe, though apparently it reflects the "magic" theme.

LINDA RONSTADT's first album for nearly 2½ years, her eighth for Asylum, is released this weekend — titled 'Get Closer'. It includes guest appearances by Emmylou Harris, Dolly Parton, Andrew Gold, James Taylor and Lindsey Buckingham.

PETER HAMMILL has signed a long-term deal with Naive Records, the new label launched by Gordion Troeller and Steve Baker, with distribution through Spartan. His new album 'Enter K' (his 21st since leaving Van Der Graaf) is released this weekend, as is his single 'Paradox Drive'.

KOOL & THE GANG preface their mid-October UK concerts by releasing their latest single this weekend on De-Lite Records (through Phonogram). Titled 'Ooh La La La (Let's Go Dancin')', it's taken from their new album 'As One', and is also available as a 12-inch.

DIANA ROSS has her latest studio album 'Silk Electric' released by Capitol next Monday (11). It features ten songs, four of them written by Diana, who also produced all but one of the tracks — the exception being 'Muscles', written and produced by Michael Jackson, which is issued as a single the same day.

Pinnacle of success

PINNACLE announce another batch of label signings and, as a result, release the singles 'Face To Face' by the *Maddy Prior Band* (via Plant Life Records), 'Ashes To Ashes' by *Limelight* (via Future Earth) and 'When I'm Dead And Gone' by *Dave Kelly* of The Blues Band (via Cool King). New albums include 'Steel The Stars' by Scottish band *Hologram* (via Phoenix) and 'Labyrinth' by *Kit Watkins* of Camel (via Strawberry and Uniton Records of Norway) — and they'll also be distributing nationally the *Julie Felix* album 'Colours In The Rain', which was recorded in Sweden. Among other acts joining the label roster are *Laurel Aitken* and *No Dice*.

record NEWS

LIVE TELEVISION SET

ROIR (Reachout International Records), who deal solely in cassettes, have four new releases this month. 'The Blow Up!' is the first material from **Television** for three years, and the tracks for the 85-minute live set were personally selected by Tom Verlaine. 'Singles' is a compilation tape showcasing such New York acts as **Richard Hell & The Voidoids** and **Patti Smith**. 'Do Or Die' is a **Nico** cassette, recorded during her last European tour. And 'Stone Killers' is by New York ghetto funkers **Prince Charles & The City Beat Band**. UK distribution is by Red Rhino, and retail price should be around £4 each.

● **The Cocteau Twins**, whose 'Garlands' album has been prominent in the indie charts for almost three months, now release an EP called 'Lullabies' on 4AD Records. The three new tracks are 'Feathers — Oar — Blades', 'All But An Ark Lark' and 'Alas Dies Laughing'.

● East London rock band **Eraserhead** have their debut album issued on October 15 by Flicknife Records, distributed by Pinnacle. Title is 'The Rumble Of The East'.

● The soundtrack music from the film *Blade Runner*, performed by the **New American Orchestra**, is released by WEA International on October 15. It was composed by Vangelis, who was recently acclaimed for his *Chariots Of Fire* music.

● **Mike Rutherford's** new WEA single, issued on October 15, features two tracks from his current album 'Acting Very Strange' — they are the title track coupled with 'Couldn't Get Arrested'. There are extended versions on both sides of the 12-incher.

● **Gasper Lawal**, the Nigerian percussionist who's now fronting his Africa Drum Oro Band, has signed a pressing and distribution deal with Rough Trade for his own Cap Records label. The deal covers his LP 'Ajomase' and the disco 45 'Kita Kita', both released this weekend.

● **Richard Cottle** — the musician who, among many activities, backs Dollar — releases a disco version of 'Barwick Green' through WEA on October 15. And if that title is vaguely familiar to you, you're right — it's the theme from Radio 4's *The Archers*.

● Los Angeles teen-metal band **Motley Crue** have their self-named debut album issued by Atlantic on October 15 — and the label assures us, with great glee, that the nine tracks are all very loud indeed.

● American soul singer **Gwen McCrae** has her new single out on Atlantic next weekend, 'Keep The Fire Burning' / 'Funky Sensation'. It comes in both 7" and 12" formats, the latter featuring extended versions of both tracks.

● Whaam Records of Chelsea predict great things for their two new signings, and are rushing out debut singles by both of them — 'Modesty Blaise' / 'Sunny Honey Girl' by **Direct Hits** from South London, and 'Heavens Above!' / 'Tea-Time Tales' by Glasgow band **The Pastels**. Distribution is by Pinnacle and Rough Trade.

● Next Monday (11), Snat Records release the first **Radio Stars** single for two years, titled 'My Mother Said'. And on October 18, the same label issues the single 'Little Plum' by former Curved Air violinist **Darryl Way**.

● **The Business** have signed a long-term deal with Secret Records, who will release the band's debut album 'Loud, Proud And Punk' in early November. A single will follow soon afterwards.

● Clive Stanhope has resigned as general manager of Trojan Records in order to launch CSA Records, a label specialising in reggae. First two albums out this week are 'Just The Two Of Us' by **John Holt** — and 'Uhuru In Dub', mixed in Jamaica by Prince Jammy and featuring the rhythms of a **Black Uhuru** album, with **Sly Dunbar** and **Robbie Shakespeare** on drums and bass respectively.

● 'Ache' is the second album by notorious San Francisco seven-piece **You've Got Foetus On Your Breath**. It's on Self Immolation Records, available through Rough Trade from next week.

● **Howard Werth**, formerly lead singer with Audience, releases his single '4D Man' this weekend on his own Metabop label (a division of Demon Records). His album 'Six Of One ... And Half A Dozen Of The Other', produced by Will Birch, follows on October 22.

● The single 'Cowboy In Paris' by **Stu Stevens**, a smash hit in Europe where it's already sold two million copies, is now available here on the Crazy Viking label (distributed by I.D.S.) in both 7" and 12". From the same source comes another European No. 1, 'Lavender Blue' by **Mac Kissoon**.

● **Patrik Fitzgerald's** new album is 'Gifts And Telegrams', released by Red Flame Records on October 15. A single from the LP, titled 'Personal Loss', is out this week.

ARCHIE POOLE

Pooling talents

THE black multi-media group R.A.P.P. (Radical Alliance of Poets and Players) incorporates poetry, music and drama into its performances — and elements of all three are contained in its debut album 'Wicked City', issued this weekend by Y Records (through Rough Trade). Much of the record features poetry by founder member Archie Pool, spoken and sung by him, and backed by top reggae musicians including Aswad's Angus Gaye. The remainder of the LP consists of a play performed by the R.A.P.P. collective, which "exposes the routine hypocrisy of the British system of justice."

● Canadian band **Men Without Hats** have their debut album 'Rhythm Of Youth' issued this week by Statik Records (through Stage One). And the first UK single from San Francisco group **Voice Farm** is 'Double Garage' on Alternative Tentacles (through Rough Trade).

● **Annie Lennox** and **David A Stewart** of Eurythmics are working in the studio with Chris (Carter) and Cozy (Fani Tutti) from Throbbing Gristle, with a view to releasing some material by the foursome in the near future. Meanwhile, **Eurythmics** themselves — who've just issued a new RCA single 'Love In A Stranger' — are planning live dates from late November onwards.

● **Victims Of Pleasure** have recorded a new version of 'When You're Young', which originally appeared on their own PAM label two years ago. It's issued this weekend by Rialto Records.

● Recommended Records release a 12-inch mini-LP by new Dutch group **The Black Sheep**, fronted by Geoff Leigh (formerly of Henry Cow and Red Balune), with a full-length album to follow shortly. Two albums upcoming on the same label are 'Theme On Hunger' by **Sema** and 'Corrected Slogans' by **Red Crayola** — plus the single 'don't Be Desperate' by Canadian group **One Of You**.

● Bristol punk label Riot City have signed a distribution deal with Pinnacle, though they will also continue their existing deal with Revolver. First to benefit are the eight-track 12-inch EP 'Perdition' by **Disorder** and the single 'Violent Visions' by **The Undead** — plus the compilation LP 'Hell Comes To Your House', featuring 11 American punk bands, which appears on the label's offshoot Riot State Records.

● Worcestershire band **The Dancing Did** release their debut album 'And Did Those Feet', which they produced themselves, on Kamera Records. Incidentally, Did is a local nickname for a traveller, derived from Romany language.

● This weekend sees the release of the second solo offering by **Stephen Mallinder** of Cabaret Voltaire. It's a mini-LP called 'Pow Wow', and it's on Fetish Records.

● **Triston Palma** has emerged as one of the best "new generation" singers from Jamaica, and his latest album 'Joker Smoker' is issued by Greensleeves Records this week. Backing is by Roots Radics, and the set was produced by Jah Thomas.

● 101 Records maintain their policy of showcasing relatively new acts by issuing a double compilation album called 'Journey Without Maps'. It features 18 new bands, plus an early recording by **The Fixx**, and has a recommended price of £3.99. It's available through Rough Trade — or direct from 101 Records, 53A Hereford Road, London W2.

BAUHAUS FREEBEE

BAUHAUS have their new LP 'The Sky's Gone Out' released by Beggars Banquet on October 22 — tracks include a re-recorded version of their last single 'Spirit', stage favourite 'In The Night' and a cover of Brian Eno's 'Third Uncle'. Initial pressings will include a free live album, recorded in London and Liverpool earlier this year, titled 'Press The Eject And Give Me The Tape' — and it contains their classic debut single 'Bela Lugosi's Dead' for the first time on an album . . . On the same label the previous week (15), Bauhaus guitarist DANIEL ASH and comrade GLEN CAMPLING release their second 12-inch single, 'There's Only One'.

CAPTAIN SENSIBLE has a single issued in picture disc form by A&M next week. It is 'Croydon' from his current album, and the B-side is a new track called 'Jimi Hendrix's Strap'.

THE THOMPSON TWINS' new single on Arista is 'Lies' / 'Beach Culture', with extended versions of both tracks on the 12-incher. From the same label come the Dionne Warwick single 'Heartbreaker' (the title track from her upcoming album) and the Rosanne Cash LP 'Somewhere In The Stars'. All are issued this weekend.

HAWKWIND are releasing a new album to coincide with their 26-date UK tour, starting next week. It's called 'Choose Your Masques', and the label is RCA.

BILLY MACKENZIE of The Associates has his first solo single issued by WEA tomorrow (Friday), titled 'Ice Cream Factory'. The B-side is 'Excursion Ecosse En-Route Koblenz Via Hawk Hill', and the 12-inch version contains an extra track called 'Cream Of Ice Cream Factory'. The songs are a preview of his upcoming LP, due in the New Year.

BAD MANNERS follow-up to their 'My Girl Lollipop' hit is the single 'Samson And Delilah', issued by Magnet this weekend. It's a foretaste of their latest album 'Forging Ahead', due out on November 5. To back up these releases, they'll be undertaking an extensive autumn tour, details to follow shortly.

MONSOON follow their 'Ever So Lonely' and 'Shakti' chart successes with a new single, issued by Phonogram this weekend — it's their version of the Lennon-McCartney song 'Tomorrow Never Knows', featuring some Bill Nelson guitar work, and it comes in both 7" and 12" formats. The group are currently working on an album at Rockfield Studios — with guest musicians Preston Heyman, David Balfe and Bill Nelson — for release in the New Year.

VIRGIN PRUNES unveil the first result of their recording collaboration with producer Colin Newman (ex-Wire) this weekend, in the 7" or 12" form of the single 'Baby Turns Blue' / 'Yeo' on Rough Trade. Following at the end of the year will be a 12-inch EP and the Dublin band's debut album, again produced by Newman.

BURNING SPEAR has a new 12-inch single issued through EMI next Monday (11). The A-side features 'Jah Is My Driver' and 'Driver (Dub Version)' — and these are backed with 'Farover' and its dub version which is called 'Distance'. The two main titles are from his current album 'Farover', but both dubs were previously unavailable.

Cherry Red tasters

CHERRY RED's October supplement includes the *Kevin Coyne* double A-side single 'So Strange' / 'Father Dear Father', featuring Police guitarist *Andy Summers*. Other singles include 'Compulsion' by former Nightingales member *Joe Crow*, 'All About You', by *Thomas Leer* and 'Veil Like Calm' by *Eyeless in Gaza* — while Gaza's vocalist *Martin Bates* makes his solo debut with the ten-inch album 'Letters Written'. Also on the LP front, 'Black Forest Gateau' is by *Neu*, the seminal German band featuring ex-Kraftwerk members — and *The Marine Girls* have just finished work on their first album, produced by Stuart Moxham (ex-Young Marble Giants), for release shortly. Finally, the 12-inch *Ben Watt* EP 'Summer Into Winter' — comprising five tracks and featuring *Robert Wyatt* — is being reissued.

Latest Gadget

FAD GADGET's third album 'Under The Flag' is released by Mute Records on October 18. It features ten tracks penned by Frank Tovey, whose vocals are backed by a chorus of four girls and a guy, plus two guest musicians. At the same time, Mute issue a 12-inch version of 'Life On The Line', including two different versions of the song (Parts 2 and 3) plus a track called '4M'.

● **Ronnie Angel,** composer of the Shakin' Stevens hit 'You Drive Me Crazy' has a new single of his own issued on the Bell label this week — it's his self-penned 'Cuddle Up'.

● The official go-ahead has been given for the release of all 29 of the **Throbbing Gristle** live and studio cassettes. They are £2.25 each (including p&p) from Flowmotion, c/o Gordon A Hope, Flat One, 40 Ash Grove, Leeds LS6 1AY — or send SAE for full catalogue.

● **Raf Ravenscroft,** probably the world's top session sax player, has signed with Avatar records who release his debut album 'Lifeline'. It features guest appearances by **Kiki Dee** and **Julian Lennon,** whose vocals on the Elton John composition 'Song For Guy' mark his recording debut. A single titled 'Maxine' is also out.

● Yorkshire band **Time In Motion** have their second single on Red Rhino Records issued this week — it rejoices in the title of 'I Want To Be Your Telephone'.

IT'S CRISIS TIME

CHINA CRISIS release their new single 'No More Blue Horizons'/'No Ordinary Lover' on Virgin on October 15 — it was produced by Peter Walsh, who's been responsible for Simple Minds' recent output, and there's also a 12-inch version with an extra track called 'Watching Over Burning Fields'. The band's debut album is due out next month, and it's titled — wait for it — 'Difficult Shapes And Passive Rhythms, Some People Think It's Fun To Entertain'.

● 'Bad Boy Skanking' is the title of an album by **Yellowman & Fathead,** out this week on Greensleeves Records (through Jetstar, Spartan and Rough Trade), with backing by the Hi-Time Band. The duo are also featured on a new **John Holt** disco single called 'Fat She Fat', available on the same label.

● Reissues in the Charisma Classics series include '25 Years On' by **The Hawklords,** 'The Least We Can Do Is Wave To Each Other' by **Van Der Graaf Generator,** 'Sympathy' by **Rare Bird** and 'Fool's Mate' by **Peter Hammill** — plus other oldies by **Audience, Lindisfarne, The Nice, Patrick Moraz, Bo Hanson** and **Brand X.** They're available at £2.79 each (record or cassette) only from selected Virgin shops.

● Independent label Just When You Thought It Was Quiet Records is putting out its first LP, a compilation set called 'The JWYTIWQ Album'. It features new tracks by **Sex Gang Children, Hanoi Rocks, Method Actors, The Destructors, Half Japanese, Headhunters, The Troops, The Process, Knox** and Icelandic bands **Peyr** and **Vonbridgi.**

● New Liverpool label Praxis Records makes its bow this month with two singles, 'Playing For Time' by **Send Me No Flowers** and 'Surprise After Surprise' by **The Balcony.** Distribution is by Rough Trade (London) and Probe (Liverpool).

● Red Lightnin Records release a **Tommy Tucker** memorial album titled 'The Rocks Is My Pillow — The Cold Ground Is My Bed'. It stems from the last New York studio session by the 'Hi-Heel Sneakers' man, and features guitar solos by **Bo Diddley Jnr.**

● **True Life Confessions** have their latest single released this week on Speed Records, the label run by Frank Lea, brother of Slade bassist Jimmy Lea. It couples 'Witchdoctor (Oo-Ee-Oe-Ah-Ah)' and 'Having A Bath'.

● EMI have signed five-piece Leighton Buzzard band **KajaGooGoo,** who'll be supporting Fashion on their upcoming UK tour. They've just finished recording their debut single for imminent release.

● **Side Effects** from Fife have released their debut three-track single comprising 'Little Men', 'Just Like Me' and 'Imagination'. It's already received extensive airplay in Scotland and, as a result, they've signed an 18-month deal with Pinnacle Records.

● **Clint Eastwood & General Saint** support their current one-nighter series with a new single titled 'Shame And Scandal', for October 15 release by Greensleeves. They'll be featuring it on BBC-2's *Pop Carnival* next Monday (11).

● **Endgames** have their second single issued through Phonogram this weekend, in both 7" and 12". It's the self-penned 'First-Last-For Everything', with a dub version of the same number on the B-side.

SAMMY HAGAR has a "definitive" compilation album issued by Capitol this week, comprising 12 of his best tracks taken from both live and studio albums. Not surprisingly, it's called 'Sammy Hagar — The Very Best'.

THE COMMODORES, featuring Lionel Richie, release a new single through Motown this week. Titled 'Lucy', it appears on two of the group's albums, but is issued now as a tribute to their late manager Benny Ashburn — he died suddenly a few weeks ago from a heart attack, and the song was his own personal favourite.

CLIMBING UP THE LADDER

THE CLIMB are the latest signing to Rialto Records, and their debut single for the label is issued this weekend. Titled 'I Can't Forget (A Mother's Crime)', it was originally released on Pinnacle a year ago, but has now been re-recorded with producer David Lord. The B-side is 'Your Hell', and both songs were penned by lead singer Ken Foreman. The band will shortly be playing a series of dates around London, details to follow.

STILL MORE TOURS

Degrees of proficiency

THE THREE DEGREES return to the UK for another lengthy tour, starting next week and running through to mid-December. They'll also be slotting in a number of TV appearances, including the cabaret spot in this year's Miss World contest on November 18. It's their second major tour this year, and it includes several shows in Scotland, which they missed out during their last visit. Dates confirmed so far are:

Purfleet Circus Tavern (October 13–15), **Oxford** Apollo (16), **Birmingham** Hippodrome (17), **Corby** Festival Hall (18 and 19), **Margate** Winter Gardens (21), **Tunbridge** Wells Assembly Hall (22), **Blackpool** Opera House (23), **Bradford** Alhambra (November 7), **Bridgend** Leisure Centre (9), **Gloucester** Leisure Centre (10), **Eastbourne** King's Club (12 and 13), **Derby** Assembly Rooms (14), **Edinburgh** King's Theatre (15), **Dundee** Caird Hall (16), **Glasgow** Playhouse (19), **Irvine** Magnum Leisure Centre (20), **Stockport** Davenport (21), **Inverness** Eden Court Theatre (22), **Newcastle** City Hall (23), **Hull** City Hall (24), **Middlesbrough** Town Hall (25), **Hatfield** Formum (26), **Plymouth** Theatre Royal (27), **Camberley** Lakeside Country Club (December 1–4), **London** Lewisham Concert Hall (5) and **Stoke** Trentham Gardens (12).

MODERN ENGLISH, newly returned from Europe, play four dates before starting work on thier thrid album. Three are in Scotland — Stirling Avant Garde (October 13), Dunfermline Glen Pavilion (14) and Glasgow Night Moves (15) — and the fourth is a hometown gig at Colchester University on October 29.

Lindisfarne in 35 sleepless nights!

LINDISFARNE have announced details of an extensive end-of-year tour, starting in mid-November and continuing until late December — and the schedule includes their traditional hometown Christmas concerts in Newcastle, this time a string of nine shows. The outing is preceded this weekend by the release of their first album for three years, titled 'Sleepless Nights' and containing 12 new band compositions — it's on their own LMP Records label, which has also just issued their new single 'Nights'.

Tour dates are York University (November 19, Liverpool Mountford Hall (20), Swansea Brangwyn Hall (22), Cardiff University (23), Slough Fulcrum Centre (24), Loughborough University (26), Sheffield University (27), Leicester De Montford Hall (29), Southport Theatre (30), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (December 1), London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion (2), Oxford Apollo (3), Birmingham University (4), Dunstable Queensway Hall (5), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (6), Glasgow Apollo (7), Edinburgh Playhouse (8), Aberdeen Capitol (9), Dundee Caird Hall (10), Sunderland Polytechnic (11), Middlesbrough Town Hall (12), Sheffield City Hall (13), Leeds Queens Hall (14), Carlisle Market Hall (15), Manchester Apollo (16), Newton Aycliffe Recreation Centre (17) and Newcastle City Hall (19-23 and 27-30).

The band's Newcastle Christmas shows were last year seen by 27,000 people, and a similar turn-out can be expected this time around. Prices are £5, £4 and £3.50, and tickets for the first three nights (December 19-21) are available only by personal application to the box-office. Tickets for the remaining six shows are only available by post from Lindisfarne Christmas Concerts, P.O. Box 1LT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1LT — make cheques and POs payable to "L.M.P. Ltd." and enclose SAE.

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featuring Dennis Greaves
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Plus Support & Jerry Floyd

Saturday 9th & Sunday 10th October (Adm £2.50)
ANGELWITCH
Dumpie's Rusty Bolts & Jerry Floyd

Monday 11th October (Adm £2.00)
LONE WOLF
Featuring Paul Di'Anno
Plus Guests & Nick Henbrey

Tuesday 12th October (Adm £2.50)
SAD AMONG STRANGERS
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Wednesday 13th October (Adm £2.50)
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OCTOBER
8 Wishbone Ash
8, 9 Saxon
10 Psychedelic Furs
11 Au Pairs
11 The Damned
13 England v West Germany
13, 14, 15, 16 AC/DC
14 Bauhaus
15 The Fureys & Davey Arthur
15, 16, 17 Kool & The Gang
17, 18, 19 Darryl Hall & John Oates
18, 19 AC/DC
20 George Benson
21 Bauhaus
21, 22 Dionne Warwick
21, 22 Odyssey
22 John Martyn
23 Joe Cocker
24 Killing Joke
25 Depeche Mode
25 Kate & Anna McGarrigle
25 Belle Stars
26, 27 Kim Wilde
26, 27 John Denver
27, 28 Julio Inglesias
28 Asia
28, 29 Shakin' Stevens
29, 30 Four Tops

NOVEMBER
1 Light Of The World
1 Diamond Head
2 Culture Club
2 Thompson Twins
2 Joan Jett & The Blackhearts
3, 4 Duran Duran
5, 6 Millie Jackson
6 Tangerine Dream
7 George Thorogood & The Destroyers
7 The Roches
8, 9 Squeeze
8, 9 Earl Klaugh
9 Sad Cafe
11 Shakatak
12, 13 Hawkwind
14 Duran Duran
17, 18 Doctor Hook
20, 21, 22 Japan
21 Shalamar
22, 23, 24 Yazoo
23, 24 ABC
26, 27 Michael Schenker
28, 29 Siouxsie & The Banshees
28, 29, 30 Phil Collins
29, 30 The Nolans

DECEMBER
1 Peter Skellern
1 Phil Collins
2, 3, 4 Ultravox
7 Captain Sensible
7 Budgie
9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16 Elton John
17 Gillan
17 Slade
18, 19 Dire Straights
19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24 Elton John
24, 27 Elvis Costello

JANUARY
3, 4, 5 Whitesnake
24 Echo & The Bunnymen

APRIL
18, 22 James Last

MAY
11, 15 Johnny Mathis

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nationwide GIG GUIDE

DEPECHE MODE *Pic: Peter Anderson*

WHO says the music business is in a state of recession? Mid-autumn is traditionally the time of peak gig activity, with the big build-up to Christmas, but the bonanza has started exceptionally early this year. In fact, this week the tour circuit has gone completely bananas, with well over 700 gigs for your titillation. (Dear Sir, Is this a record? — Well, we rather think it is). Such is the pressure on our space, we can touch only briefly on the highlights, leaving you to thumb through the daily listings for more detailed information.

We've selected four new tours as the pick of the bunch — DEPECHE MODE, after a couple of shows in the Irish Republic this week, start their UK travels in Southampton on Sunday; JOAN JETT & THE BLACKHEARTS begin their first full British headlining tour in Belfast on Saturday; BAUHAUS set out to conquer the world (well, part of it, anyway) in Brighton on Saturday; and VICE SQUAD kick off their most important outing to date in Bradford on Thursday. Another hotspot is in London at the Lyceum (Monday) and Hammersmith Odeon (Tuesday) when MUSICAL YOUTH, everyone's choice for instant stardom, join the Kid Creole tour.

HALL & OATES arrive at the weekend to begin a short concert series at Edinburgh on Tuesday — and other tours hitting the road are by MIKE OLDFIELD (commencing in Birmingham on Tuesay), BARBARA DICKSON (Clacton on Saturday), SHAKATAK (Irvine on Tuesday) and HEATWAVE (Southport on Sunday). And among others newly on the road are Q-TIPS, TOTO COELO and HELEN REDDY — and, of course, they join the many other big names already in action.

The two top one-off events of the week are both in London on Sunday. Outdoors in Battersea Park south of the river, CLASSIX NOUVEAUX are performing in Oxfam's 'World Village Campaign' benefit. And in more orthodox concert surroundings, THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS hit the boards at Hammersmith Odeon.

thursday 7th

Basildon Raquel's: **Blancmange**
Batley Frontier Club: **Modern Romance**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Opposite Lock Club: **Richard Strange/The Event Group**
Birmingham Pelican Hotel: **Headbolt/Alfie Noakes**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
Blackpool J.R.'s: **Here & Now**
Bordon The Robin Hood: **Blue Condition**
Bradford Manhattan Club; **Xero**
Bradford St George's Hall: **Wishbone Ash**
Bradford University: **Vice Squad**
Brighton New Regent: **Farmers Boys**
Bristol University Hiatt Baker Hall: **False Idols**
Canterbury Alberry's: **Dark Entries**
Canterbury Art College: **Emotional Play**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Colne Union Hotel: **Ow! My Hairs On Fire — Are You Bothered?**
Cork City Hall: **Depeche Mode**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The Electric Guitars/Mummy Calls**
Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: **The Mo-dettes/B Movie**
Coventry Warwick University: **The Dancing Did**
Dundee University: **Aztec Camera**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Roy Wood & Wizzard**
Eastcote Bottom Line: **Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Shakin' Stevens**
Edinburgh University: **Mari Wilson & The Wilsations**
Exeter University: **Attila The Stockbroker**
Frome Hexagon Suite: **Ideal Friends**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **The Fat Boys**
Glasgow Mayfair Ballroom: **Misty In Roots**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **Tom McEwan**
Glasgow Univeristy: **Battle Of The Bands — Heat 2**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Cobra**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **John Martyn/Any Trouble**
Heanor Miners Welfare: **Dawn Trader**
Hemel Hempstead Cellar Rock Club: **Wise**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Twelfth Night**
Hitchin The Regal: **Morrisey Mullen**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **Jab Jab**
Inverness Eden Court Theatre: **George Hamilton IV**
Kingston Polytechnic: **The Pale Fountains/Patrik Fitzgerald/Anne Clark**
Leeds Warehouse: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint**
Leicester Palais: **Rocky Sharpe & The Replays/The World Service**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Aswad/Spartacus R**
Livingstone Mavilles: **Toto Coelo**
London Ad Lib at The Kensington: **Empire/Burnz**
London Battersea The Letchmore: **Duffo**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **Brigandage**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Uno Rufo**
London Brixton Ace Cinema (free): **Urban Shakedown/Southern Death Cult**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Crown Of Thorns/Manic Opera**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **King Kleary & His Savage Mooses**
London Camden Kennedy Hall: **Medina Real**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Charing Cross Heaven: **William Burroughs/Marc Almond/John Giornio/Heathcote Williams/Psychic TV**
London Chelsea Kennedy's: **Bastille**
London Chelsea Shanghai Lil's: **Politics Of Paradise**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Bone Structure/Winter Trees**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Zerra I**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Slim Gaillard Quartet (until Saturday)**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **Twelve Cubic Feet/Cold War/The Screaming Babies/Signal Before Dying**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The 45's**
London Fulham Greyhound: **G. T. Moore & The Outsiders/The Hazardous Pets**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Jazz Sluts**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **Mr Spratts 21st Century Popular Motets**
London Hammersmith Klub Foot at The Clarendon: **Wasted Youth/The Escalators/The Headhunters**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Stiff Little Fingers/Midnight Oil**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Swinging Laurels**
London Islington Kings Head Theatre Club: **The Bouncing Czecks (until October 16)**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington Royal College of Art: **Roman Holliday**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London Marquee Club: **True Life Confessions**
London New Cross Goldsmiths College: **The Escape**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Loose Talk**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Fan Club**
London Palmers Green Cock Hotel: **Dumpy's Rusty Bolts/Angelwitch**
London Putney Half Moon: **Juice On The Loose**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bill Brunskill Jazzband**
London Shepherds Bush The Bush Hotel: **The Flying Pickets/Pearls & Swine/Little Brother/Aldeoni E. Amigos**
London Soho Le Beat Route: **Scarlet Party**
London Southall White Hart: **Limelight/Berlyn**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Mike Mower Quartet**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Charged G.B.H./Blitz/Abrasive/Wheels/The Destructors**
London Stratford Pigeons Hotel: **Amazulu/Catch 23**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Neil Sedaka**
London Victoria The Venue: **Red Crayola/Eyeless In Gaza**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Willesden Spotted Dog: **The Directors**
London Wimbledon Dog & Fox: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Maddy Prior Band/Mike Chapman**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Hidden Charms**
London W.1 (Charlotte St) Sol y Sombra: **Chris Cullen Band**
London W.1 (Dean St) Gossips: **The Kingpins**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
London W.C.2 Arts Theatre Club: **First Steps Band**
Luton The Favourite: **Mortal Disguize**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Johnny Mars/Victor Brox**
Manchester Gallery: **The Cheaters**
Manchester Golden Garter: **Odyssey (until Saturday)**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Scritti Politti**
Middlesbrough The Cavern: **Blue Orchids**
Motherwell Concert Hall: **Showaddywaddy**
Nailsworth Flickers Nightspot: **X Pupils**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **The Beat**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **Hang Wangford Band**
Northampton Sports & Social Club: **Sphere**
Northampton The Mailcoach: **The D.T.'s**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Q-Tips**
Norwich Penny's: **The Cimarons**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Nottingham Rock City: **Kid Creole & The Coconuts**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Larry Miller Band**
Poole Arts Centre: **Dexy's Midnight Runners**
Portsmouth Guidhall: **Saxon**
Preston Warehouse: **The Adicts**
Reading Hexagon: **Helen Reddy**
Rotherham Thurnscoe Hotel: **Saracen**
Scarborough Futurist Theatre: **Kim Wilde**
Sheffield Leadmill: **The Exploited/The Mau-Maus**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Fiat Lux**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents/The Fighting Tikkas**
Sheffield University: **Ruby Turner Band**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **Glen Campbell**
St Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **The Shadows**
Stockton Dovecot Arts Centre: **Verba Verba**
Swindon Wyvern Theatre: **The Fureys & Davey Arthur**
Tunbridge Wells Assembly Hall: **Sad Cafe/Danceclass**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **The Teardrop Explodes/Screen 3**
Wokingham Angie's: **Howard Jones**
York Arts Centre: **The Tropics**

friday 8th

Aberdeen University: **Battle Of The Bands — Heat 3**
Aberystwyth University: **B-Movie**
Aldershot West End Centre: **Strange Arrangement/Living Space/Sheep In Fog/Nebula**
Bath Pavilion: **The Damned**
Bedford Horse & Groom: **Apocalypse**
Belfast The Clubhouse: **The Bank Robbers**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Ourselves Alone/Step Foward**
Birmgham Golden Eagle: **Lady Killer**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Bracknell Bridge House: **The Nashville Teens**
Bradford Palm Cove: **Zanuti Misfitz/La Blonde/The Incredible Al Beach & The Exploding Buckers**
Brighton New Regent: **The Mystery Boys**
Bristol University Manor Hall: **False Idols**
Bristol Western Star Domino Club: **Thin Air**
Caister Ladbroke Centre (for three days): **The Blue Caps/Flying Saucers/Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers etc**
Camberley Lakeside Country Club: **Glen Campbell**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Tony McPhee Blues Band**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Darlev Dale Northwood Club: **Saracen**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Hi-Fi Bodies**
Dundee University: **Tom McEwan**
Dunfirmline Chimes: **Laughing Academy**
Durham New College: **Hank Wangford Band**
Durham University: **OK Jive**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Shakin' Stevens**
Edinburgh University: **Misty In Roots**
Fife Lochgelly Centre: **George Hamilton IV**
Galway Leisureland: **Depeche Mode**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **The Genes**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **AC/DC and Yesterday & Today**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Aztec Camera**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **The Angels**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Dream Cycle 7**
Hastings Downtown: **Blancmange**
Hastings Rumours Club: **Bang-Utot**
Hitchin The Regal: **Gary Glitter**
Hull City Hall: **Stiff Little Fingers**
Kingston Polytechnic: **The Passage/Eyless In Gaza/Attila The Stockbroker**
Kirkclady Bentley's: **Toto Coelo**
Leeds Univeristy: **Shark Taboo**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Only After Dark/Ghost**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Ian Whitmore & Tony Poole**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **Hothouse**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Ruthless Blues Band**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **Controlled Attack/Pookiesnackenburger/Pearls & Swine/Capt J. J. Waller**
London Brixton Town Hall: **Alton Ellis/Rico & The Special A.K.A./Rainbow Stepper/Doctor etc**
London Camden Dingwalls: **K. K. Khan Band/The Kingpins**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The 45's**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Central Polytechnic: **The Monochrome Set/Zerra I**
London Chelsea Kennedy's: **Sarah-Jane**
London Chelsea Shanghai Lil's: **Duffo**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Keys/The Shakers**
London Covent Garden Africa Centre: **James Danton Band**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Go-Betweens/Airbridge**
London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **Q-Tips/The Flying Pickets**
London E.C.4 Swan Pier on the *Princess Elizabeth*: **Impulse**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Ricky Cool Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **A Bigger Splash/Rotoblades**
London Fulham Kings Head: **The Websters**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Glasshouse**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **Harvey & The Wallbangers**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Howard Jones/Afghan Rebels**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Saxon/Cheetah**
London Hendon Middlesex Polytechnic: **Black Slate/Arema**
London Kensington Imperial College: **Rip Rig & Panic**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Vocalotion**
London Kilburn Youth Club: **Nyanis**
London Marquee Club: **The Truth**
London Mile End Queen Mary College: **Buzzz**
London New Cross Goldsmith's College: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers/The Mo-dettes**
London North Polytechnic: **Pinski Zoo/Maximum Joy/Laughing Clowns**
London N.W.2 Grosvenor Rooms: **Wendall Atkins/Free Spirit**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Syco & The New Yorkers**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Ian Carr's Nucleus**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
London Putney Half Moon: **Short Stories**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Original East Side Stompers**
London Southall White Swan: **Exhibit 'A'/Dick Cox**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Strand King's College: **Mungo Jerry/Henry McCullough Band/The Elected**
London Stratford Pigeons Hotel: **Oxy & The Morons**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Wishbone Ash**
London Victoria The Venue: **Steve Gibbons Band**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **The Decorators**
London W.C.2 Arts Theatre Club: **Paul Rutherford Trio**
Loughborough University: **Aswad/Spartacus R**
Maidstone Queens Head Hotel: **The Nashville Teens**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Badstone Band**
Manchester Gallery: **The Frantic Elvators/Agency Music**
Milton Keynes Gladiators: **Twelfth Night**
Newcastle Havelock Hall: **The Cheaters**
Newcastle University: **Modern Romance**
Newcastle-under-Lyme Bridge St. Arts Centre: **Sphere**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Screen 3**
Norwich Gala Ballroom: **Morrissey Mullen**
Norwich White's: **Testcard F**
Nottingham Ad Lib Club: **The Cimarons**
Paisley Town Hall: **Showaddywaddy**
Perran Sands (Cornwall) Ladbrokes: **Ronnie Hawkins/Buddy Knos**
Plymouth Theatre Royal: **The Fureys & Davey Arthur**
Pontpridd Wales Polytechnic: **The Bottles**
Retford Porterhouse: **Anti-Pasti/Riot Squad**
Sheffield City Hall: **John Martyn/Any Trouble**
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: **Kid Creole & The Coconuts**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **The Au Pairs**
St. Albans City Hall: **Tom Paxton**
Stirling University: **Mari Wilson & The Wilsations**
Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic: **The Electric Guitars**
Stonehouse Crown & Anchor: **X Pupils**
Sunderland Annabelles: **R'n'B Spitfires**
Sunderland Polytechnic: **Hank Wangford Band**
Tiverton Touth Club: **Nynansis**
Trowbridge The Crown: **Fred Stoat & The Rodents of Swing**
Wentworth Rockingham Arms: **Paragon**
Weymouth Dorset Institute: **King Trigger**
Wokingham Angie's: **Illusionz**
Yeovil Rainbow Club: **Dumpy's Rusty Bolts**
York Bay Horse: **A Volcano Dances**

saturday 9th

Aberdeen University: **Aztec Camera**
Aldershot West End Centre: **Freddie White**
Bangor University: **Toto Coelo**
Bannockburn Tamdhu: **The Crucial Xylophone**
Belfast Ulster Hall: **Joan Jett & The Blackhearts**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **The Dancing Did/Friday Society**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham Odeon: **Neil Sedaka**
Birmingham Polytechnic: **Blue Zoo**
Birmingham The Mermaid: **The Great Outdoors**

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Birmingham University: **The Au Pairs**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Dick & Sue Miles**
Bradford University: **The Beat**
Brighton Basement Club: **The Ivory Coasters**
Brighton Dome: **Bauhaus**
Brighton New Regent: **The Mystery Boys**
Brighton Pavilion Theatre: **Pookiesnackenburger**
Bristol Colston Hall: **The Shadows**
Bristol Polytechnic: **Prince Far I/Creation Rebel**
Bristol University: **Sad Cafe**
Camberley Lakeside Country Club: **Glen Campbell**
Camberley The Agincourt: **Larry Miller Band**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Chippenham Rock Theatre: **Wishbone Ash**
Clacton Princess Theatre: **Barbara Dickson**
Colchester Essex University: **Black Slate/The Cherry Boys**
Corby Community Centre: **Neat Neat Neat/Outside October/Kenny Richards**
Ceoventry Warwick University: **The Flying Pickets**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Underground World**
Dundee Caird Hall: **Showaddywaddy**
Dundee College of Education: **Battle Of The Bands — Heat 4**
Dunstable Queensway Hall— **Aswad/Spartacus R**
Edinburgh University: **Blue Orchids**
Exeter The Mitre: **Go!**
Fareham Technical College: **Dirt/Tears Of Destruction/11th Commandment**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **AC/DC and Yesterday & Today**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **Mari Wilson & The Wilsations**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Spider**
Grimsby Central Hall: **Stiff Little Fingers**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Hailsham Crown Hotel: **Fokker Triplane**
Hastings Rumours Club: **Cracked Mirror**
Huddersfield Cleopatra's: **Matumbi/Max Romeo/Horace Andy**
Hull Westfield Coutnry Club: **Modern Romance**
Keele University: **The Truth**
Kingston Polytechnic: **The Monochrome Set/The Marine Girls/Ben Watt**
Kingston The Swan; **Middle Earth/Volume**
Lancaster University; **Kid Creole & The Coconuts**
Leeds Seacroft Hotel; **Fault**
Leeds University: **John Martyn/Any Trouble**
Leicester University; **Screen 3**
Liverpool Tom Hall's Tavern; **Bobby Wellins Quartet**
Liverpool University; **The Room**
London Adlib at the Kensington; **The Dirty Strangers/English Rogues**
London Battersea The Latchmere; **The Extraordinaires**
London Battersea The Pavilion; **The Nogoodniks**
London Brentford Red Lion; **Fast Buck**
London Camden Dingwalls; **Jackie Lynton Band/The D.T.'s**
London Camden Dublin Castle; **The Zodiacs/The Jet Set**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **Yellowstone Picnic Band/Hamiltons Power**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham; **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea Kennedy's; **Larry Lawson**
London Chelsea Shanghai Lil's; **The Exceptions**
London Clapham 101 Club; **The Masked Orchestra**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden; **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers/Prussian Blue**
London Fulham Golden Lion; **Micky Jupp Band**
London Fulham Greyhound; **The Screaming Lobsters/The Hamstera**
London Fulham Kings Head; **The Snorkles/The Snorklettes**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel; **Fascination**
London Hammersmith Odeon; **Saxon/Cheetah**
London Harrow Rd. The College Park: **Mr. Clean/Roland Muldoon**
London Herne Hill Half Moon; **Scarlet Party**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate; **Ricky Cool & The New Cool**
London Leicester Square Centre Charles Peguy; **Nigel Moyse & Friends**
London Manor Park Three Rabbits; **Paragon**
London Marquee Club; **Angel Witch/Dumpy's Rusty Bolts**
London Middlesex Hospital- The Modettes
London Mile End Queen Mary College; **Amazulu/The Beatroots**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt; **Juice on the Loose/The Sex-Tet**
London N.W.2 The Cricklewood; **Controlled Attack/Pearls & Swine/Little Brother/Holloway All-Stars**
London Putney Half Moon; **Clannad**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **New Era Band**
London School of Economics: **Darts**
London Shaftesbury Theatre: **Dexy's Midnight Runners**
London Southall White Swan: **Jeep**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: Talkover/Makka
London Stockwell The Plough: **Ian Ballantyne & Kenny Shaw**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Cimarons**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **The Escape**
London W.1 (Conway St) Adams Arms: **Take It!/Benjamin Zephaniah/Belinda Blanchard**
London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Gilly Elkin Band**
London W.C.2 Arts Theatre Club: **Brian Abrahams' District Six**
Loughborough University: **Buzzz**
Malvern Nags Head: **X Pupils**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Snake Davis & His Alligator Shoes**
Manchester Gallery: **The Torpedo's**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Vice Squad**
Milton Keynes Pear Tree Club: **Mortal Disguize**
Newcastle City Hall: **Kim Wilde**
Norwich Hay Hill (afternoon): **Cayenne**
Norwich The premises: **Soy Kalifa Salsa Band/The Oak Street Band**
Plymouth Polytechnic: **The Damned**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **The Farmers Boys**
Portland Youth Centre: **Cryptic Corps?/Pineapples**
Preston Warehouse: **Danse Society**
Reading Target Club: **Twelfth Night**
Retford Porterhouse: **B-Movie**
Salisbury Grange Hotel: **Horse Lattitudes/The Rockin Dogs**
Scarborough Futurist Theatre: **Shakin' Stevens**
Sheffield Leadmill: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint/Inity Rockers**
Sheffield The Hanover: **A Bohemian Situation**
Southampton Canute Hotel: **Crossfire**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **Dancette**
Stockport Brookfield Hotel: **Samoa**
Stratford-on-Avon Green Dragon: **Lady Killer**
Thetford Brecklands Centre: **Saracen**
Tonypandy Naval Club: **The Bottles**
Wallasey Shephers Rest: **French Lessons**
Warrington Spectrum Leisure Centre: **Helen Reddy**
West Houghton Sports Centre: **Here & Now**
Whitley Bay Ingles: **R'n'B Spitfires**
Wilshaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wokingham Angie's: **Short Stories**
Yeovil Rainbow Club: **Tony McPhee Blues Band**
York Bay Horse: **Ik**
York St. John's College: **The Pale Fountains**

sunday 10th

CLASSIX NOUVEAUX London

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Showaddywaddy**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham Strathallan Hotel: **Sphere**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton New Regent: **Stagefright**
Brighton Jenkinson's: **King Trigger**
Brighton Pavilion Theatre: **Pookiesnackenburger**
Brighton Sussex University: **The Au Pairs**
Bristol Colston Hall: **The Shadows**
Bristol Locarno: **Bauhaus**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Cardiff St David's Hall: **The Fureys & Dave Arthur**
Cardiff Top Rank: **The Damned**
Croydon Fairfield Halls: **Wishbone Ash**
Croydon Warehouse Theatre: **D Trap/Pearce's Pop Up Art**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The D.T.'s**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **AC/DC and Yesterday & Today**
Exeter University: **Go!/Attica**
Fife St. Andrews University: **Misty In Roots**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Kim Wilde**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Prince Lincoln & The Rasses**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **The Beat**
Gravesend Woodville Hall: **Barbara Dickson**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Hull College of Higher Education: **Fault**
Ipswich The Harlequin: **The Excellos**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Kilwinning Flicks Disco: **Aztec Camera**
Lancaster University: **Screen 3**
Leeds Central Station Hotel (lunchtime): **One O'Clock Jump**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel (lunchtime) and Central Station Hotel (evening): **Volunteers**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Earthstone**
London Barbican Centre: **Glen Campbell**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys** (lunchtime)/**Jake Thackray** (evening)
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Battersea Park: **Classix Nouveaux/Scarlet Party/The Swinging Laurels**
London Battersea The Latchmere (lunchtime): **Paul Lacey Band**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck** (lunchtime)/**Rodeo** (evening)
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals** (lunchtime)/**J. J. & His Flyers** (evening)
London Chalk Farm Roundhouse: **Nexus**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea Kennedy's: **Ian Shaw**
London Chelsea Shanghai Lil's: **Club Cassette**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Rhythm Men/Answers On A Postcard**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Thinking Man's Alternative/Solo Sons**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Confrey Phillips/Canteen Society**
London Finchley Torrington: **Georgie Fame & The Blue Flames**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **The Directors**
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree (lunchtime): **Young Jazz**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Little Sister**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Snatcher**
London Greenwich Theatre Bar: **Elton Dean Band**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Three Laws/Soma Coma**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre: **Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Psychedlic Furs/The Passage**
London Marquee Club: **Angelwitch/Dumpy's Rusty Bolts**
London N.W.2. Hogs Grunt: **Ken Barton Band**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Tribute to Alex Welsh with Beryl Bryden/Humphrey Lyttleton/Danny Moss/Alan Elsdon etc.**
London Putney Half Moon: **Mungo Jerry**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Pride**
London Shatesbury Theatre: **Dexy's Midnight Runners**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Steve Berry Quartet**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Higsons/Maximum Joy/Farmers Boys/Animal Magic/Dislocation Dance/Design/Vital Excursions/Popular Voice (starts 3.30pm)**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Stratford Pigeons Hotel: **Dr. K's Blues Band**
London Trafalgar Square St Martin's Crypt: **Old Swan Band**
London Wembley Conference Centre: **Helen Reddy**
London Wimbledon Nelson's: **A Bigger Splash**
London Wood Green Brabant Rd. Centre: **Pearls & Swine/Little Brother/The Joeys/Holloway All-Stars**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Ron Russell Band**
London W.C.2 Arts Theatre Club; **Don Weller Quartet**
Manchester (Ashton) Tameside Theatre: **Modern Romance**
Manchester Gallery: **Chris Sievey & The Freshies**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Here & Now**
Newbridge Memorial Hall: **The Bottles**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **Zerra I**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Aswad/Spartacus R**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **John Martyn/Any Trouble**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **Mari Wilson & The Wilsations/Dale Hargreaves Flamingos**
Sheffield Hallamshire Hotel: **Time In Motion**
Sheffield University: **Sad Cafe**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Depeche Mode**
Southport Theatre: **Heatwave**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **Toto Coelo**
Sunbury-on-Thames The Goat: **The 45's**
Sunderland Empire Theatre: **George Hamilton IV**
Wellingborough Chequers: **Ramrods/The Hollow**
Wokingham Angie's: **Motley Crew**
Wollaston Nags Head: **Apocalypse**
York Theatre Royal: **Neil Innes/Incantation**

monday 11th

JOAN JETT (Bristol)

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Kim Wilde**
Aberdeen University: **Misty In Roots**
Belfast Queen's University: **Battle Of The Bands — Heat 5**
Bexhill De La Warr Pavilion: **Barbara Dickson**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Night Out: **Odyssey**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Bordon The Robin Hood: **Rattlesnake**
Bradford University: **Here & Now**
Brighton Dome: **Helen Reddy**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Joan Jett & The Blackhearts**
Canterbury Kent University: **The Room**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Segovia**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **AC/DC and Yesterday & Today**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Frontier**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Neil Sedaka**
Hamilton Park Lane Disco: **Aztec Camera**
Hull City Hall: **Sad Cafe**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Inverness Eden Court Theatre: **Showaddywaddy**
Keighley Fun House: **Vice Squad/Flowers Of The Past**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Depeche Mode**
Leicester The Horsefaire: **Blue Zoo**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Joyoyo/Channel 36**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The 45's**
London Camden Dingwalls: **English Rogues/720/Turbo**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **C.S.A.**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Polkadots**
London Chelsea Kennedy's: **Marc & Tim**
London Chelsea Shanghai Lil's: **P.S. Personal**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Tiger Tiger/The Exceptions**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Rhetoric/Amyl Dukes/Bedside Manner**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Juice On The Loose and Guests (until Saturday)**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Ruthless Blues**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Bad Detective/Outboys**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Double Vision**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Bambi Kino/The Lost Boys**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Damned/Charge**
London Hammersmith Palais: **The Au Pairs/The Passions/Eddie & Sunshine/The Pinkies**
London Hampstead Westfield College: **The Cimarons**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **SOH**
London Putney Half Moon: **Freddie White**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Kid Creole & The Coconuts/Musical Youth**
London Tottenham Court Road Dominion Theatre: **The Shadows**
London Victoria The Venue: **Our Daughters Wedding**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Middle Earth/Separate Energy/Volume**
London W.1 (Dean St) Gosspis: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**
London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Manchester (Audenshaw) Mecca: **Fault**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Alberto y Lost Trios Paranoias**
Manchester Gallery: **Dog Musicians**
Manchester The Ritz: **The Passage**
Newcastle City Hall: **Stiff Little Fingers**
Newport Stowaway Club: **The Monochrome Set**
Norwich Theatre Royal: **Wishbone Ash**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Matumbi/Max Romeo/Horace Andy**
Sandown I.o.W. The Court Jester: **The Choir (until Saturday, except Thursday)**
Sheffield City Hall: **Shakin' Stevens**
Sheffield University: **Vision/Psychic Twist**
Swindon Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**

tuesday 12th

Aberdeen Her Majesty's Theatre: **Neil Sedaka**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Teaser**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Odeon: **Mike Oldfield**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Lenny Best Quartet with Terry Smith**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **The Enemy / Curfew / The Collaborators**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **The Fureys & Davey Arthur**
Brighton Dome: **Depche Mode**
Brighton New Regent: **Brilliant / Rhythm Fringe**
Bristol Locarno: **The Damned**
Chippenham Goldiggers: **Heatwave**
Dundee Caird Hall: **Kim Wilde**
Durham University: **John Martyn/Any Trouble**
Edinburgh Coasters: **The Beat**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Hall & Oates**
Edinburgh Queen's Hall: **Misty In Roots**
Exeter University: **Pigbag**
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: **Barbara Dickson**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **The 3rd**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Matumbi / Max Romeo / Horace Andy**
Irvine Magnum Centre: **Shakatak**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Leicester Braunstone Hotel: **SOH**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Shakin' Stevens**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Here & Now**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Repercussion / The Sea**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **Duffo**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Bella Donna**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Stingrays / Les Corinadoes / Change Lings**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Poorboys**
London Camden Kennedy Hall: **No-Thing**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Chelsea Kennedy's: **Tunekwa**
London Chelsea Shanghai Lil's: **Lino's Lost Patrol**
London City University: **Tom McEwan**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Curfew / Blue Max**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Shoc Corridor / The Czechs / Nuance Dance**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Dali's Car / Missing Airmen / 12th Of August**

HALL & OATES (Edinburgh)

London Fulham Golden Lion: **Broadcast**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Baron Rojo / Scarecrow**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Triangle Nile**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Idiot Ballroom Beach Party with Blue Midnight / Lost Weekend etc.**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Kid Creole & The Coconuts / Musical Youth**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Eastern Alliance**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Soundogs**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Conflict**
London Putney Half Moon: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Victoria The Venue: **Blancmange / Boy's Own**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Wipeout / The Outboys**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St.) The Albany: **The Nice Men**
London W.1 (Wardour St) Whisky A'Gogo: **7 States Funk**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Michael Nyman Band**
Manchester Gallery: **Helen Watson & Well Knit Frames**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Blue Zoo**
Newcastle Soul Kitchen: **Aztec Camera / The Daintees**
Newport (Gwent) Stowaway Club: **The Monochrome Set**
Northampton Old Five Bells: **The D.T.'s**
Nottingham Rock City: **Sad Cafe**
Poole Arts Centre: **Odyssey**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Glen Campbell**
Sheffield Leadmill: **Bernie Torme & The Electric Gypsies**
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: **Modern Romance**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Bob Gilpin's Inheritance**
Stockport Davenport Theatre: **Helen Reddy**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **King Trigger**
Swinton The Towpath: **Time In Motion**

wednesday 13th

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Shakatak**
Aberdeen Her Majesty's Theatre: **Neil Sedaka**
Belfast Queen's University: **Matumbi/Max Romeo/Horace Andy**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Great Outdoors**
Birmingham Night Out: **George Hamilton IV**
Birmingham Odeon: **Mike Oldfield**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham Town Hall: **The Fureys & Davey Arthur**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bradford Caesar's: **The Damned**
Bradford University: **John Martyn/Any Trouble**
Bradford Vaults Bar: **The Pistons**
Brighton New Regent: **Large Portion**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Coventry Apollo Theatre: **Shirley Bassey**
Coventry Warwick University: **The Pale Fountains**
Dudley Prole Club: **Eyeless In Gaza/Hundred Days**
Eastbourne Congress Theatre: **Glen Campbell**
East Kilbridge Reggae Club: **Misty In Roots**
Edinburgh Usher Hall: **Kim Wilde**
Horsham The Hornbrook: **Larry Miller Band**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **The Room**
Keele University: **The Beat**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Leeds Warehouse: **Pulsallama**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Vice Squad**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Sad Lovers And Giants/Different View**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **Fugitive**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Hey Day**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Dennis Bovell Dub Band/Persons Unknown**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Swamp Creatures**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea College: **Patrik Fitzgerald/Anne Clark**
London Chelsea Kennedy's: **Wilma Williams**
London Chelsea Shanghai Lil's: **Psychedelic Speedos**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Akimbo/Grubstreet**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Scarlet Party/Channel 5**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Labi Siffre**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Vocalotion**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Mad Shadows/Mouse & The Underdog**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Basils Ballsup Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **AC/DC and Yesterday & Today**
London Islington Hare & Hounds: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**
London Kensington Imperial College: **Tom McEwan**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Diz & The Doormen**
London King's Cross Pindar of Wakefield: **The Playn Jayn**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Dave Ellis Band**
London N.W.2 Grsvenor Rooms: **Country Shack**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Ken Sims Dixie Kings**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Southgate The Cherry Tree: **Big Chief**
London Stratford Pigeons Hotel: **Laslo & The Leopards**
London Tufnell Park Boston Arms: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Eastern Alliance**
London Wimbledon Nelson's: **Tilt**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Monolith/Salisbury**
London W.C.2 Arts Theatre: **Jan Ponsford Quintet**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Stiff Little Fingers**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Duke**
Manchester Gallery: **Discordance**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Brilliant**
Manchester Polytechnic: **The Au Pairs**
Margate The Ship: **English Rogues**
Middlesbrough The Cavern: **Soldier**
Newcastle City Hall: **Kid Creole & The Coconuts/Musical Youth**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Bauhaus**
Norwich The Premises: **Ken Colyer Band**
Nottingham Ad Lib Club: **Crispy Ambulance/Metamorphosis**
Nottingham Agricultural College: **Emotional Play**
Nottingham El Vino's: **SOH**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Odyssey**
Poole Arts Centre: **Joan Jett & The Blackhearts**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **The Shadows**
Preston Guildhall: **Sad Cafe**
Purfleet Circus Tavern: **The Three Degrees** (for three days)
Sheffield Leadmill: **Slim Gaillard**
Sheffield University: **Here & Now/Rhiannon**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Shakin' Stevens**
Southampton University: **The Monochrome Set**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **Depeche Mode**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **Buzzz**
Sunderland Polytechnic: **Battle Of The Bands — Heat 6**
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **Sphere**
Wolverhampton The Mousehole: **The Spy's**

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

THE OLE CAMDEN OPRY
PRESENTS
YELLOWSTONE PICNIC BAND
FEATURING SLIM PICKINS
WITH GUESTS HAMILTONS POWER
SATURDAY 9th OCTOBER 9.00PM-2.00AM
COUNTRY MUSIC DISCO SOUNDS
AUTHENTICALLY DRESSED COWBOYS & GIRLS ADMITTED AT HALF PRICE
FRANK JENNINGS SYNDICATE
WITH GUESTS CITY LIMITS
SATURDAY 16th OCTOBER 9.00PM-2.00AM
AT THE ELECTRIC BALLROOM
184 CAMDEN HIGH STREET NW1 TEL 485 9006 LICENSED BAR UNTIL 2-00am
TICKETS £2.50 ON NIGHT OR IN ADVANCE FROM: PREMIER BOX OFFICE TEL 240 2245
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS TEL 439 3371 OR ALBERMARLE TEL 283 5314 (BOOKING FEE CHARGED)

ASGARD PRESENTS
VAN MORRISON
FRI 22 OCT at 7.30 pm
THE ODEON – BIRMINGHAM
TICKETS £6.50. £6.00 & £5.50
FROM BOX OFFICE

Derek Block presents
THE GO-GO's
THE MEMBERS stolen Pets
LYCEUM London WC2
Sunday 14th November 7.30pm
ALL TICKETS £4.00 AVAILABLE FROM LYCEUM 01 836 3715 KEITH PROWSE, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, & USUAL AGENTS.

LONDON BLUES FESTIVAL
BATTERSEA TOWN HALL. Fri 15 Oct 7.30pm £3
MAINSQUEEZE
(DIANA WOOD/VICTOR BROX/ERIC BELL/KEEF HARTLEY/JOHN O'LEARY/ DICK HECKSTALL-SMITH/KEITH TILLMAN/DAVE MOORE)
LONDON APACHES
Special Guest Star TONY McPHEE (ex Groundhogs)
WANDSWORTH COUNCIL — BOX OFFICE 01-223 5673
AGENCY: SMART BOOKING 01-788 2287 or 01-789 4169

THE WAREHOUSE CLUB
19/20 Somers St., Leeds 1. Phone 468287
Thursday 7th October
CLINT EASTWOOD & GENERAL SAINT
Wednesday 13th October
PULSALLAMA
Wednesday 20th October
FARMER BOYS
Late Bar 9-2 am

ITB presents
ABC
DEESIDE LEISURE CENTRE Sat 27th Nov. at 8 pm
All tickets £4.50. Box Office 0244 812311
Available from: T.L.C.A. Liverpool Royal Court Theatre; Waasp Records, Chester; Skeleton Records, Birkenhead; Rox Records, Birkenhead; Wallasey; Moreton; Hoylake; Ellesmere Port; A & J Gulley, Garston; Reaction Records, New Brighton; Crowd Records, Crosby; Quirks Records, Formby; Ali Ba Ba Records, Waterloo; Piccadilly Records, Manchester; A & D Records, Northwich; Music Shop, Widnes; and usual outlets in North and Mid-Wales.
LEEDS QUEENS HALL Sun 28th Nov. at 7.30 pm
All tickets £4.50. Box Office 0532 431961
Available from: Barkers, Leeds; Cavendish Travel, Leeds; Sound Effect, York; Gough & Davey, Hull; JAT, Wakefield; The Record Bar, Wakefield; Bradleys, Halifax; HMV, Bradford; Grimsby Rayners; Lyceum Box Office, Sheffield, tel: (0742) 754944; Cavendish Travel, Sheffield; Cavendish Travel, Middlesborough; Ashley Adams Travel, Doncaster; and leading outlets.

QUEEN MARY COLLEGE
MILE END ROAD
Friday 8th October 7.30 pm
BUZZZ
Admission £2.75
Saturday 9th October 7.30 pm
AMAZULU
+ THE BEATROOTS
Admission £2.25

MOONLIGHT
100 WEST END LANE
(West Hamptead tube)
Sunday 7.30-10.30
Wednesday 6th October £1.50
SMALL WORLD
+ F.A.B.
Thursday 7th October £1.50
?
+ Dead Sea Sounds
+ Band Of Thieves
Friday 8th October £1.50
LOT 49
+ Foxing Socks
Saturday 9th October £1.50
THE KEYS
+ Teaser
Sunday 10th October £1.00
DISCO STUDENTS
+ Stereo Insults
Monday 11th October £1.50
MIDDLE EARTH
+ Separate Energy
+ Volume
Tuesday 12th October £1.50
CHICAGO SUNSET
+ Support
Wednesday 13th October £1.00
EASTERN ALLIANCE
+ Netty Blue

MCP presents
SSSH
THE MICHAEL SCHENKER GROUP
Plus Special Guests
ODEON THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH
Fri/Sat 26th/27th November 8.00pm
Tickets £5.00, £4.50, £4.00
Available from Box Office Tel: 01 748 4081 Keith Prowse, Premier, LTB and Albemarle.

Please phone before setting out & check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:-
WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN
ZERRA 1
THU.7oct. 2 man band with synth & lights and a fine understanding of what is atmosphere and what is not.
THE GO-BETWEENS
FRI8. "Like Haircut 100 joined by David Byrne." "SOUNDS." ... Compulsive listening" wrote Rolling Stone.
DEKE LEONARD'S
Sat 9. ICEBERG.
Ex-Man Rocker and hard roll-in band with a set more durable than the Titanic.
SUN. THINKING MANS ALTERNATIVE + SLOSINK + BONK
MON. RHETORIC + AMYL DUKES + BEDSIDE MANNER
TUE. SHOC CORRIDOR + THE CZECH + NAIVE
SCARLET PARTY
WED13. Clever, catchy songs with polished harmonies and sometimes thrilling keyboards. Recently seized by EMI.
THE ADDICTS
THU.14.oct. SLADE meets Stanley Kubrick. "If you don't know about the Addicts," said NME, "you must've blinked last month"
THE DOORS OPEN 7.30 till LATE, EXCEPT SUNDAY WHEN IT'S 7.30 till 12. REAL ALE AND COCKTAILS RIGHT THRU. YOU HAVE TO BE 18. OUR RESTAURANT IS OPEN 8.30 A.M till 2 A.M. MOST DAYS. WE'RE ON THE CORNER OF KING ST. & JAMES ST. OLD COVENT GARDEN
DRINK FOR LIVE MUSIC INFO: 836 1121
DINE FOR RESTAURANT INFO: 240 3961

MCP presents
STIFF LITTLE FINGERS
plus
MIDNIGHT OIL
plus Guests
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
THURSDAY 7TH OCTOBER 7.30 p.m.
Tickets : £4.00, £3.50
Available from Box Office Tel No. 748 4081/2 L.T.B., Keith Prowse, Premier and Albemarle.

HALF MOON, PUTNEY
788 2387
presents
JONA LEWIE
IN CONCERT
+ GRAHAM HINE & SAM MITCHELL
Thursday 21st & Friday 22nd Oct
Seats available now £3.00

Live Ads. in NME are read by more people than those in any other music weekly
SOURCE NRS JAN./JUNE 1982

SAD AMONG STRANGERS
MARQUEE
90 WARDOUR ST, W.1
TUES 12 OCT

CINEMAS

Scala CLUB CINEMA
KINGS CROSS 278 8052/0051

Friday 8th
Lindsay Andersons
IF
1.20, 5.10, 9.00
+ PRIVILEGE
3.20, 7.10
Saturday 9th
Andy Warhol's
CHELSEA GIRLS
12.30, 4.00, 7.30

TFE TUNNEL
Thursday 7th October Free
SOMETHING ELSE
+ The Spoons
Friday 8th October Free
GLASSHOUSE
+ The Time Dance
Saturday 9th October Free
BLACK FOX
+ Triple Echo
Tuesday 12th October Adm £2.00
Doors open 7.30
THE PINKEES
THE MITRE
338 TUNNEL AVENUE, GREENWICH SE10
Tel: 858 0895
(200 yards southside Blackwall Tunnel)

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
DEREK BLOCK presents
THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS
THE PASSAGE
SUNDAY 10th OCTOBER 7-30pm
TICKETS £4.00 £3.50
AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM BOX OFFICE 01 748 4081 KEITH PROWSE
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS PREMIER BOX OFFICE & USUAL AGENTS

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

SHOWERING PAVILION
SHEPTON MALLET
Derek Block presents

KID CREOLE
AND THE
COCONUTS
plus special guests
MUSICAL YOUTH

Wednesday 24th November
7.30pm
All Tickets £4.50
AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM:-
VIRGIN BRISTOL, SPILLERS CARDIFF, DERRECKS SWANSEA,
RECORDS UNLIMITED MIDSOMER NORTON,
LAMONT TRAVEL WELLS, ACORN YEOVIL,
PATHWAY SHEPTON MALLET, BATH PLACE TAUNTON,
MUSIC MARKET BATH, FOR TRAVEL DETAILS
TEL. CONCERT TRAVEL CLUB 02372-79070
AND LOCAL AGENTS

ASGARD PRESENTS
KATE & ANNA McGARRIGLE
DOMINION THEATRE – LONDON
MON 25 OCT at 7.30pm
TICKETS £5.50, £5.00 & £4.50 FROM BOX OFFICE 01-580 9562
New Album - Love Over & Over - on Polydor Records & Tapes

LEICESTER UNIVERSITY
presents
9th OCTOBER — Tickets £3.50 on door
THE TEARDROP EXPLODES
22nd OCTOBER — Tickets £2.00
VICE SQUAD
30th OCTOBER — Tickets £3.00 advance, £3.50 on door
JOAN JETT & THE BLACKHEARTS
6th NOVEMBER — All tickets £3.50
BOW WOW WOW
20th NOVEMBER — All tickets £3.00
DEAD KENNEDYS
Tickets available from:
LEICESTER UNIVERSITY
Box Office, University Road, Leicester

THE PASSAGE
+ THE NIGHTINGALES
Monday 11th October
THE RITZ,
Whitworth Street,
MANCHESTER
Doors Open 8pm
Tickets £2.75 available from
U.M.I.S.T. UNION, Piccadilly Records
(25p Booking Fee), HMV Record Shop
(25p Booking Fee). Enquiries 061-236 9114

Shanghai Lil's
Video & Cocktail Bar
316 Kings Road, Chelsea, London SW3
Telephone: 01-352 0025
Wednesday 6th October
STRAIGHT SHS
Thursday 7th October
POLITICS OF PARADISE
Friday 8th October
DUFFO
Saturday 9th October
EXCEPTIONS
Sunday 10th October
CLUB CASSETTE
Monday 11th October
PS PERSONAL
Tuesday 12th October
LINO'S LOST PATROL

DEREK BLOCK presents
The LYCEUM
The Strand, London WC2
bauhaus
AMAZULU INCANTATION
THURSDAY 14th OCTOBER 7.30pm
bauhaus
SOUTHERN DEATH CULT PLUS GUESTS
THURSDAY 21st OCTOBER 7.30pm
ALL TICKETS 3.50
AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM LYCEUM 01 836 3715
KEITH PROWSE LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS PREMIER BOX OFFICE & USUAL AGENTS

THE GREYHOUND
175 FULHAM PALACE ROAD, W.6

Thursday 7th October — £1.50
GT MOORE & THE OUTSIDERS
+ The Hazardous Pets
Friday 8th October — £1.50
A BIGGER SPLASH
+ Flesh For Lulu
Saturday 9th October — £2.00
THE SCREAMING LOBSTERS
featuring Paul Fox from The Ruts + The Hamsters
Sunday 10th October — £1.00
60's & NORTHERN SOUL DISCO
Monday 11th October — £1.25
BAD DETECTIVE
+ Outboys
Tuesday 12th October — £1.75
BARON ROJO
with special guests Scarecrow
Wednesday 13th October — £1.25
MAD SHADOWS
+ Mouse & The Underdog

ROCK CITY
Talbot St, Nottingham
Tel: 0602 412544 open 8pm-2am
Tuesday 12th October — £3.50 Adv
SAD CAFE
Tuesday 19th October — £3.00 Adv
BAUHAUS
Wednesday 20th October — £3.00 Adv
JOAN JETT & THE BLACKHEARTS
Tuesday 26th October — £2.50 Adv
THE THOMPSON TWINS
Wednesday 27th October — £4.00 Adv
GILLAN
Tuesday 2nd November — £3.50 Adv
SQUEEZE
Tuesday 9th November — £2.50 Adv
FLOCK OF SEAGULLS
Wednesday 24th November — £4.50 Adv
SHALAMAR
Wednesday 1st December — £3.00 Adv
GARY MOORE
Tuesday 21st December — £3.00 Adv
ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN
Must be over 18 years of age.
Tickets from Rock City Box Office, Selects Disc, Victoria Box Office, Nottingham — Re-Cords, Derby — Revolver, Mansfield — Pride, Newark — Record Shop, Grantham — Tracks, The Box Office, Lincoln — or by post from Rock City enclosing S.A.E.

PRIDE
downstairs at
Ronnie Scotts
Due to double booking
now rescheduled for
SUNDAY
October 17th
Show starts 9pm sharp
PRIDE Info 01-953 7416

THE 100 CLUB
PRESENTS
Thursday October 7th — £2.00
SCREWDRIVER
Tuesday October 12th — £1.80
CONFLICT
Thursday October 14th — £2.00
THE BUSINESS

B R U N E L U N I V E R S I T Y
Friday 15th October 8.00pm
Admission £2.50
Kingdom Room
LIGHT OF THE WORLD
+ Funk Disco
Thursday 21st October
MARI WILSON & THE WILSATIONS
Nearest tube, Uxbridge, M40 2 miles
Tickets from Students Union Kingston Lane, UX 39125
Also from Premier Box Office
Bar available to club members

FAC 51
THE HAÇIENDA
Tuesday 12th October
BLUE ZOO
Wednesday 13th October
BRILLIANT
Friday 15th October
PULSALLAMA
Monday 18th October
GASPER LAWALL
Friday 22nd October
EDDIE & SUNSHINE
Monday 25th October
PERE UBU'S DAVID THOMAS
Thursday 28th October
BUZZZ
Friday 29th October
THOMPSON TWINS
11-13 Whitworth St., West, Manchester
061-236 5051

KENNEDY STREET
ENTERPRISES LTD Presents
HAWKWIND

14/15 October	HITCHIN The Regal	All tkts £3.50
16 October	MANCHESTER Apollo	£4, £3.50, £3
17 October	PRESTON Guild Hall	£4, £3.50, £3
18 October	LIVERPOOL Empire	£4, £3.50, £3
19 October	GLASGOW Apollo	£4, £3.50, £3
21 October	EDINBURGH Playhouse	£4, £3.50, £3
22 October	ABERDEEN Capitol	£4, £3.50, £3
23 October	NEWCASTLE City Hall	£4, £3.50, £3
24 October	BRADFORD St. George's Hall	£4, £3.50, £3
25 October	SHEFFIELD City Hall	£4, £3.50, £3
27 October	BIRMINGHAM Odeon	£4, £3.50, £3
30 October	ST. ALBANS Civic Hall	All tkts £4
31 October	BRISTOL Colston Hall	£4, £3.50, £3
1 November	SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont	£4, £3.50, £3
3 November	HANLEY Victoria Hall	All tkts £4
4 November	DUNSTABLE Queensway Hall	All tkts £4
5 November	NORWICH University	All tkts £3.50
6 November	IPSWICH Gaumont	£4, £3.50, £3
7 November	LEICESTER De Montfort Hall	£4, £3.50, £3
9 November	TUNBRIDGE WELLS Assembly Rooms	£4, £3.50, £3
10 November	FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall	All tkts £3.50
11 November	GUILDFORD Civic Hall	All tkts £4
12/13 November	HAMMERSMITH Odeon	£4.50, £4, £3.50, £3
14 November	OXFORD Apollo	£4, £3.50, £3
15 November	CHIPPENHAM Goldiggers	£4, £3.50, £3

MCP presents
SQUEEZE
EXTRA SHOW
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THE PURPLING OF PETER

REGGAE RUNNINGS

Yellowman Jr: just wild about saffron.

TEENAGE Yellowman clone Peter Yellow — otherwise known by the name of Purple Man — comes forth on the Black Music label with a debut LP entitled 'Hot' (BMLP 802).

Produced by Prince Jammys and mixed at Channel One and King Tubby's studios in Jamaica, the album makes the 'Yellowman Connection', discusses syntax incumbent upon 'Yellow Language', proffers advice on 'How Fe Cross River Jordan' and insists 'Don't Disgrace You Wife' among its ten track inspiration.

Since recording the set, Peter Yellow has adopted the professional name Purple Man and his current recording under this alternative identity is 'Get Me Mad'.

Peter Broggs: Le Fermier International

RAS ON RAS

"I am an international farmer
Cultivating my good sinsemillia."

RELEASED on the Real Authentic Sound (RAS) label out of Washington DC is the second album from vocalist Peter Broggs: 'Rastafari Liveth' (RAS 3001).

Recorded at Channel One in February and produced by Doctor Dread, the LP features musicianship from the Roots Radics on all but the last two tracks, where a "Studio One Band" comprising Bagga Walker, Pablove Black, Freddie McGregor, Mysterio, Sky Juice and others supply the rhythms.

Track listing on the set is Side One: 'A Feeling', 'Rastafari Liveth', 'Jah Jah Voice Is Calling' (extended version) and 'Pick Up The Reggae'; Side Two: 'International Farmer', 'In This Time of Judgement', 'No Ism Pon De Riddim', 'Know Yourself Mankind', and 'Just Because I'm A Rastaman'. All titles composed by Peter Broggs with the exception of 'A Feeling', written by producer Doctor Dread.

Meanwhile, RAS Records carry a large retail catalogue of ska, rock steady and reggae LPs, which is available free from PO Box 40804, Washington DC 20016, USA.

STATION UNDERGROUND NEWS

OBSERVER STATION UNDERGROUND REPORTING — flashing freely from a semi-frequency — I saw from the beach . . . the dense rhythms of guitarist Chinna's High Times band feature on a trio of new 7" pre titles up from Jamaica this week. On the players' own High Music label Hopeton Crawford tells of a 'Brand New Love' and on the same imprint Frankie Paul exclaims 'I Need Your Loving', while in more militant style on Jusic Int they lay the foundation for Junior Walker as 'Junia" to tell of 'Black Africa' . . . **when the morning was shining** . . . two new pre on Sly & Robbie's Taxi label find Bobby Floyd adapting 'Love Without Feeling' and Delroy Wilson describing Marvin Gaye's 'Inner City Blues' . . . **a bark o'er the waters move gloriously on** . . . supreme among the new pre is Junior Murvin following up his 'Bad Man Posse' hit with a sentimental offering produced by Bubble & E Perry for the Blue Mountain label entitled 'Ruby', set to a fast paced steppers rhythm and transformed to the tune of 'Mountain Rock-Lovers Style' on its flip. Meanwhile, the singer's 'Showcase' album for Mikey Dread is issued in the UK . . . **I came when the sun from that beach was declining** . . . other new pre titles up include: Winston Wonder, 'Children Of Zion' (Harmonic); Enos McCloud, 'Good Thing' (JG Ultra Sonic); Culture, 'Lion Rock' (Sonic Sounds); Flick Wilson, 'I Don't Mind' (Volcano); Sylvan White, 'Africans Unite' (Corner Stone — Church Of Music); Eric Bubble, 'Gimmie Gimmie' (DEL Music); and Judy Mowatt, 'Didn't I Do It' (Ashandan) . . . **the bark was still there** . . . this STATION in tune to "a night of granduer" at Piccadilly's Cafe Royal last Saturday when a host of new fashions went on display. Hit of the show were the ascribed "jazz clothes" designed by Crippen, who are to be found at Oddity's of Camden Town, introduced to the strains of Ms Nina Simone's 'My Baby Just Cares For Me' . . . **but the waters were gone** . . . music was provided by the TWJ sound system's excellent mix of popular soul, funk, lovers and sunshine rhythms and guest Dennis Brown sang an impromptu 'Give Me Your Loving' live over the MC . . .

★ ★ ★

AND SUCH IS THE FATE of our life's early promise . . . dance pon de corner when Ernie & Learie present A Night To Remember at 60 Brownlow Road, Harlesden, NW10 on Friday from 11pm till who knows. Featuring Hawkeye International and Remus — South East Champion. Admission: £1. Food by Lee . . . **so passing the spring-tide of joy we have known** . . . also on the same night at Middlesex Poly Fresher's Ball in Hendon, live on stage Black Slate and Arema from 8.30pm. Tickets: £3.50 from SU Offices 01 607 4492 . . . **each wave, that we danc'd on at morning, ebbs from us** . . . alternatively on Friday Five Star invite you to a fashion show and dance on the Princess Elizabeth Paddle Steamer from 9pm to 3am. Music by Maze from Samson's Nitespot and Sammy Jay Disco. Live on stage: jazz/funk outfit Impulse. Tickets at £5.50 from 01 806 7213 . . . **and leaves us, at eve** . . . the organisation for sickle cell anaemia research presents a Grand Annual Fund Raising Dance at the Tottenham Town Hall, Approach Road, N15 on Saturday — from 8pm to 1am — rocking and dancing to The In Crowd. Licensed bar, food and buffet. Tickets £3 from 200a High Road, Wood Green, N22. Tel: 01 889 3300 . . . **on the bleak shore alone** . . . also on Saturday at St Giles Hall, Benhill Road, Camberwell, SE5 live on stage Phillip Fraser — the bionic singer from Jamaica . . .

★ ★ ★

NE'ER TELL ME OF GLORIES . . . three North London libraries are holding an exhibition of Caribbean photographs until October 16: Hackney Central, Mare Street, E8; Stamford Hill Library, N16; and the Rose Lipman, Beauvoir Road, N1. The pictures are in three categories and feature scenes taken at the Notting Hill Carnival and Caribbean studies . . . **serenely adorning the close of our day** . . . Third World Development Issues is the title of a course organised jointly by the Hornsey Branch of the Workers' Educational Association and the Archway Development Education Centre every Thursday 8-10pm at Hornsey Library (Junior Dept), Haringey Park, Crouch End, N8 . . . **the calm eve of our night** . . . Leeds Black Film Weekend this Friday, Saturday and Sunday in the city's Chapeltown area includes movies from black film-makers in Britain, the West Indies and Australia. Further details ring Bob Pegg on Leeds 490856 . . . **give me back, give me back the wild freshness of Morning** . . . Beewee's West Indian restaurant and takeaway specialise in roti (dhal puri), hassar (cascadoo), crab callaloo, fish stew etc. Open Monday to Saturday 12.30-4pm and 6.30-11pm at 96 Stroud Green Road, Finsbury Park, N4 . . . **her clouds and her tears are worth Evening's best light** . . . the Reggae Shuttle '82 tour with Horace Andy, Max Romeo and Matumbi returns to these shores from Europe this weekend with dates lined up at Cleopatra's Huddersfield (October 9), Romeo & Juliet's Birmingham (18), The Venue, London (19) and Hacienda, Manchester (20). Further dates to be announced . . . **One Love** . . .

MORECUT

NEW TOAST titles on 7" pre-release from Jamaica include **Big Youth** castigating the evil falangist 'Mr Right' (Negusa Nagast); **Lui Lepke** providing variation on Early B's 'History Of Jamaica' reading as 'Fi We Country' (E&J); sister **Nancy & Yellowman** joining forces to ride the 'Full Up' rhythm — currently best known via Musical Youth's 'Pass The Dutchie' chart-topping version — to declare 'Jah Mek Us Fe A Purpose' (Volcano); **Little John,** 'Work Us So Hard' (Hitbound); **Captain Sinbad,** 'Radication Dey Bout' (Explosion); and Little John and the voyaging Sinbad also swapping phrases on the 'Shank I Sheck rhythm and coming off the inspiration of Ranking Dread for 'Old Time Religion' (Explosion); and new names **Sharpknife** with 'Diana The Farmer' (JG Ultra Sound) and **Papa Capleton** morecutting 'Real Rock' in the manner of Willie Williams' 'Armagideon Time' for what is almost certainly a Seaga sponsored 'Pay Up Yu Taxes' (Rootsman).

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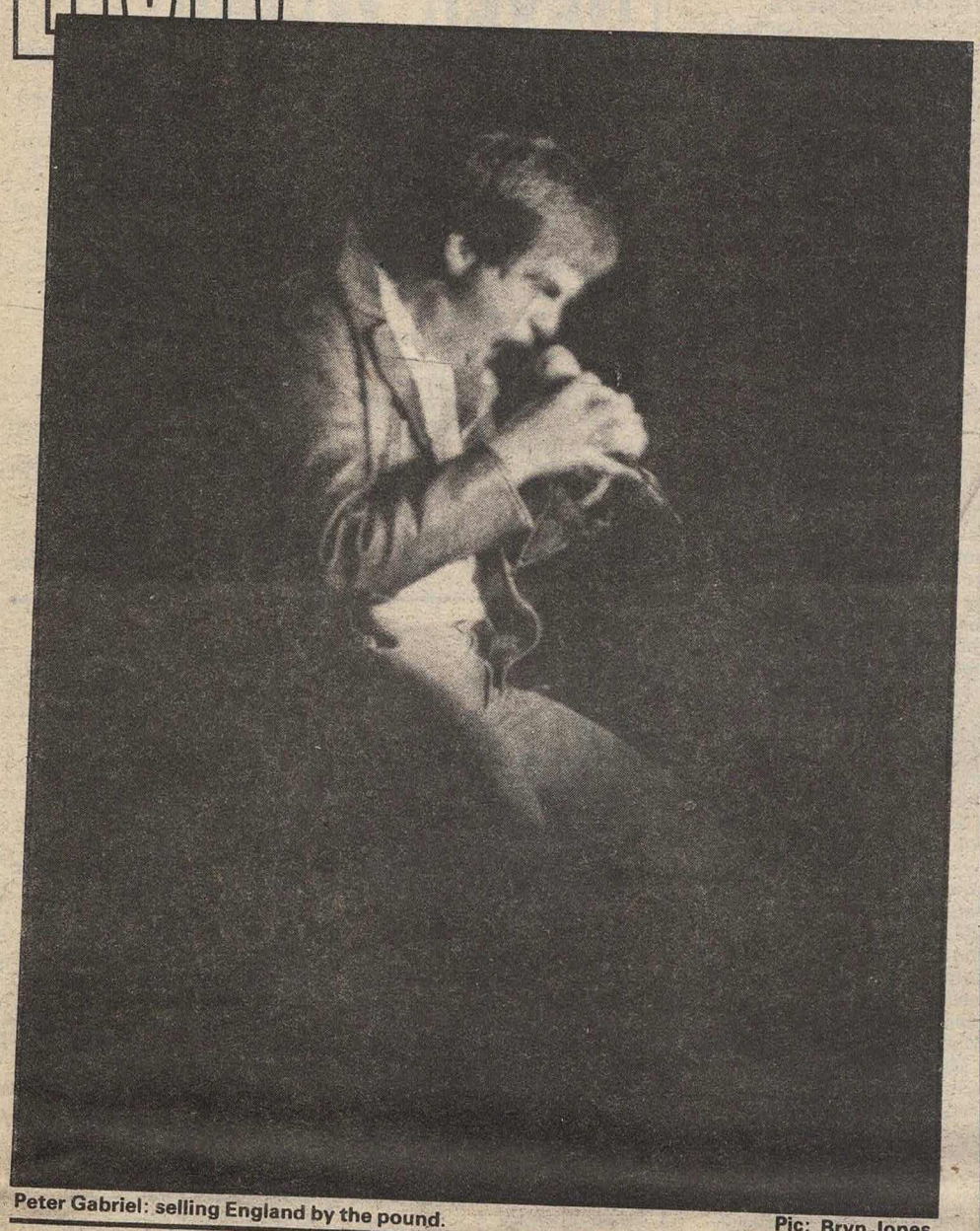


Peter Gabriel: selling England by the pound. Pic: Bryn Jones.

A TALE TOLD BY AN IDIOT

PETER GABRIEL AND GENESIS

Milton Keynes

When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning or rain?
When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.
(Not Nietzche)

THE LAST TIME the three of us met — myself, Peter Gabriel and Genesis — was during the earliest days of my initiation into the deep and dreadful ways of 'English Rock'. For several reasons though, we parted on less than favourable terms, and there resulted an agreement that we would not meet again.

And yet, against all odds, there we all were, radiant despite drowning in a hole in the ground hilariously described as a 'natural amphitheatre'. Together we persevered through the tempestuous elemental fury (it pissed down). We waded through the hot dog debacle (waited half an hour to get ripped off with insect droppings disguised as meat). And the reasons for this breach of treaty? There's only one. WOMAD, like they said: BRILLIANT BUT BUST.

The hurlyburly's died down now but, without sounding corny, you shouldn't forget the World Of Music And Dance festival. I wouldn't have been at Milton Keynes for any other reason.

Sure, you've read all about it before, some of you were even there (although not nearly enough). So shouldn't I stick to describing the awesome array of talents at Milton Keynes? Should I apply some critical perspective to the performance of The Blues Band and Talk Talk? Bollocks to that. It was irrelevant that The Blues Band were there to start the boredom, unimportant to everyone in the world but my sub-editor that I missed them. And it'd be a sin to talk at any length of Talk Talk, a band who make Duran Duran sound sincere, serious and suss by comparison.

Even as I stood there, later in the evening, soaking and speculating on the incongruities between Gabriel — soberly attired but still commanding, in jeans and black leather jacket, slipping and sliding with a potent articulacy through the open vocal ranges of 'Selling England By The Pound' and 'Firth Of Fifth' — and Genesis — a pack of tired old dogs sallying around with all the 'pulling' power their grandiose but hollow orchestrations could muster — this event in itself could hold no more significance than that of a hat being passed round.

Still, at least WOMAD set the sparks of curiosity blazing, at most it showed the way ahead. There's a whole world out there that's teeming with musics blissfully devoid of the maddening shackles/shekels castrating this insular, incestuous rock thing. WOMAD offered an enticing philosophy. Sod the 'culture plunder' crap, it's healthy. Theft is vital to music, that's how the whole damn thing started anyway. Only now you don't have to take it one continent at a time.

When it was time for us to leave Milton Keynes and renew our treaty with even greater resolve, the only taste in my mouth was a disgustingly ironical one. Sad, isn't it, that cheers must go to Genesis, the patron saints of reactionary ol' rock'n'roll, for feeding WOMAD a lifeline? There's absoloutely no question that the populace of Milton Keynes concert bowl — excepting Gabriel, myself and a scattered few — didn't give a toss about WOMAD but still, it's through these people that 1982 might still be remembered as being something more than the year of the musically disabled.

Amrik Rai

The boy looked at Peter Pic: Bryn Jones

IN THEIR OWN IMAGE

PUBLIC IMAGE

New York

"WHAT BECOMES a legend most?" Here's Johnny . . . shrouded in myth. How can we see him for what he is now? We either build him up or take him to task for all he's done and said and been. A burden to him and a cloud over our eyes.

What we get is no breakthrough, just a confirmation that PiL are intriguing to hear, fascinating to watch. Part freakshow, part maelstrom, part invitation and part threat, they showed nothing new but showed they did their old thing very well. I wanted to tell you that PiL, starting this American tour, would be a fireball blazing down the highway with a new brilliance. Instead they are going to be more like a sleek fast truck, a reliable model going nowhere you haven't been before.

Who is PiL now? Martin Atkins is back on drums, and Peter Jones (ex-Cowboy International and Brian Brain) is on bass. In PiL's last "real" gigs it was Wobble's bass that defined the sound and shook the roof. Now the sound belongs to Levine and the show belongs to Lydon, who knows with unerring instinct just what to do with it.

Levine's guitar is a big, booming sound, sometimes a roaring drone and other times a rippling, surging pool of thick, suggestive noise. The rhythms of Atkins and Jones, though, are rather lock-into-step, almost martial in their regularity.

The set starts slowly with a new song — a slow blur, the outlines of an idea. Then it's high gear with 'Public Image', and the boys down in front start acting like it's a Black Flag gig, prompting a line of musclemen to step up to guard the stage against invasion. Lydon is bopping up and down behind an ear-to-ear grin, looking like a mad scientist in a white Bellview Hospital smock. He plays to the crowd openly, a positive manipulation that seems generous and giving, fired by a palpable pleasure in being back on stage.

There are two, maybe three new songs played and they sound indistinguishable from what surrounds them, material drawn from all three albums. The new songs go on in the same way as the others — a mesmerising addled rush, an atmosphere of dread drug beat. No revelations, no new meanings suggested.

But the sound of the band is compelling, a powerful rush and roar. And Lydon as frontman keeps the crowd absolutely rivetted and involved — he goes that mysterious extra distance to reach out, to touch, to personalise the event. The crowd is happy to watch him gyrate and declaim and enchant, happy to sing out the chorus to 'Under The House' loud and clear, happy to jump up and down to 'Public Image' a second time and congratulate themselves on being there.

PiL put on a "good show" and perhaps it's sour grapes not to leave it at that. But they are too sharp to rest on their laurels, and good as it was, this show was just coasting. So keep your wheels out of the ditch, boys, but anyway thanks for the ride.

Richard Grabel

Why do tribes exodus to Milton Keynes . . . to see Genesis? Pic: Bryan Jones.

Undercover agents back in uniform — Pics: Peter Anderson

WHAT DO YOU GET IF YOU CROSS VAL DOONICAN WITH PAUL MORLEY?

DOLLAR

Wimbledon Theatre

THE DOLLAR conundrum.

"Fabulous", opined the garish and cheap posters at this live manifestation of the Dollar experience (I still find the words 'Dollar' and 'gig' unlikely bedfellows).

"Fabulous" whispered the pre-teens as they shuffled, wide-eyed into the auditorium, probably to enjoy the pleasures of the concert platform for the first time — eager to lose a cumbersome social virginity to the treacley touch of Tereze and David.

Being of steadily advancing years, and definitely past that first pop flush, I had decided to enlist an accomplice — a 14-year-old of partisanly pro-Dollar persuasion.

Intent on letting my cohort do the critical legwork, to get the *true* facts, and *real* verdict, I tried to suppress the questions already bobbing about 'upstairs' — annoying little queries that would never occur to my junior colleague. Question like: what on earth are tip top hit parade pranksters Dollar doing in the wilting, suburban Wimbledon Theatre — an establishment kinder commentators would use the words "faded splendour" to describe.

However, as the dulcet duo sprang on, my nitpicking digressions looked very small potatoes indeed.

The pop world's equivalent of a supergrass had previously informed me that our David and our Tereze are known to all in "the Biz" as Mr and Mrs Professional, and don't they just show it! The few shortcomings in the soundware department are amply made up for by the band of slick session men, eagerly duplicating every recorded crescendo and paradiddle. They played, however, strict second fiddle to Dave (I feel I can call him Dave, such is the boy next door persona he warmly creates) and Terry, hitting all those notes, *and* holding them a damn sight longer than your common or garden pop twerp. All the singles came jumbled up with a jamboree bag of '60s favourites (no duff album tracks from Dollar) — *she* did 'Being With You' (Smokey Robinson chestnut), *he* did 'Young Girl' (swoon-provoking Gary Puckett chestnut) — fabulous!

My companion sat trembling in glassy eyed ecstasy — were they *really* there? Yes! . . . and even I, jaded old buffoon, dropped my notebook in the excitement.

The way Dollar effortlessly inhabit the apparently confounding worlds of Val Doonican and Paul Morley really is something to behold. Dollar are *obviously* undercover agents; the question is, upon whom do they spy?

Discuss.

Graham K Smith

TRENDY, BUT NEVER WEIRD

HOT CHOCOLATE

Dominion, London

COME ON, which hit do *you* love? If you say none of them, I think you're lying. I'll go for one of the earliest, 'Love Is Life' and one of the latest, 'It Started With A Kiss' (surely a classic-ette of '82). Whatever, it's likely they played it tonight, because the point about Hot Chocolate shows is making everyone happy.

Over the stage there hangs a big Hot Chocolate sign, lettered in the ritzy 1920s style so in vogue in the '70s. Add to that the crisp white suits of the nine-member Hot Chocolate line-up, and the image is sort of provincial wine bar, or suburban night-club (the type entitled "Gatsbys" or "Rotters" or some such, often favoured by footballers).

Still, this is some small part of HC's mass-appeal: to be a bit trendy, but never too much, never *weird* . . . And, of course, they've other thing going for them besides: like Erroll Brown's easy charm and common touch, like a steady craftsmanship in writing and playing, like Mickie Most.

Live, they're not a hard act to enjoy, and so I did — at least up until that certain point in the night where Erroll declares that it's "party time!" In the light of experience, I've found this an opportune moment for discreet exit . . .

Paul Du Noyer

COCK ROCK

JOE COCKER

Sheffield Lyceum

IT'S BEEN 12 years now since Joe Cock last played a major concert in his hometown of Sheffield . . . and at £6.50 a head I daresay most of Sheffield would have waited a little longer.

Inside, it's not too crowded but the gathered few seem to have built up a good head of steam: the atmosphere is one of almost religious devotion to Cock boy. Bouts of insane screaming from jerking jerks and convulsive applause begin well before the old Cock limps on stage.

I've never really understood the Cock appeal. Perhaps I'm too young but the sight of an arthritic Cock croaking through hunky, supposedly bluesy but very rocky versions of 'A Whiter Shade Of Pale', 'With A Little Help From My Friends' and 'Heard It Through The Grapevine' doesn't lift me any more than it lifts the death-warmed-up complexion of Cock.

The emphasis throughout is, of course, wholeheartedly on the big Cock. The band, who incidentally include drummer B J Wilson of Procul Harum, are closeted discreetly away towards the rear of the stage and out of spotlights way. Meanwhile the Cock twitches nervously as he sings 'Look What You've Done' from the recent 'Sheffield Steel' album. It's a big occasion, perhaps the Cock is nervous, the audience are marvellous, they begin to rise as the Cock begins to climax with the famous Cock scream. Well, the scream was a bit of a let down actually. Cock fluffed it by coming too soon.

By the time the slim, black backing singers had invaded the stage to pay homage to the heroic Cock, I was well gone (home).

Amrik Rai

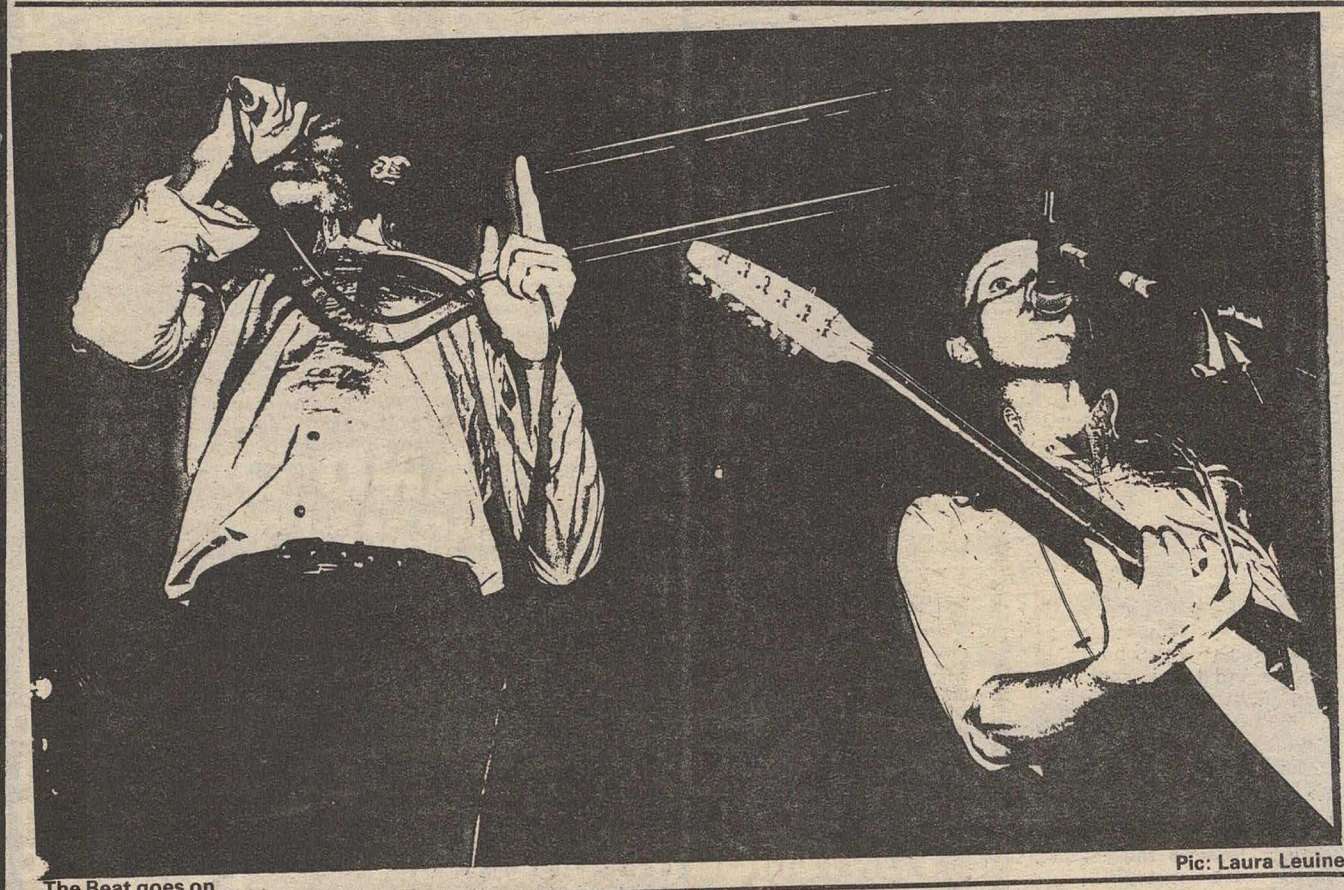
THE CHINESE DEFECTIVES

CHINESE GANGSTER ELEMENT

Halifax Queens Rd Centre

I WAS really having fun. The Queens Road Centre is a nice friendly place, the room was pretty full and Chinese Gangster Element were playing their first gig and they seemed to be enjoying it. There were people dancing, there were people tapping their feet in the best *Juke Box Jury* tradition.

Then the lead singer and fairly inventive if play-in-a-day guitarist apologised for yet another chaotic ending by



The Beat goes on . . . . — Pic: Laura Leuine

A WINNING BEAT

THE BEAT

Belfast

THE TINY black kid can only be about ten or so and along with the two members of The Beat he's the only other non-white in the hall. He's sitting up in the balcony but down on the dance floor some two dozen retard rude boys with brains like slops spot him and start Seig Heiling and yelling at him. For a while it looks like certain of the Beat's following (affected no doubt by post-Falklands emptiness) are going to mar the whole night like the dangerous moron freeloaders who tailed Sham 69.

They're a real snore, but the boy and his friends are well above them, looking down and barracking them back just as hard.

But if things had been looking bad they look smartly up as soon as The Beat tread the boards. Just like the kid in the balcony they confront the crap and, after a 90 minute dispatch of trembling sunlight textures and sparkle, the skin goons are streaming onto the stage to dance and sing or shake hands with Ranking Roger. It'd be naive to think Beat music (any music?) could ever persuade politically, or put out prejudice, but the Wakelings of this world seem to be attempting it with greater success than anyone has a right to expect. Clearly there's a very winning beat at work here. A handsome sound.

Then add to this the ingenious appeal of The Beat's subliminal radicalism; a militant tendency a world away from the harsher dressed down radical chic of The Au Pairs. The Beat galvanise (witness the girls leaping over the monitors to kiss Wakeling) with a kindly glamour. And if there has to be reproach then let it be directed to something minor, like the overworked time signature, the too-spry pace or the occasional censoring of the sax by the flapping, gambolling guitars.

Beat the Beat? I'd like to see someone try.

Adrian Maddox

saying, "If the reputed reporter from the *NME* is here . . ." and then muttering something exonerating. Friends, I was that Reputed Reporter, and the wind was removed from my sails and I collapsed like Nelson on the deck of the Victory. And I had no Hardy to kiss me.

Normally I don't announce myself because if I'm only going on spec then I might not write a review and the review might not get printed if I write it, but on this particular night I was Mr. Spectacularly Skint so I rang up and got myself biro'd on to the guest list, and the Chinese Gangsters had found out. And after that as they launched into another song that parted in the middle like The Red Sea and didn't come together again, everyone in the room including the Reputed Reporter began to make value judgements about a band they'd previously just been enjoying.

The Reputed Reporter noted that the bass player had some good ideas in his head but he had difficulty translating them into bass, that the drummer was angry with himself for making mistakes and that was making him make mistakes, that the lead singer / guitarist's enthusiasm was simply nervousness, and that the girl singer / guitarist had been watching a lot of Toyah videos. The songs were veering between garage-rough and dog-rough.

But more and more of the audience were dancing, criticising with twinkling feet, and in the end the enthusiasm filtered back and the band got a silly, friendly encore, and even the Reputed Reporter was smiling again. As Joan Didion said, glancing at Chinese Gangster Element and the Reputed Reporter: "We tell ourselves stories in order to live."

Ian McMillan

LOFTY HOPES

UNDERDOG

Sheffield George IV

OKAY, IT'S Thursday night in Steel City; what can a poor boy do? Hmmmm . . . there's ole Dick Strange at the Leadmill, there's Psychic Twist at Rebels. Nah, too trendy. Let's go see Underdog at the George. Only 50p.

Upstairs there's quite a few people and it looks like a jazzy crowd so I zip up my jacket and cross my legs and pretend I'm part of the New York Loft Scene like everybody else in the room. A stout youth in lumberjack cast-offs announces the support act by bending down and saying something inaudible into a belly-high mike. He's the same lad I once saw reciting a gas bill to a saxophone accompaniment at an arty thrash somewhere. He's gone far. The support are two chaps who improvise with great seriousness for a while and who remind me of that bloke in *Aguirre, Wrath of God* who won't stop playing the pan pipes and you keep thinking I wish he'd stop playing those bleeding pan pipes. Eventually they do and the applause is more interesting than the act.

During the interval Underdog test the mikes and a girl keeps saying one/two so rhythmically that it's obvious she wants the band to start up spontaneously behind her and . . . let's do the show right here! This is almost The New York Loft Scene, after all!

It doesn't happen like that, though, and she sits down and the band stands, to attention from the grimly thoughtful audience. Underdogs's music is a bit "wild" and a bit like that sort of precision bebop which reminds you of two toy cars racing very quickly neck-and-neck around a tiny track. The "wild" bits alternate with the racing bits and it's not a dull noise. The girl then gets up and adds singing to the "wildness" and the racing, which works well in a mauled Bessie Smith song but not so well in a long churchy thing where she keeps insisting that "Music is the spirit of the Universe". Fair enough.

Can't complain at 50p but I'm not exactly burning up. My pal Paul was with me: he'd just got back from a long time in France and he said "When I'm abroad I want to come home, and when I'm at home I want to be abroad," which is as good an explanation as any of Underdog's Art with a capital Stance.

Ian McMillan

A FLAGGING SPIRIT

FLAG OF CONVENIENCE

The Venue, Victoria

THE FACTS; Steve Diggle and John Maher were in dead Mancunian band Buzzcocks. Buzzcocks have been posthumously decorated 'Dead Cool Innovators' for their services to the single. Fact: this 'Flag' is tied, bound to an ageing pole; Diggle and co artificially inseminate a sub-Buzzcock rock into the rock of the Bunnymen and U2. The brilliance of Buzzcocks was Shelley — Diggle's guitar play was only the stage direction to Shelley's beautifully crafted scripts.

Lest we forget: Flag Of Convenience. The lyrical content was sad. It was sad to see the quality that we were offered. You just come to expect more.

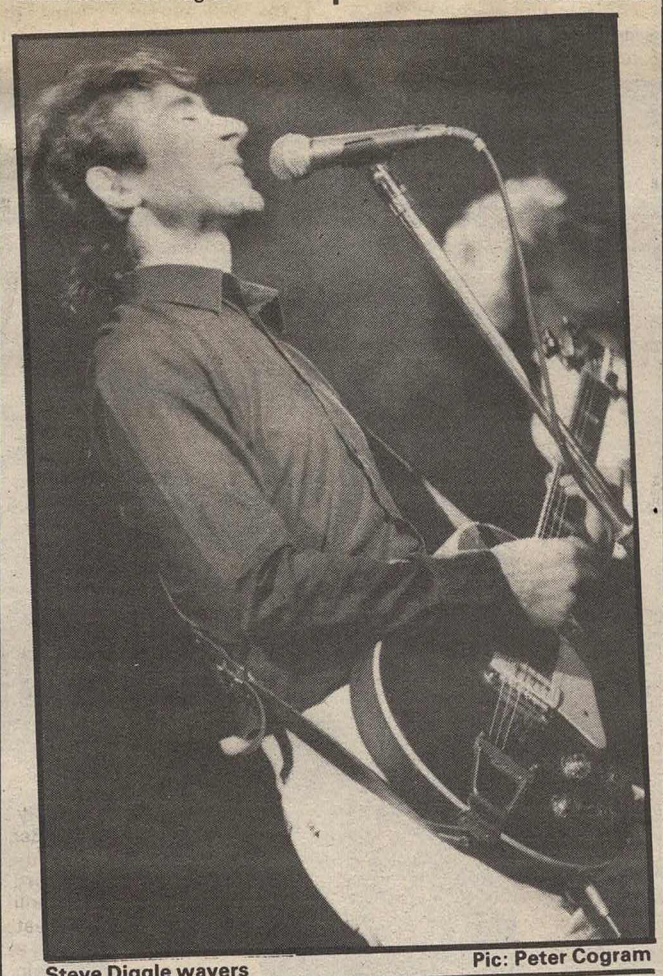
And the song? This was the essence of any set by Buzzcocks. For Flag Of Convenience the song remained the same; scratch guitar riffs overpowered the PA; Diggle imposed a type of 'School-of-Townshend' flourish on every chord and the strings just couldn't stop snapping. The synth was discordant and, for the most part of the set, unneard. The bass, too, was rarely heard. Drums were drums were Maher.

Vocally the Flag spluttered and flapped; Diggle is no heady singer but the band rallied well around some well wrought harmonic gateways.

The highly acclaimed single 'Life On The Telephone' stood out as a gem in an otherwise gritty set; far more 'poppy', refined and subtle than the rest of the set. Still they can't go around the country relying on one song can they?

Flag Of Convenience owe a fair bit to the Buzzcocks. Sadly at the time of going to press, these are all the wrong pieces. . .

David Dorrell



Steve Diggle wavers — Pic: Peter Cogram

UN-MUSICAL YOUTH

BRILLIANT

THE JUNGLE

The Venue, Victoria

THE JUNGLE suit their name as far as appearances go, with stripey stripped bodies and combat greens, but that's about all. The band sweat over a tropical double-drum backdrop, very Bow Wow Wow, but a few yelps and yowls do not a fruity, fertile sound make. At least they make an effort and look as though they're enjoying themselves, but all in all they're too much a mish-mash to mean a lot to anyone.

Ah, and speaking of "mean", here's old Youth on stage now — scowling as always. He's even playing the same bass lines as he did in Killing Joke, which destroys any preconceptions about a lighter, more dancey approach. The trouble is that the singer, Marcus, comes across like he wants to be Jim Morrison — all leather trousers and manic pose. He only fits in on the slower songs, when the tone comes down and he's given the spotlight to croon away in.

Rhythm is something they push hard for, and melody is cut down to a bare minimum. Every so often they'd all be standing there, whacking bits of wood together while the synth drones in the

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LIVE!

NMA: MARCHES ON ITS GUTS

NEW MODEL ARMY

Bradford Upstage

IT'S BEEN a long time. A long time since anything buzzed so strong. Get excited? I could get carried away. . .

Chain me down and I'll tell you a story, a tale of hope and FIRE — the first sparks I've seen fly in *years.* Patience is snapping, tempers are flaring and while this angry confidence simmers, a band is emerging from the complacency that is 1982, a band to channel this confidence and smash that complacency.

New Model Army's been a long time in the making, a band and a sound that's been sorely needed these last few years. Tonight NMA play Bradford Upstage, a hip dive where the wimp sophisticates swerve and jive to claptrapped muzak. . . Suddenly the CRACK!

NMA crack like a bastard. Sometimes harsh, sometimes sly but always strong. Sometimes guitar like an abbatoir, sometimes laser-sharp but always lashing viciously, the music smarting.

NMA are an electric shock. Just when you were starting to accept the stench of demoralisation and defeat, starting to think that the bland moderation of 1982 is mebee all we're going to get, their songs speed and soar and remind you that if we challenge, we can take the world.

Their songs take you back to the last time you were this excited, then take you forward to a more potent future. They are the energy, fizz and intelligence of The Buzzcocks, the cascading pop of The Skids or the Banshees, the uptight urgency of The Clash or the cool sleaze of The Stranglers at their best . . . they are whatever you want but most of all they are the electric defiance of The Ruts.

Tonight they rekindle that lost tradition of eloquent fury — suss and style and guitar just like it should be. No wayward vitriol, no mindless rant, just controlled force. NMA *discipline* their passion.

Tonight they cut through a lot of fuzzy misconceptions, give the lie to chat about redundant guitars. Sometimes they cut through their piercing harmonics, wires ringing, sometimes they play like animals — on 'Tension' the guitar grates and jars, on 'Bittersweet' the wires rush more cleanly and the crack is sublime.

NMA assault with quality, a striking beauty. SONGS . . . 'Liberal Education', 'Fashion', 'Great Expectations', 'I Wish', 'The Cause' . . . A plethora!

The vocals burn strong throughout — fiery verses and magnificent choruses. When 'Betcha' heckles and helters (DRUMS!! . . . not since 'Funeral Pyre'), when 'The Cause' smoulders before erupting into a soaring anthem, you know their set is a classic.

It was enough to spark extreme emotions, enough to scatter your worries and disturb the wimp sophisticates. NMA are certainly not the angriest noise this week, certainly not the best band this year, but they're great enough to make me feel both very sad remembering past struggles and what could have been and yet exhilarated remembering what's still to be won. When you find that someone this good, this strong, is on your side — that's the best feeling in the world.

Knowing that there's someone else is feeling that surge of grinning confidence, it's seeing The Clash play 'Southall Kids Are Innocent' or hearing Malcolm Owen shouting the same odds as you. NMA have a *mighty* confidence, confidence to fight and win and change this sorry state.

When you've a song as glorious as 'New Frontier' you've an unstoppable power. This week's seen more than one group of people starting to realise that power — turn this outbreak of anger into an epidemic and we're all unstoppable.

X. Moore

From previous page

background. This group certainly toil, but sometimes effort just isn't enough.

There's no heart or colour to the music. They seem sadly grim, as though it's something they think they have to do — like work. Too much of that makes Brilliant a dull prospect indeed.

Richard North

Orchestre Jazira attain those heights Pic: Leon Morris

IN THE DARK

ORCHESTRE JAZIRA

Gold Coast Club, Soho

HIGHLIFE and low life congregate in a Soho basement on equal terms when Orchestre Jazira play the Gold Coast club in Dean Street last Wednesday.

The ten pieces of the group appear to shake stage and nerves with congas, keyboards, drums, guitars, percussion and vocals as well as two ladies out there blowing saxophone and trombone to not easy effect. The sound is repetitive, interesting, numbing, inventive and a bit desperate by starts. They whoop up a lot of noise and accolade, play a set that includes current single 'Love' plus its flip 'Dede Vi' and even attain to some heights as the night wears on.

Penny Reel

Mellow Cello Pic: Lawrence Watson

CYGNET RING

SWANS WAY

Pizza Express, Soho

IMAGINE A Chandleresque setting: a humid evening, a low life basement club; scattered chairs and tables bathed in cigarette smoke; waitresses with long legs and fast mouths, dodging hands and collecting bills; shadowy figures in shady corners; candle lit features; a small stage cluttered with an assortment of instruments . . . An evening that seems rooted in '40's Americana. A perfect setting, whether for Chandler or our hosts, Swans Way.

Swans Way at the Pizza Express are like Mozzarella. Hot, gooey and simple. Track after track revolves around the battered double bass and its simple, rhythmic beat. The man that plucks and pulls, Rick P Jones, seems to hang loosely about its neck. Somewhere in the corner Maggie offers some percussion shuffles and Robert Shaw sneaks in some atonal sax melodies. Simplicity itself. When Shaw sings the finished effect is a feat of vocal dynamics where the lyrics are not so much sung, as offered as an alternative to the sax.

The freshness of Swans Way lies in their lack of complexity; seven instruments are played in the set, from accordion to piano, yet the rhythm and the melodies are constantly spartan. Though the final impression is not of sluggish, basic play, but of careful and strongly co-ordinated jazzrobatics. It should be noted that 'Theme From The Balcony' (current single) is far from the best slate that Swans Way can offer.

MA.,H.ep., C.At.

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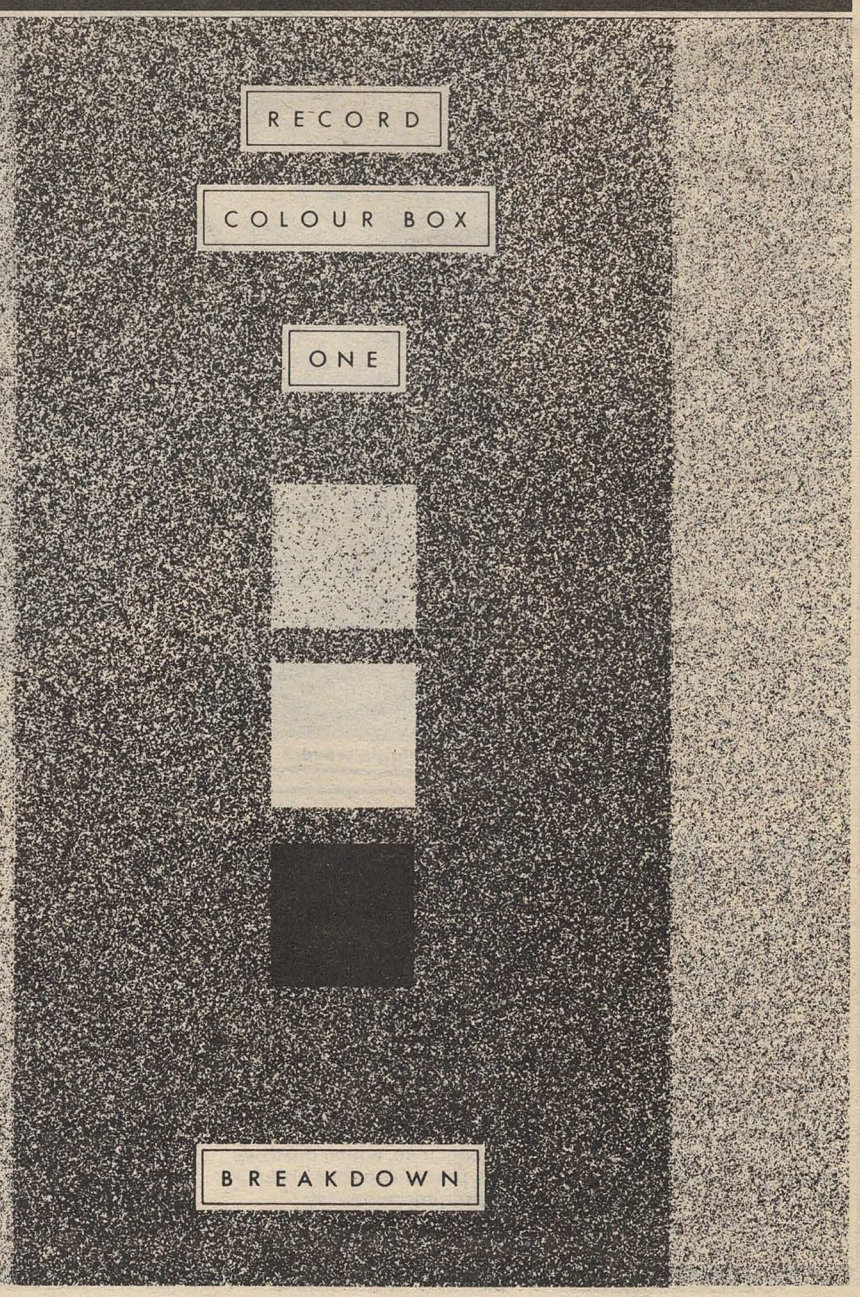

A-puke-alypse Now (sic)

MUSICIANS WHO would like to be friends of Friends of the Earth and, through them, friends of the people who are a little dubious about the idea of nuclear power stations, will soon have their opportunity to show themselves.

Last week, the government announced that no funds would be made available to objectors to the plans to build a nuclear power station at Sizewell in Suffolk. This means that the inquiry into the rights and wrongs of the station will be held without objectors having the same chance as the Central Electricity Generating Board to put their case.

Nigel Lawson, the Energy Secretary, says that the Nuclear Installations Inspectorate, who will handle the inquiry is a "totally independent body . . . uniquely equipped with the resources and expertise to make a thorough and independent examination of the safety issues."

Well, Renee Chudleigh, the Energy Campaigner at Friends of the Earth is not quite as starry-eyed as Nigel about the independence of the inquiry. So they are trying to raise £100,000 to bring expert witnesses from America who will suggest that Nigel and his unique equipment may not be the best judges of the safety of nuclear power. "We are," said Ms Chudleigh, "taking a fairly cynical view."

However, FoE reckon that it is essential that some opposition is articulated at the inquiry and are thus starting to fund-raise — with a jumble sale outside the Department of Energy on October 15 and, somewhat more ambitiously, with a film festival and a benefit concert — and this is where bands come in, to commemorate Harrisburg in March.

☐ The Labour Party conference wasn't as welcoming as it might have been to Helen John from the Greenham Common Peace Camp when she tried to make a point from the platform at Blackpool. But she did have the satisfaction that the party has now voted in favour of unilateral nuclear disarmament by 4,927,00 to 1,925,000, a figure over which you could hardly call for a recount.

But while Helen John and others from the camp were attempting to bend the Labour ears, the bailiffs moved in to their peace camp, towed off their caravan and have put up what looks like a landscape garden in its place. Joan Ruddock, the chairperson of CND, drove past it last week and says that it already has had peace symbols and women's symbols daubed on it. And the camp goes on.

Back at Blackpool, the Labour leader Michael Foot was distinctly underwhelmed by the vote in favour of disarmament, despite the fact that many other Labour MPs think it may prove a big vote-catcher. The move is already on within CND to make local MPs declare themselves on the issue and to try and turn nuclear disarmament into the main electoral issue.

☐ And this is the week when local councils are throwing open their bunkers so that people can either choose their place to lay their sleeping bag and thermos of cocoa or, alternatively, decide that the whole civil defence exercise is a great waste of time. Town halls of nuclear free councils will have details of where the open bunkers are. If you aren't in a nuclear-free town or borough, we have two words for you and the first is tough.

Blondes compiled by DUNCAN CAMBELL

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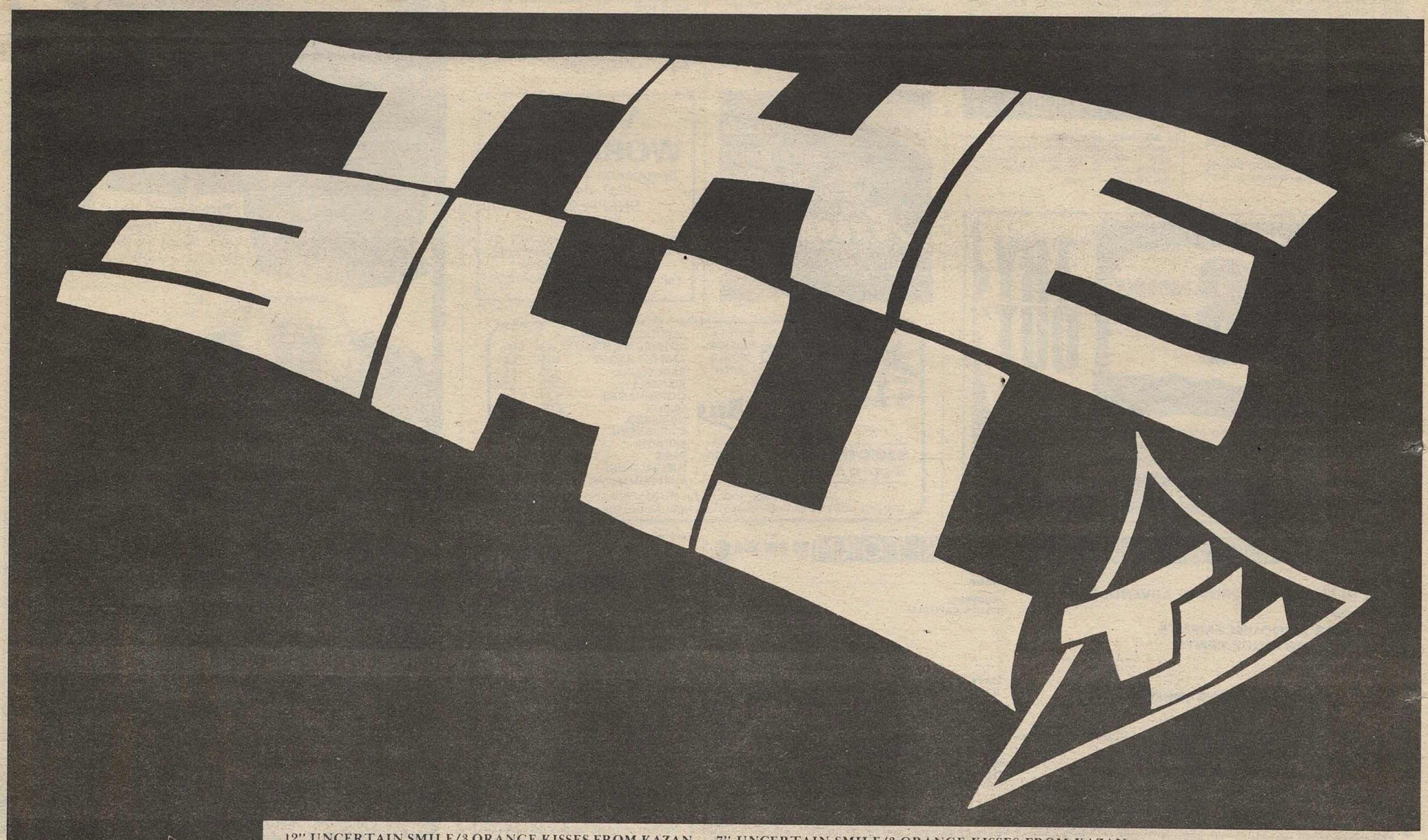

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BY TONY BACON

NEW TAPES HEADING YOUR WAY

THE TAPE-HEAD on your cassette deck really is glutted by all kinds of rust and metal particles thanks to the endless efforts of the big tape manufacturers for whom Home Taping is Killing Profits.

Of course the standard audio cassette was invented in the '60s by Philips in Holland. At the same time Grundig had apparently experimented unsuccessfully with a similar medium. Although technology has advanced since then, the principle remains the same: the tape consists of a plastic backing onto which is coated a variety of metal oxide particles. When you record onto tape, the magnetic signal from the tape-head 'imprints' by re-arranging the tiny particles. This is then converted back into an electrical signal (hence the term "analogue recording") when the tape is replayed.

To get better recordings, bias and equalisation are added to the tape signal when recording. On most cassette machines you'll find three bias settings: Metal, Chrome (High), and Ferric (Normal): some machines have an automatic bias setting which allows you to line up the tape more accurately. Equalisation is more normally associated with the replay stage, and ensures a close proximity to flat response — even volume at all frequency levels. The 'curve' of these filter networks is defined by a time constant, either 120 microseconds (Ferric) or 70 microseconds (Chrome and Metal).

The International Electrotechnical Commission (IEC), set up by the big manufacturers, have come up with four groupings of tape types in an attempt to standardise bias and equalisation settings. Group I consists of standard Ferric types and Group II gathers chrome types together. Group III tapes, so-called "Ferrichromes" are gradually being phased out and are now rarely catered for on decks. Group IV is the more recently introduced metal types. Group numbers are now replacing names where appropriate, and eventually this could create uniformity.

But the barrage of brands and types remains overwhelming. **Agfa** have just launched a new range of cassettes improved, in sound, with a better tape base, sturdier tape mechanism, and re-designed packaging. New coating formulas, called HD and HDX, have been developed by the German Agfa engineers, with increased dynamic range on the HDX type. The range now consists of: Ferrocolour HD (I); Superferro HDX (I); Stereochrom HD (II); Superchrom HDX (II); Carat (a rare III); and Pure Metal HDX (IV). They all come in 60 and 90 minute formats and 120 on the first three.

Fellow Germans **BASF** make reference tapes for IEC groups, I and II. An improved BASF cassette housing gives a claimed reduction in azimuth error. This is the loss of high frequencies due to the tape's face not meeting the tape head at a perfectly perpendicular angle. Current range is: LH extra I (I); LH super I (I); chromdioxide II (II); chromdioxide super II (II).

Maxell cassettes are still praised for their sound and construction. As well as improved housing quality with an eye (and an ear) to azimuth error, culminating in a wonderful piece of non-explanation from a product information leaflet where we are told that this tape shell is "subjected to our thoroughgoing pursuit of precision even by microns". Nice to know, isn't it?

The current list of Maxell cassettes on offer splits fairly naturally into two: suffixed types and the single metal type are, if you like, for specialist, higher-quality use: MX (IV), XLII-S (II) and XLI-S (I). The range is completed by standard-use types: UDXLII (II); UDXLI (I); recently reformulated UD (I); and UL (I).

Memorex tapes are now marketed through Mentek in the UK, who seem to have eased up on the ludicrous formula to suggest that their chromdioxide tapes have the range consists of one cassette in each of the common types: MF1 (I); MC2 (II); and MM4 (IV). All come in C60 or C90, with MM4 also sold in C46 format.

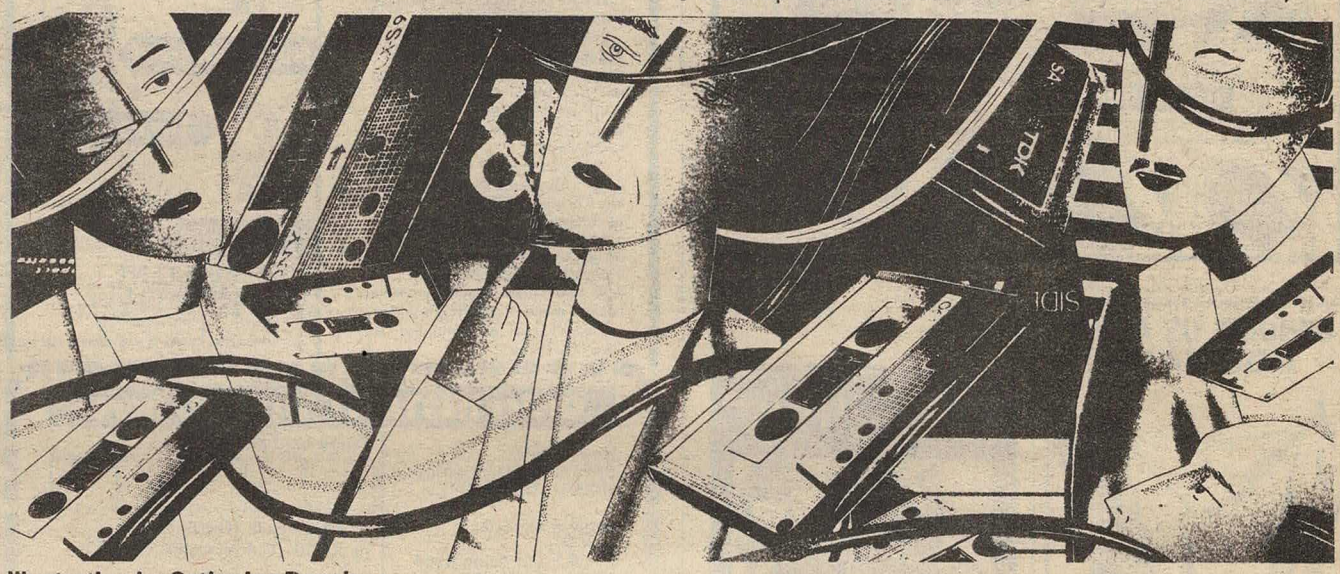

Illustration by Catherine Denvir

"lowest basic noise for cassettes in their respective classes".

Fuji will launch an updated range in November or December.

Marantz tapes are made in Belgium, and the current BASF invoke and IEC test formula to suggest that their chromdioxide tapes have the range consists of one cassette in each of the common types: MF1 (I); MC2 (II); and MM4 (IV). All come in C60 or C90, with MM4 also sold in C46 format.

Like BASF, Maxell have improvements in these vital areas, the Japanese makers feature other minor bonuses such as useful 'four-function' leaders: five-second intro cue, direction arrows, side identification letters, and head massagers.

Philips have joined forces with tape material makers Du Pont: the resulting PD Magnetics team has now given birth to the Philips New Series cassettes, featuring a redesigned cassette housing dubbed "Strongbox". As you'll have gathered by now, the password is azimuth when it comes to selling these improvements to us. The New Series range line up as follows: Metal (IV), Ultra-Chrome (II), Ultra-Ferro (I) and Ferro (I).

TDK have a new look and sound to their offerings, boasting housing improvements via their laboratory standard mechanism". Like Maxell their high-quality cassettes are suffixed: AD-X (I), SA-X (II) and MA-R (IV). Person-in-the-boulevard tapes, however, stand alone: AD (I), SA (II), MA (IV) and D (I). Of these, AD has been upgraded to a level where TDK openly claim it has the "lowest noise level of any Type I tapes on the market", and the new AD-X replaces the old OD type.

We'll be examining the actual performance of some of these newer tapes in coming items on cassette equipment.

Meanwhile, rust never sleeps.

LPs

EXTRA!

BLUE NOTE BONANZA

■ *from page 38*

Rollins' huge senate of voices tells of his total mastery of the horn, the enormous muscularity undulates and swerves and changes flightpath in mid-course as the whole line is re-thought. Pianist Wynton Kelly (another BN stalwart) feeds him everything he needs yet it's in Philly Joe Jones' drumming that the most productive friction originates (pre-empting the boilerhouse empathy of Coltrane and Elvin Jones).

'Tune Up' and 'Blues For Philly Joe' have everything out and on the absolutely peerless 'Surrey With The Fringe On Top', a tenor-drums duet, the fuse has reached the keg. This is virtuosity that never thinks of mere technique.

When the new thing took charge Blue Note found itself with the most literate end of the seam — Andrew Hill, Sam Rivers, Bobby Hutcherson. **Herbie Hancock** got lumped in that bag, although his airy tripping through gospel-tinged modality was hardly succotash of the same consistency. Of the three Hancocks now reissued, 'Takin' Off' is an enjoyable debut with Dexter Gordon, 'Maiden Voyage' the usually acknowledged pick and 'Empyrean Isles' the one that sounds most interesting.

The writing straggles and house trumpeter Freddie Hubbard, always bothered by the vagaries of complete freedom, responds with a stylishness that infects the rest of the group. 'Cantaloupe Island' is a vamp that cooks relentlessly: 'The Egg' starts the same way and enlarges through a series of soliloquies. 'Empyrean Isles' mirrors unassuming ambition in improvisation.

Cecil Taylor had a couple of albums, too, and Conquistador!' is in this group. Anyone finding the gigantic spread of his current music intractable might find this 1965 date more agreeable. Two side long compositions have a steely organisational feel to them, the sextet on hand refusing to spill the limits of their powers. Even so, the profound grip Taylor exerts over the material ensures a feverish tension inside the group, exemplified by the toxic dialogue from the two bassists.

The subtexts of 'With (Exit)' bristle with the brimstone exchanges of Bill Dixon's trumpet and Jimmy Lyons' alto; and 'Conquistador' itself has the grim magnificence of an ancient realm. Taylor summarises the different strengths with the force of rackleation. It's one of those masterpieces I mentioned.

Faced with this treasury (all the records come in their original sleeves, adorned with Francis Wolf's legendary cover photos) it seems churlish to gripe in any way. But I could wish for a selection that included some of the more evasive records in the catalogue: many of these were not too hard to get before. *Now* we need such classic rarities as Jackie McLean's 'Swing Swang Swingin', Andrew Hill's 'Smokestack', Ike Quebec's 'Heavy Soul' and Johnny Coles' 'Little Johnny C'. For a start. In the meantime, celebrate — Blue Note is back.

Richard Cook

Motor City madness

■ *from page 36*

Robinson is represented here by a collection of Miracles records cut between '59 and '72, which is certainly nothing to sneeze at even though it omits 'Got A Job', 'After You Put Back The Pieces' and his own versions of 'My Girl' and 'The Hunter Gets Captured By The Game'. Strictly speaking, the last two aren't part of his 'Greatest Hits' story at all (see The Temptations and The Marvelettes), but so much of Robinson's work at Motown over the years has gone into giving other artists songs that sound wonderful.

What you do get here is still the proverbial embarrassment of riches: 'Shop Around', 'Everybody's Got To Pay Some Dues', 'What's So Good About Goodbye', 'You Really Got A Hold On Me', 'Mickey's Monkey', 'I Gotta Dance To Keep From Crying', 'I Like It Like That', 'Ooh Baby Baby', 'The Tracks Of My Tears', 'Going To a Go-Go', 'Whole Lot Of Shaking In My Heart', 'I'm The One You Need', 'The Love I Saw In You Is Just A Mirage', 'I Second That Emotion', 'Doggone Right', 'The Tears Of A Clown' . . . need I go on?

Reams of prose have been written eulogising Smokey Robinson for the combination of sweet softness and tensile strength in his voice (they make him sound like a new kind of paper hankie half the time), for the wit and romanticism of his lyrics, for his supreme melodic gifts. He was also — apart from anything else — a major influence on John Lennon. The Beatles put no less than three Motown numbers on their second album — Smokey's 'You Really Got A Hold On Me', Barrett Strong's 'Money' and The Marvelettes' 'Please Mr Postman' — and the influence went much further than simple covering of material. Smokey songs like 'Playboy' (The Marvelettes' follow-up to 'Postman', included on their 'Anthology') and 'Who's Lovin' You?' contain chord changes and harmonic shifts which are eerily echoed on Beatles songs of the period. Compare the aforementioned 'Brokenhearted' with Lennon's 'All I Gotta Do' (from 'With The Beatles') for instant enlightenment.

At the very least, this was great music. Later Motown phases had their moments of grandeur — the late '60s/early '70s period spearheaded by Norman Whitfield's work with the Tempts and Marvin Gaye and Stevie Wonder's work with themselves — but they were the definitive sound of the '60s, the inescapable background against which everything else happened.

End titles: It's not love I'm running from, it's the heartache I know will come . . . I don't want nobody who don't need me, I don't need nobody who don't need me, I don't love nobody who don't love me . . . my mama told me you gotta shop around . . . it's got a different meaning since you've been gone . . . I ain't never felt like this before . . . stay away from my heart . . . DON'T FORGET THE MOTOR CIT-EEE . . .

Motown got up and moved to Hollywood eventually. This, though, is music from the Motor City. And it *still* doesn't matter what you wear, just as long as you are there.

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RAGE AND BULL

I WRITE YOU THIS letter with a great sense of rage and frustration upon me, emotions aroused by the current state of the music press in general, and in particular, the *New Musical Express*. Where the *NME* used to lead a populous and usually entertaining field, we are now presented with a paper that has deteriorated so far as to be distinguishable from its competitors (whose standards have also fallen) solely by the quality of its faults.

The *NME*'s justified pride in its lack of editorial policy, and the consequent diversity of views is all very well, but not when it seems to preclude *any* kind of quality control. Paul Morley's complaints about bitching and back-biting letters look rather less justified if one realises that they are a reflection of the sloppy and incoherent writing that has become the trade-mark of the *NME* in recent months; people will not write inspired or inspiring letters if they are served up with the type of nonsense the *NME* seems so set on dishing up.

Penman and Morley are particular culprits when it comes to the sloppy, the tedious, and the impenetrable; their lack of discipline frequently results in mock-poetical foreshortening, and a rejection of traditional syntax that does not, as might be expected, convey any sense of excitement but merely confuses any relevant issues that might otherwise be apparent.

Coherent, intelligent writing about rock and related topics is possible, as Chris Bohn's European articles and the *Platinum Blondes* (sic) column have shown; however, one has only to look at Nick Kent's pieces in the mid-'70s, even Charles Shaar Murray's, to realise how standards have slipped; instead of research and convincingly argued discourse, the reader is too often offered a cheap and almost bogus intellectuality — merely reading the cover notes to the Penguin *Nietzsche Reader* seems to entitle one to use the poor old Friederich to any particular end, no matter the relevance of the actual philosophies.

This shoddy intellectual snobbery is reflected in the music press's self-conscious pursuit of "faddism". Here the *NME* is easily the worst offender. Whilst I realise that you must cover as wide a field as possible in order to attract the greater number of readers, certain writers' self-righteous espousal of particular groups (in the sense of 'youth culture' rather than just bands) signifies to me a willful and unhealthy elitism — an elitism that can only act against the interests of the paper and its readers, as it serves to alienate those not open to the same musical and social stimuli as the writers.

For a music paper that purports to have wider horizons, that whole "hipper-than-thou" attitude stinks; and if my circle of friends is anything to go by, it's not helping to sell copies.

The actual structure of the *NME* is beginning to echo the press's malaise: information (tour, record news, information) is split up, thus becoming more difficult to digest quickly, as is the nature of such material. The interesting diversity of the articles is dissipated by the poor layout of the paper as a whole. Not enough space is devoted to the live pages; surely if anything is going to offer new blood to music, it is to be found in the clubs. There are so many acres of ripe talent as yet unreaped by anybody, let alone the press:

NB *Melody Maker*'s tape review column, "Playback".

Thursdays, *NME* days, used to be a pleasure. Now they seem to have taken on the status of a trip to the dentist: one undergoes the regular torture in the increasingly vain hope that something good might come of it. Too often nowadays, one is left with a numbness that gradually fades into the all-too-predictable toothache.

Neil Spencer, *try* and do something about it — someone has to shake the *NME* from its complacency.
Jon Lewin, Cambridge.
Your carefully considered letter deserves a serious response. Here it is: We are alone in a fearful world where no one cares about us at all, and we are going to die. — M.S.

Due to my (ahem) benign nature, I almost feel sorry for cliche-sodden types like Dawn Coates of Liverpool (*Gasbag*, September 25). If only people like this knew how *smug* they sound when they mouth their empty-headed nonsense. How many music magazines have you read in which bands were interviewed who professed a "different" approach? Thus, the time-honoured formula:
INTERVIEWER: "And what is your message?"
BAND: "Well, basically, like, don't trust the establishment, sort of thing . . ."

In what way is Peter Burns "different"? Even if he is (that's a laugh), this "difference" does not automatically make him a "threat". It is *easy* to be different (or at least, it is easy to kid people into *believing* that you are); it is very difficult to be *actually* different whilst producing something of lasting worth and value. Music is not likely to change anything; however, it can *reflect* changes already in motion. To consider Burns and his dead-on-arrival Dead Or Alive significant enough to warrant being called a "threat" is ludicrous. A threat to whom?

People should consider their pre- and mis-conceptions carefully before attacking Paul Morley (or anyone else for that matter). Morley is the best music writer in this country (and probably the world . . .). If you must be mindless, *venerate* him instead of attacking him with empty counter-blasts. Morley must be grinning from ear-to-ear. He doesn't seem to have any intelligent opposition within the readership of *NME*. Witless letters like Dawn Coates' are as futile as streaking in a nudist colony.

My message? Well like, er, basically, use your loaf, sort of thing . . .
Ian Land, London N18.

It's all very well for Paul Morley to be so smug when answering readers' criticisms in *Gasbag* but when the only alternatives to *NME* are the other sub-standard weeklies, unsatisfactory right-wing and sundry irrelevant periodicals, one feels the reader is entitled to some R.E.S.P.E.C.T. Just a little bit!

Have you really gone downhill or was I just immature? I am 21.
Johnny Duchamp, Peterborough.
Me too! Great isn't it? — M.S.

Friends,

Am I on the staff, or am I not on the staff?
Paul Morley, Manchester.
Who knows? I mean, who can be sure of anything in this madcap world of rock'n'roll? — M.S.

THE WAR IN AFRICA (OR A BORE WAR)

Charlie,

It was a gag. A gag. I thought it was a gag, Richard thought it was a gag, most of the people anyone knows thought it was a gag. You thought it a "scribe war" (*Singles* 2.10.82). Well, we don't have those since Tyler left. We have gags. My review was a gag. That's why it wasn't on the *Singles* page.
Danny Baker, London.
LP winner of the week. — M.S.

Noting the relentless denunciatory reviews of bland Imagination's album and show, I was surprised to find they were also nominated 'Single of the Week' in the same paper. Pondering over such equivocation and irregularity, I deduce that a review isn't representative of a whole paper, but one candid individual and his taste, opinion and prejudice. *(Well done! — M.S.)*

I also deduce from this how polarised and non-aligned you all are, and that you don't appear to be very valid as critics and reviewers. I suggest that you should judge artists on a more rigid ideology where their relevance, sensitivity and moral consciousness is taken into account every time.
M. Gornall, London.
This is a gag, right? — M.S.

Re Ms Baker's review of the Stevie Wonder single (*NME* 25.9.82): Why would the band members have to queue behind Stevie to make faces — surely they could stand in front of him?!!
R. Stevenson, Paisley.
Maybe now you appreciate the dangers of cracking a gag: of course Stevie's band members could line up in front of him; that would be the logical thing to do. Danny's suggestion that they queue up behind him to pull funny faces merely adds to the ludicrous image. In the near future, we will have to start charging a small fee for explaining our jokes. — M.S.

Can you please explain the David "Sorry, who is it we're talking about?" Bowie joke that has been running in *T-Zers* longer than Kevin Rowland's nose will be? If you miss the first episode of these epics then you can't make head nor tail of *T-Zers*. But then it never made much sense any way.
Eamon 'Pinocchio' Verall, Nottingham.
See what I mean? Send us a fiver, Eamon, and all will be revealed. — M.S.

". . . what matters is neither what is said, nor the meaning, nor the music. Something else matters, and it cannot be analysed." (Jean Cocteau).

This is the burden of responsibility that shrouds anyone who picks up a pen to put one word before another. The curse of communication. Perhaps a few more of your staff should accept its gauntlet and stretch their talent to create as well as relate, instead of running scared to hide behind meanings and music.
Swerve, Bradford, W. Yorks.
And gags! Don't forget gags! — M.S.

As a matter of fact, the funniest thing in the *NME* is the Oxford Dictionary ad.
Organisation for Progressive Music, Columbus, Ohio.
Funnier still is the fact that anyone would waste postage on sending this all the way from the USA. — M.S.

Fair enough, your mag's crap! But with over 60 pages, there's lots of it!
Ade, Tannadice.
I love you people sometimes, I really do. — M.S.

LIGHTNING CUT TO ART

When Van Gogh first exhibited at the Paris 'Salon', one critic accused Vincent of: "Throwing a pot of paint in the public's face". It seems some of your readers attack Ian Penman's 'work' with the same venom, except in Ian's case it's a pot of printer's ink. History has proved Van Gogh's critics wrong. Soon, I hope, Ian's critics will be proved equally wrong. The dictionary is Ian's palette, *NME* his canvas. Without Penman, *NME* would be totally flat.
Robert de Bruce, Dundee, Scotchland.
Like the world, too, I suppose. — M.S.

Ian Penman's like the Mona Lisa — hanging's too good for him.
Tony Ociepka, YMCA, London.
I can't help it — this made me laugh. — M.S.

MOTION PICTURES

Ha! How nice to see Pinmoon being treated to a taste of his own medicine by Tobe Hooper. Never mind, Ian, you reacted as I do when reading your stuff: "assume broad grin of 'total comprehension'." Grin and bear it, and hope that it's not very relevant to the rest of the article, which is usually the case when Penman writes. Ha!
Lawbreaker, Schloss Lawbreaker.
Huh! — A passing Lon Pinmoon

Ian Penman's interview with Tobe Hooper was a scream, but what has happened to Monty Smith's chat with John Carpenter? Is it true that Monty was a bit apprehensive about the fact that Mr Carpenter was in search for an 'unknown' to play the title role in his upcoming movie *The Thing 2*?
Bill Lancaster, Sheffield.
Close. Actually I'd heard that he was casting around for a Sal Mineo lookalike for a forthcoming 'knife pic'. — M.S.

It's all very well for Monty to say that Hitchcock is the greatest ever film director, but this BBC2 season has proved fatal, without a shadow of doubt. First Henry went, then Ingrid waved goodbye, and time was swiftly called for Grace. Who is next on the list? Sean? Cary? Laurence? Who can possibly tell the next great to go?
Friedrich, post mark obliterated.
You may be on to something — now I understand the true significance of those reports from Hollywood regarding Paul Newman's terrible 'hangovers'. And, truth be told, I've not been feeling too chipper myself recently. — M.S.

You know, I really enjoyed *Cat People* and found I could relate to people turning into

GASBAG turns up some complications and has to undergo major surgery

DR. MONTY SMITH cuts the readers down to size in the post mortem

GASBAG

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Illustration by Ronnie Rondall

black leopards when they had sex. In fact, the only thing I didn't find credible was Nastassia Kinski playing a virgin.
Jeremy Jameson, Hull.
Cute. — 'Romany' Smith

Your Vidiot is incorrect in saying that *Diva* is America's best-grossing foreign film. It is, in fact, our very own *Chariots Of Fire.*
The Patriot, Port Stanley.
Quite true, pedant . . . er, Patriot. The missing word was 'language'. *Diva* is the biggest grossing foreign language film. Happy? — M.S.

Dear Sir,
Lisa Marwell (September 18 issue) is not the only person to be disappointed at not making the final shortlist for the job as presenter of Channel Four's new rock magazine THE TUBE — but at least some of the others checked their facts before making their own personal disappointment public.
Last week we held the final auditions — and 24 unknown people have the chance to work on THE TUBE. These people all came through the same process as Lisa and it's anticipated that a group of them will be selected from the auditions to work on THE TUBE.
Really, we can't win — if we had sat in Newcastle and interviewed half a dozen people for the role of Presenter, we would have been accused of being selective.
The fact is that we tried to see as many people as possible to give everyone a chance. Yes, we did listen to what people said they would like to see in the programme — are we supposed to make programmes WITHOUT listening to people's ideas? You can't have it both ways. Either we sit in an ivory tower and make the programme WE want, or we talk to people about what THEY want. At least we have listened, which is more than some other programmes can say.
Paul Cordley, Producer — THE TUBE
Thank you for writing in. — M.S.

POETRY CORNER
Words are full of letters,
Letters are full of words,
Records are better,
Sparrows are birds.
Michael, Chelsea.
I know, I know . . . pathetic, isn't it? And he's out there, somewhere, walking around. (Probably a mate of Swells's.) — M.S.

Bobby Robson was right about the England performance being like the Falklands war — it was bloody disgraceful.
Paul Stancliffe, Rotherham, South Yorks.
I put this one in to further annoy Charlie Murray, who thinks football is stupid. — M.S.

Did anyone notice the similarity between the "Wherever I go, I'm with it" type advertising Panasonic Portables (*NME* 25.9.82) and Geordie of Killing Joke?
Observant Person, Britain.
Funnily enough, no. The reason being, of course, that hundreds of millions of people wouldn't know 'Geordie' if he bit them on the arse. — M.S.
I would! — C.S.M.
(determined to have the last word)
Yes, well, we won't get into that. — M.S.
Right, that's enough! Stop it, the pair of you. — Ed.
(M.S. skulks off, putting thumbs in ears and wiggling fingers in general direction of Ed.)
If you would like to have any of the preceding jokes explained to you, put a crisp fiver into an envelope addressed to Monty Smith, NME, 5-7 Carnaby St. London W1. No Scottish notes accepted.

Well, it was "Bueno Serra Mrs Campbell" when sultry songstress Donna Summer popped into the studios to record her fab new hit waxing 'Hot Summer In The City Gonna Sink Ma Teeth In The Nitty Gritty', a catchy little number penned by two brothers from Rotherham, Jon and Vangelis Anderson. As you can see in this exclusive Harry Groynehall picture, Donna had lots of help from a superstar chorus, under the direction of Quincy 'Jones' (seen studying form in Sporting Life). Line-up (left to right): Stevie Wonder, his band queueing up behind him pulling funny faces (actually out of pic), Brenda Russell, Michael Jackson, Dionne Warwick, Richard Pryor, Meatloaf with a haircut, Donna herself (after completing Andy Gill's highly recommended Guinness and potato pie diet), Bruno Conti, Martin Scorsese and Junior of Brazil. It was a great night. Late newsflash from Lionel Richie, Kenny Loggins and Michael McDonald: "We're gonna sue you bastards!" Christopher Cross was merely cross.

WE AT *NME* are proud to present the first episode in our new transvestite spy serial, *T-Zer, Tailor, Hello Sailor,* starring **Alec 'Sting' Guinness** as masterspy **Boy George Smiley.** (Cue theme music: string quartet plays sombre version of 'Boy George Knew My Father'. Scene: the *NME* 'circus'. Time: three o'clock on a Tuesday afternoon. Nearly everyone has gone home. Suddenly the phone rings . . .)

Phil McNeill (a cameo role for **Burt Lancaster**): "Hello?" Agitated Foreign Voice (on loan from **Diamanda Galas**): "I vish to spik viz **Max.**" PMcN: "Max?" (He rummages through an old shoebox full of dogeared filing cards. Picks one out. We read: **Max 'Ding Dong' Bell,** Alias **The Vicar.** Retired, 1981.) PMcN: "Sorry, Max isn't here." AFV: "But I must spik viz Max. I have urgent *T-Zers,* I — ahh . . ." (sound of machine gun fire, screams, running feet, breaking glass, dogs barking, birdsong, waterfalls etc) ". . . I've been hit, there's not much time. Can you take down these *T-Zers* now?" PMcN: "Alright — oh, hang on, I've broken me pencil." AFV: "Hurry, I'm a goner. And it's not just me . . .

"**Ross Middleton** has disappeared. Epic Records say they've lost all trace of the **Leisure Process** man, and his family haven't heard from him for more than six weeks . . .

"And **Musical Youth** have disappeared from the cover of *Smash Hits* — because they didn't want to share a photo with **Boy George.** Seems their guardians at MCA felt it might be harmful for the young band to be associated with one of dubious sexual persuasion at this early stage in their career. Meanwhile, *T-Zers* can reveal that 'Dutchie' is *really* Jamaican slang for 'sick bag, **Alice**'. In an exclusive interview, **Sickbag Alice** told *T-Zers:* 'I owe it all to **John Lennon.** I still remember what he said to me backstage at The Cavern just 20 years ago today. "Hello, Alice," he said. He was a rude, raw lad in those days and . . .'

"Stop press! Ross Middleton has just been sighted in Venezuala . . .

"**Mike Oldfield** claims to have a lucky leprechaun that perches on his left shoulder. Thousands of the little people exist, he says, 'and if people would open their eyes, they would see them as plainly as I do.' Looks more like a chip to us, Mike . . .

"Stop press! Sorry, make that Ross Middleton has just been sighted in Venice . . ."

T-ZER, TAILOR Part Two. Obligatory confusing flashback. Night. Rain. Somewhere in Eastern Europe. **Chris Bohn (Klaus Kinski)** is muttering into a telephone: "Hello, **Max?** It's about the **Final Academy** week at the B2 Gallery. This guy turned up with a brand-new Tibetan haircut, right. Shaved head, except for a kind of almond-shaped clump of hair at the back. No, not **Marc Almond.** Just almond. Anyway, he's really proud of it, strutting around, like, the only guy in the place with a Tibetan haircut. Suddenly — whammalamma — a second guy with a Tibetan haircut comes in. Emotional crisis! Then another! Nervous breakdown time! Half an hour later, there are 349 people in there with Tibetan haircuts. Yeah, amazing. What? Were you? I didn't see you. You what? Had a Tibetan . . .

"Well, anyway, **Genesis P. Orridge's Psychic Television** have signed to WEA. **Stevo** tried to sell them for two leather armchairs but WEA insisted on paying £40,000. FACT! Stevo offered them a deal — if the band didn't sell over 30,000 copies of their first LP, WEA would only have to cough up two armchairs. But if they did sell over 30,000, he wanted 20% royalties. Warners settled for a cash deal instead. Honest — that's what Stevo said. Stevo also told *T-Zers:* 'I owe it all to **John Lennon.** I used to see him at The Cavern back in '62 and he'd always say "Hello, Stevo" — he was a poet even then. He was really wild back in those days and . . .'

"Stop press! Ross Middleton sighted in Budleigh Salterton. SAS on stand-by . . ."

T-ZER, TAILOR Part Three. A farm in Oxfordshire. **Monty Smith (Irene Handl)** examines a microfilm (no subtitles!) of the following *T-Zers . . .*

Max 'Tinker' Bell's favourite Crewe band, **Colours Out Of Time,** have split up. Their second 45, due soon on the Monsters In Orbit label, will be their last . . .

John McLaughlin's girlfriend, concert pianist **Katia Labeque,** has been telling *Sunday Mirror* readers how she chooses her onstage dress: "I have special colours for the mood each composer projects. For instance, **Mozart** rates a white or pink shirt. **Stravinsky** gets red or purple, and **Gershwin** always gets blue, because of the Rhapsody." She later told *T-Zers,* "For **John Lennon,** of course, it's the wet T-shirt, or perhaps the mud-wrestling leotard. I owe it all to John Lennon. I remember being down The Cavern when he said to me . . ."

Stop press: reported Ross Middleton sighting in Venice now believed to be **Joe Strummer** . . .

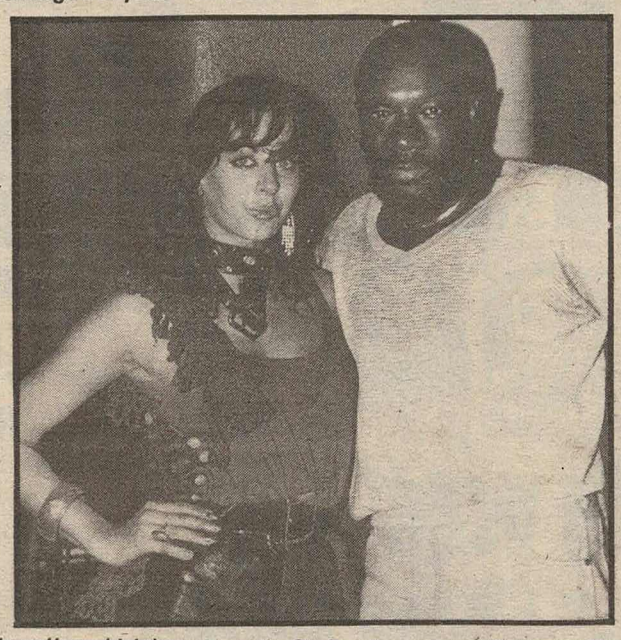
Steven Speilberg is suing rock duo **Barnes And Barnes** for allegedly defaming his movie alien on their new single 'I Made Love With ET'. Barnes told *T-Zers:* "This is utter nonsense. The reference is to '60s pop dynamo **Engelbert Thumperdinck,** with whom I used to watch **John Lennon** At The Cavern in 1962. I owe it all to John. He'd always say to me . . ."

Stop press: reported sighting of Joe Strummer in Venice now believed to be **Syd Barrett** . . .

T-ZER, TAILOR Part Four. Back at the *NME* 'circus', **AVF** is still on the phone to **PMcN.** "Listen, I'm going fast, but I have a really big *T-Zer* for you, this is a world-shaker . . ." PMcN: "Hang on, I've broken me pencil again." AVF: "No, listen, not many people know this but **Danny Baker** is 'the only national journalist to not only admit to liking country music, but (is) actually doing something about it'. FACT! So says **Johnny St Cyr,** manager of C&W's singing gynaecologist **Hank Wangford** (see pic on opposite page). Northampton's best bronco-buster **Fred Dellar** is consulting his lawyers . . .

"And a big swing out at New York's Mudd Club with ex-**Dead Boy Cheetah Chrome** getting noodled by guitar-swinging **Johnny Thunders,** and bystander **Mick Farren** having a tooth or two loosened by a friend of Thunders. *(Good grief, Mick Farren still has teeth! — Ed) . . .*

"And I think that's all for this week . . . oh, hang about, here's a minor one I forgot. **Paul McCartney** is dead. He died in a car crash on November 9, 1966, and was replaced by a 'double', a former Canadian student who won a McCartney lookalike contest that same year. It's all in a forthcoming book by American writer **Joe Glazier,** who says he has photographic proof. McCartney told *T-Zers:* 'I owe it all to **John Lennon.** I still remember what he said to me in The Cavern back in '62, er . . .' "



Isaac Hayes (right) assumes John Shaft-style composure in Heaven. The promising young starlet pictured with him is 19-year-old Avis Bunnage from Surbiton. She's thinking about changing her name. Pic: Gabor Scott.

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